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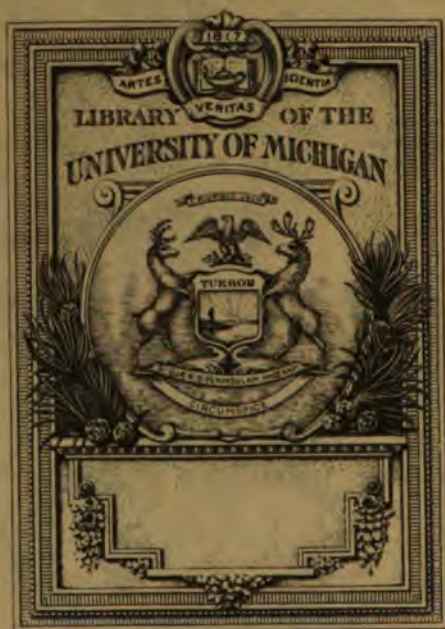
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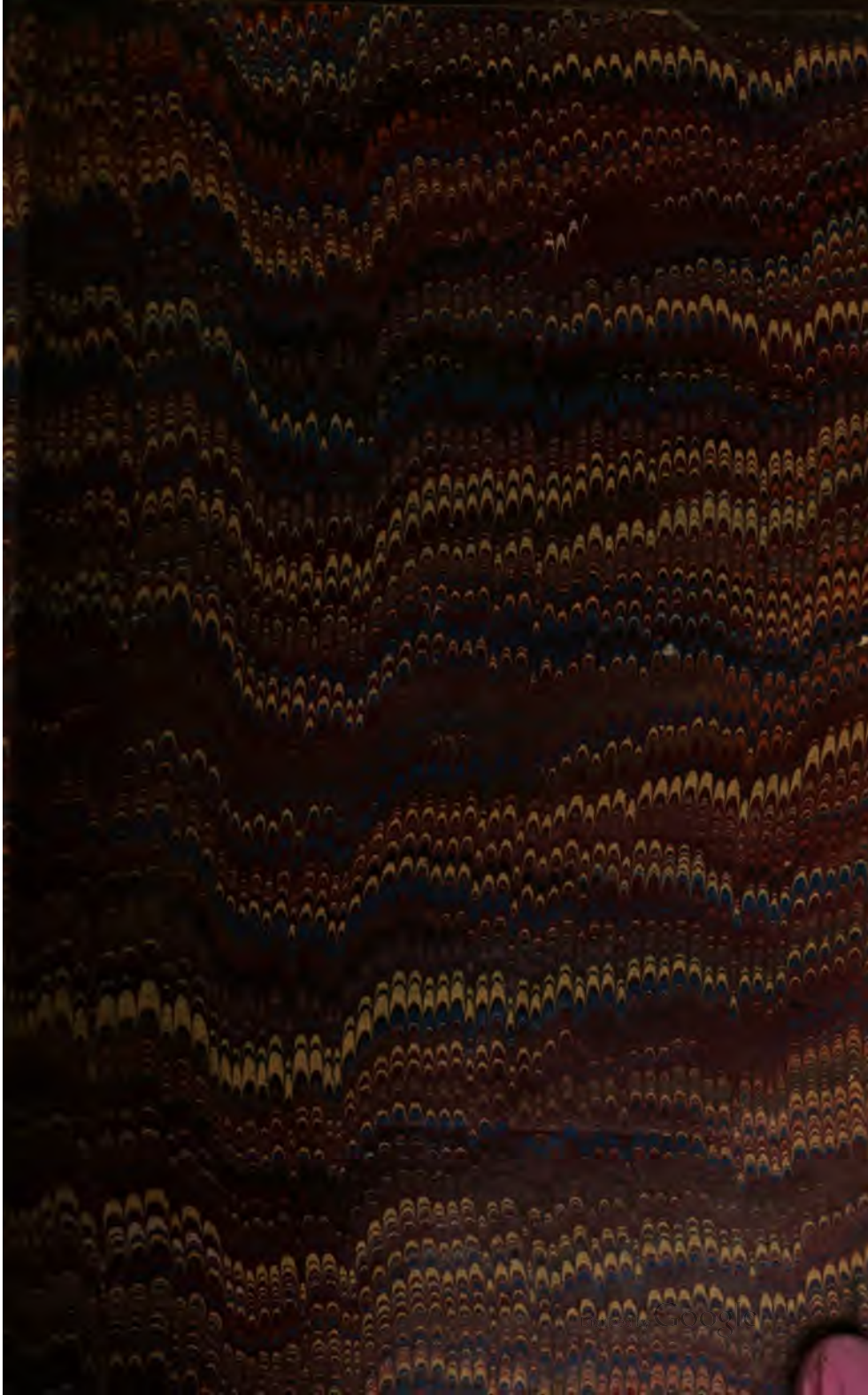
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THE
BEAUTIES
OF
MODERN LITERATURE,
IN
VERSE AND PROSE;
TO WHICH IS PREFIXED,
A Preliminary View
OF THE
LITERATURE OF THE AGE.

artistic
BY M. M^DERMOT,

AUTHOR OF A CRITICAL DISSERTATION ON THE NATURE AND PRINCIPLES OF
TASTE, &c. &c.

*Mind, mind alone, (bear witness Earth and Heaven)
The living fountains in itself contains
Of beautiful and sublime: here, hand in hand,
Sit paramount the graces; here enthroned,
Celestial Venus with divinest airs,
Invites the soul to never fading joy.*

KENSIDE'S Pleasures of Imagination.

London:

PRINTED FOR SHERWOOD, JONES, AND CO.
PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1824.



English
Huffer
4-24-40
40829

PREFACE.

IN the following Work the Editor has used the plural pronoun in alluding to himself, in conformity with the general practice of Periodical Writers, as it is intended to publish the Work annually, if not half yearly. The object of the Work he has fully described in his Preliminary View, and has here only, to say, that if this View be erroneous, he will feel happy in being set right by any of his readers. How far he has evinced taste in the selection of the Extracts, or judgment in his Commentaries upon them, the Public only can determine. From the Critics he has nothing to fear, and nothing to hope. The assertion may appear singular, but it is not more singular than true; at least he believes so, and if he be mistaken he will acknowledge himself no prophet in the next volume.

By the Editor of this Work,

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PRELIMINARY VIEW

OF THE

LITERATURE OF THE AGE.

THE object of this work, and the circle of readers for which it is intended, must appear sufficiently obvious from its title. The Editor, at the same time, deems it necessary to state the considerations that have led to the publication. Elegant Extracts have been, in all ages, a favourite recreation to readers of taste; but in no era of our literature could such extracts be so interesting, or so necessary, as at present. During the classic age of Pope, every writer was studious of the most finished elegance. Those who possessed taste and genius attained it; so that, in selecting their beauties, it would not always be easy to determine, what to reject, and what to select, each part being so carefully finished, and touched with so delicate a hand, that if all were not equally beautiful, at least, their inequality did not remove them to any considerable distance from each other. *Facies non omnibus una, nec diversa tamen.* They attained this excellence, it is true, by imitating the best models, and always calling reason to their assistance, whenever they had cause to distrust the correctness of their imagination, or the direction which their feelings prompted them to pursue; but that they lost in spirit, invention, and that poetic enthusiasm which gives to poetry all its living and animating charms, what they gained in accuracy and method, is a position which, whatever may be our own opinion, we know few writers of the present day will feel disposed to question. Those who wanted genius, on the contrary, left nothing worthy of selection; so that the last century,

particularly the early part of it, was, in every respect, unfavourable to the selection of Elegant Extracts. Whatever may be affirmed of the poets of any age, so far as regards the character of their style, and the correctness of their sentiments, will always be found equally applicable to its prose writers. Both influence, and are influenced by, each other, so that whatever justifies a selection from the poets of any age, will equally justify a selection from its prose writers.

Towards the close of the last century, an opinion began to prevail, that reason had hitherto exercised, or, rather, usurped an unlawful controul over the feelings, in works of imagination. It was maintained, that the poet should commune with the secret sympathies and affections of his own heart alone, as reason serves only to damp the ardour, and enchain the energies, which give to works of imagination all that fire and pathos which distinguish the productions of genius from the tame correctness of acquired sapience, and the prosing uniformity of laborious dulness. This was the origin of the romantic school. No theory could be more specious, none better calculated to deceive; nor could any theory have led to happier results, had the province of reason, in works of imagination, been clearly ascertained. Instead of this having been done, the doctrine of expelling it altogether, and of yielding implicitly to the guidance of the imagination, became a popular theory, particularly among poets of the second order, as it gave them a most licentious, or, rather, an unlimited career, permitting them to travel through the regions of sense or nonsense, as it suited them best. The critics were not behind-hand in lauding the new school of poetry, though they had every day reason to lament the extreme to which its principles were carried, and the unintelligible jargon of some of its disciples. The license which it gave, however, soon rendered it so fashionable, that to an abandonment of all analyzed thought, they held it necessary to add, an abandonment of all studied and chastened diction. Accordingly, from despising that pedantry, as they deemed it, which examines the cor-

rectness of an idea before it ventures to give it expression, they proceeded to the very extreme of poetic absurdity, and expressed their rabble, indigested thoughts, in whatever form of expression presented itself first, deeming it inconsistent, as no doubt it was, to trust their thoughts to the regency of their feelings, and not trust their language to it also. Accordingly, they adopted the language of the peasant for their model, maintaining, that "*the language of low and rustic life ought to be preferred.*" These erroneous notions of poetry having taken the reins altogether out of the hands of reason, left poets afloat on the great ocean of doubt and uncertainty. Having no helm to guide them, they split, very naturally, into different sects, or schools of poetry, neither of them well understanding the principles of its own creed, nor the impassable line which separated them from each other, and the entire of them agreeing only in one dogma, that of acknowledging the supreme dominion of feeling in works of taste. The public acknowledged themselves pleased with a revolution that seemed to soften into ease and graceful playfulness, the severe austerity and lofty deportment of the classic muse: the critics echoed the voice of the public;—a new era of poetry succeeded to the classic, which still continues; for, we have no hesitation to assert, that even such of our living poets, as profess to be admirers of the classic school, are still influenced in their works by the principles which we have mentioned. The critics, however, have had frequent occasions to regret a change, which, had it been effected with more caution, might have led to the highest excellence of which poetry is capable, or which can be conferred on the creations of mind, and the colouring of imagination.

The editor of the "*Beauties of Literature*," professes, by no means, to be an *unqualified* admirer of the classical school. He believes, if the present be not the Augustan age, it is, at least, the brightest era of English literature,—that it teems with the most exquisite productions of taste, and the most luxuriant fruits of

original genius,—that every subject which ranges within the career of rigid science, is analyzed with that metaphysical, critical, and philosophic acumen, which place us far above all former ages, in the sciences, universal literature, and the fine arts,—that the latter have thrown a charm over the austerity of the former, unknown to our ancestors,—that genius herself, putting off, in some degree, the grosser incumbrance of the senses, and clothing herself in the buoyant robes of unessential being, may be said to explore the remotest regions of possible existence, and to wing her daring and majestic flight through the great sublime of the intellectual world, that those who resign themselves blindly to the guidance and impulse of their feelings alone, frequently attain to beauties which would lie eternally concealed from them, had they suffered their ardour to be allayed by the *limæ labor, et moru* of the classical school; but still he insists, that the very causes which have led to the production of these beauties, have also led to that wild anarchy of images and associations, which the maddening riot of licentious genius creates around it; when, acknowledging no other guide than the impulse of its own feelings, it rejects the light of reason, and bursts through the empalement, within which taste and criticism would confine its flight. Hence it is, that when we meet with a beautiful image in modern poetry, it frequently seems to stand solitary and alone, and to claim no kindred with the vulgar herd of sentiments and images with which it is mated. The poet who trusts too much to the guidance of his own feelings, must be necessarily irregular, and, therefore, he must frequently fail in producing those chaster beauties, which, while they please the imagination and refine our sympathies, present no harsh and discordant feature to offend the understanding. Perhaps, the most prominent and characteristic feature of modern poetry, is an affectation of producing effect at the expense of truth and reason, of wandering from the path of nature in search of forbidden beauties and catachrestical decorations, of despising all fixed rules and canons of criticism, of re-

jecting the authority and practice of the best writers, ancient and modern, under the imposing veil of adhering closer to nature, of writing as the spirit moveth, whether it moveth to good or to evil, whether it inspireth sense or nonsense, whether it mistake the affected for the simple, the ironical for the serious, the ridiculous for the ludicrous, the artificial for the natural, the gaudy for the beautiful, or the turgid for the sublime; in a word, an affectation of yielding implicitly to the impulse of the spirit, let it dictate what it will.

Poeta nascitur non fit, says Horace, and almost all the writers since his time, have been converts to this opinion. Helvetius thought differently; while those who maintain that poetry is more ancient than prose, that it is, in fact, the language of the savage state, would make us all born poets. With neither of the two last theories we agree, and yet if we adopt that of Horace, we may be asked, is nature in a more poetical mood at one time than another? If we answer in the affirmative, we do away with the general belief, that the laws of nature are fixed and immutable: if we reply in the negative, we shall be told, that facts are against us, and that, if all the poets now living came from the hand of nature, she must be in a more poetic mood, at present, than she has ever been in before. We see no way of getting over these queries, unless we reject the long established opinion, that nature alone is concerned in the formation of a poet, and adopt a less popular, but, perhaps, not a less rational one; namely, that the poet is not the offspring of one parent, and that Nature is his father, and Education his mother.

Alter alterius auxilio eget.

If this be the fact, we can have no difficulty in accounting for the number of living poets, as education is now, in a certain degree, extended to all classes, and in a considerable degree to most. There were no poets among the Northamptonshire peasants in the

time of Pope, because peasants were then only learning to spell: at present, they are learning to read.

The poets of the present day, however, will not, we feel convinced, acknowledge their mother. On the contrary, they maintain that poetry has more to fear from education and the progress of science, than from any other quarter; and, not satisfied with adopting the opinion of Horace, that the poet is the child of nature alone, they go farther, and maintain, that whoever is born a poet, must be a poet, whether he will or will not—that he can lisp only in numbers, and that whatever he writes or speaks must be poetry. Hence, they have thrown aside all regard for the beauties of style and poetic expression, because they take it for granted, that whatever form of expression they happen to make use of, must be poetical; in which they resemble those religious enthusiasts, who believed that, having once got in favour with God, and purified themselves from all sin, they might ever after live as they pleased, as no act of theirs could be sinful. It is so with our living poets: they imagine they cannot write unpoetically, and they require of us to be such implicit believers in their infallibility, that when they write flat prose, we must believe it to be pure and unmixed poetry. Their creed is—believe it is poetry, and it is poetry. For our ourselves, we are not so easy of belief, nor are we disposed to take that for inspiration which we do not understand. There are three species of poetry:—the first is the poetry of art; the second, the poetry of feeling; the third, the poetry of imagination. The poetry of art, which is, perhaps, improperly called poetry, is lifeless and barren. He who abounds in knowledge and method, but not in feeling, is out of his proper element the moment he enters the confines of Parnassus. The philosopher, who descends from the throne of reason, and attempts to be witty and jocular, only makes himself an object of pity to some, and of ridicule to others. If he excite a laugh, it is at himself, not at the wit or humour of his jest. It is so with all who move out of their proper element; and it is so with all men who have

more learning than feeling, when they attempt poetry. The poetry of which we now speak, though it has not been distinguished as a distinct species by any critic that we know of, belongs to a remarkable era in the history of English poetry, we mean, the era which preceded the classical school. Theirs was neither the poetry of feeling nor of imagination;—they wrote entirely from the head. Wit and pun, and coarse jest and play upon words, and those far-fetched associations, which are always within the reach of the learned pedant, formed the distinguishing characteristics of their poetry. They took every opportunity to display their learning, and were totally unacquainted with the art of concealing art. On the contrary, they studied to make the most of what they knew, and to conceal nothing.

The second species of poetry succeeded to the first. It was the poetry of feeling and passion; but it did not come entirely unaccompanied with some remains of the former species, or, if we choose, the former school of poetry. The poetry of feeling and passion, is that wherein the heart and its affections are chiefly called into action:—it is that poetry which requires no exercise of reason to be understood; it is recognized instinctively by the heart. We do not wait to reason upon it; or, rather, we have not time. Our feelings steal a march upon our reason, and we are pleased before we have time to analyze the cause of our pleasure. The poetry of passion is of the highest order, and, therefore, the most rare and difficult to be met with. Goldsmith is, perhaps, the only English poet who can claim the exclusive merit of writing from the heart alone; not that he has not written pieces of wit and humour, but that his principal poems are the pure offspring of feeling and passion. It was, however, a subdued passion, for there is more pathos in *Eloisa to Abelard*, than in any of his productions, or in any other production of the English language. The same may be said of the translation of the *Iliad*; it contains all the fire and glowing energy of the original. But Pope had such a versatility of talent, that he sported with

the lighter graces of the imaginative muse, and even attempted to render didactic subjects poetical. Hence, a certain class of critics would deny him that power which he possessed, whenever he chose to exert it. Have any of these critics been able to shew, that all the various subjects which he touched, are not of the first order in their kind, if we except St. Cecilia's Day. Is there any thing in the whole range of English poetry superior to "The Rape of the Lock," in its kind? What satirical work have we superior to his *Dunciad*? What imitations, superior to his imitations of the *Epistles* and *Satires* of Horace? What poetical *Essays* on men and manners, superior to his "*Moral Essays*," and his "*Essay on Man*?" Of Pope, it may not only be said what Dr. Johnson said of Goldsmith, that he "was a man of such variety of powers, and such felicity of performance, that he always seemed to do best what he was doing;" but it may be added, that he always seemed to do that which he was doing, better than any other. Had Pope entirely confined himself to the pathetic muse, it would not now remain a question, whether he should rank with the first poets of his country: on the contrary, the question would be, whether the first poets of his country should rank with him? for, surely, it will not be contended, that there is a particle of the pathetic in Milton, from beginning to end. His *Paradise Lost* and *Regained*, his *Allegro* and *Penseroso*, &c. are the pure offspring of imagination, and require not the sympathies of the heart to perceive their beauties. They entirely address themselves to the understanding and imagination. The poets that have chiefly distinguished themselves in the pathetic, are Shakspeare, Pope, Shenstone, Mickle, and Goldsmith. There is much fire and enthusiasm in Mickle's translation of Camoëns, and very little in Dryden's translation of Virgil. This, however, was not Dryden's fault. The *Æneid* is particularly deficient in epic fire: compared to Homer, it is a taper before the sun. The great beauty of the *Æneid*, consists in the purity and classic elegance of its language, the piety of its moral, and the delicacy

of its sentiments. Camoëns approached much nearer to the fire of Homer, and his fire was of the same character : both arose from strong patriotic virtue. There are two descriptions of poetic fire, which, as they are of the highest order, place those who possess them above all other poets : we mean, the fire of patriotism and the fire of love ; or that fire which arises from an attachment to our country, and that arising from an attachment to woman. The first is that which raises the poet to the highest possible perfection, or, at least, it is that which we admire most, and which equally excites the admiration of all ages, and of all countries. It is that fire which has made Homer the prince of poets, for no other poet has ever been so strongly actuated, and hurried impetuously forward by its sacred flame. No poet has ever so closely identified himself with his heroes ; he seems to take part in all their actions—to be always himself in the midst of the fight, and to burn with the same fire by which they are urged irresistibly forward, to death or victory. Homer, then, is the greatest poet, because he is the most ardent patriot. But, it will be said, that the fire of love is not less ardent or powerful than that of patriotism, and that it frequently leads its victim to death itself. This we admit, but it wants the inspiration of patriotic virtue. There is always in love a certain despondency, which the patriot never feels. The latter knows, that success depends entirely on his sword, and that of his companions, and he has such reliance on both, that neither superior force nor equal bravery can terrify him. Hence, his spirit is always high, and his fire always unabated ; and hence it is, that Dryden's Ode to St. Cecilia's Day, is superior to Pope's. The one turns on love, the other on patriotism ; but the pity excited in us by the fate of Orpheus, the commiseration which we feel for him when we behold him,

Now under hanging mountains,
Beside the falls of fountains ;
Or, where Hæbrus wanders,
Rolling in meanders,

where,

All alone,
Unheard, unknown,
He makes his moan,
And calls her ghost,
For ever, ever, ever lost ;

can never awaken in us that instant and electric fire which carries us impetuously and irresistibly forward, when roused by the inspiring strain of the patriot bard, as is evident, from comparing the emotions felt in perusing the above passage from Pope, with the following from Dryden.

Now strike the golden lyre again,
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain,
Break his bands of sleep asunder,
And rouse him like a rattling peal of thunder.
Hark ! hark ! the horrid sound,
Has raised up his head,
As awaked from the dead ;
And amaz'd he stares round.
Revenge, revenge, Timotheus cries :
See the furies arise,
See the snakes that they rear,
How they hiss in their hair,
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes.
Behold a ghastly band,
Each a torch in his hand ;
These are Grecian ghosts that in battle were slain,
And unburied remain,
Inglorious on the plain ;
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew.
Behold how they toss their torches on high,
How they point to the Persian abodes,
And glittering temples of their hostile gods :
The princes applaud with a furious joy,
And the king seiz'd a flambeau with zeal to destroy.
Thats led the way,
To light him to his prey ;
And like another Helen fired another Troy.

The love-sick bard can never awaken such a flame, because, as we have already observed, there is always a certain feeling of despondency about him. From a consciousness of his own virtues, he may deem himself worthy the adored, and, as he thinks, the adorable object of his affections; but he knows, at the same time, that neither virtue nor bravery, nor any other quality that raises man in the scale of being, and approximates him to diviner natures, can *of itself* either gain or secure the attachment of his mistress. He knows that the same weakness which has led him to despise women of equal, or superior beauty, may lead her to despise him; and, therefore, he feels that all his hopes rest upon that accident, or that weakness, which inclines a female to one person more than another. How, then, can a man, who is the victim of despair, who knows that all his happiness depends upon an accident over which he has no controul, feel that energy and fire which rouses into life and being the patriot bard, who communicates the same fire to the patriot reader, for, it must be recollected, that, in all ages, all men are patriots, who are men at all; but all men are lovers only at certain periods of their life. The poet who is, therefore, inspired by patriotic feelings, will always stand highest in the lists of poetic fame, and always secure the sympathies and admiration of mankind.

Goldsmith possessed a considerable portion of patriotic virtue, but it was not sufficiently ardent to be called patriotic fire. He was more a philanthropist than a patriot. He esteemed every virtuous and honest man, and, therefore, his feelings were more of a benevolent, than of a patriotic character. Accordingly, he does not awaken that glowing energy which the love of country can alone excite. This country, however, can boast of no patriotic poets, simply because it has been always secure from the threats of foreign power, since the earliest era of our national poetry. A poet cannot well make patriotic themes the subject of his muse, when his country is safe from foreign alarms. Indeed, it is doubtful whether he can at all feel a patriot, in such a case, without becoming a hypocrite,

and a hypocrite can be no poet. Hypocrisy dries up all the sources of poetic inspiration. Hence it is, that the fortunate situation and circumstances of the country, have always deprived us of patriotic poets. It was different with Ireland and Scotland ; and, accordingly, the productions of the Scottish and Irish bards, from the patriotic feelings which they breathe in every line, have an effect upon the Scottish and Irish peasantry, which neither the sublimity of Milton, nor the "long majestic march and energy divine" of Dryden, nor the classic elegance of Pope, can ever inspire in an English reader.

But, it may be replied, that that which pleases the peasant, may not please the peer, or the man of letters. To this we reply, that nothing can please the peasant that does not accord with the original laws of our nature, and that, consequently, whoever is not pleased with that description of poetry which pleases the peasant, is the creature of artificial habits, manners and false prejudices, a creature who has extinguished all natural feeling within him, and substituted those of artificial society.

From the reasons we have just assigned, English poetry has little of the pathetic, but what turns on subjects of love, or tragic distress ; nor do even our tragic writers ever think of making a patriotic or national event the subject of their muse. Mr. Shee's *Alasco* is the only one we recollect, and this has been strangled in its birth. Both our chamberlain and his deputy seem to be hostile to the existence of patriotic virtue. And yet, what is the state of that country where patriotic virtue has no existence ?

In our opinion, every man is a patriot when his country requires it, who is not, at heart, a slave, and every man a slave who is not, at heart, a patriot ; whence it follows, that a country where patriotic virtue has no existence, must be a nursery of slaves : and, we may add, that if the chamberlain and his deputy succeed in extinguishing the spirit of patriotism in this country, we need not expect it will ever produce a Homer under his auspices ; and if posterity should

ever associate the present with the Augustan age of literature, we have no reason to believe, that his name will ever be associated with that of Mæcenas:

The second of the three species into which I have divided poetry, and of which we are now treating, namely, the pathetic, has never, as we have already observed, flourished in this country, and was totally unknown before the classical era of our poetry. He who never read but the works of Drayton, Carew, Suckling, Donne, Browne, Jonson, Crashaw, Cleveland, Cowley, and many of their successors, as Blackmore and Hammond, could not form even an idea of pathetic poetry. The poetry antecedent to that period, was all the production of art: every sentiment and expression was overwrought, strained, and obscured, or entirely concealed by unnatural ornaments. The colouring was laid on thick: dedications were servilely flattering, and praise bestowed without the slightest apparent sense of decency, propriety, or shame. Dryden made a rapid advance towards reform in the poetry of his country, but it was reserved for Pope to clear away the rubbish completely, and to bring forth "the naked nature and the living grace." All his contemporaries saw and admired the beauty of the model which he placed before them, but all did not imitate his example, some through jealousy, and some through inability. That desire of producing effect by overcharged descriptions, and obscure images, which characterized the former school, was still cherished, and cultivated by many; and these Pope has made the subject of his *Dunciad*. Addison and Swift, next to Pope, were foremost in the great work of reform, but neither of them distinguished himself in the pathetic. Some attempts, however were made in this way, but the first worth noticing, and the most successful that has since appeared, was the *Eloisa to Abelard*. Had Pope never written but this poem, it should suffice to render him immortal, for all the united efforts of art and study,—of perseverance and toil,—could never have produced it, devoid of that exquisite sensibility, without which no poet ever excelled in the pathetic. The pa-

thetic consists entirely in feeling, but no man can describe feelings, emotions, and sympathies, which he never felt, except he imitate, and even then he can describe only individual, or disjointed feelings, for he can never describe how they arise out of each other, without feeling them himself. Pope might have succeeded in copying the description of an individual emotion, but, unless he felt the emotion himself, he could never describe the varied succession of feelings and emotions that would naturally arise from it. Pope, then, could have been no imitator, in describing all the feelings, emotions, and regrets of Eloisa; all the mental tumults that arise from a conflict between religion and love, if he were himself incapable of sympathizing with her by whom they were felt. The pathetic pieces, however, which were produced during what is termed the classical age, are, in general, clothed in the light and airy drapery of fancy; and the pathetic muse seems to have forsaken us entirely, and either to have returned, like Astrea, to heaven, or sought some happier clime upon earth, after the death of Goldsmith. With him, also, may be said to end the classical school of poetry.

After the death of the simple, natural, classical, and pathetic Goldsmith, Cowper was the first poet who attracted any notice. He is allowed, both by the Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews, to be the patriarch and founder of the romantic, or present school of poetry. When we say, *present*, we ought to recollect, that there is a Lake, as well as a romantic school. After the extinction of the classical school, many bold and daring innovators arose, each of whom laboured to erect a school of his own. Revolutions in poetry, are like revolutions in religion. When Luther raised the standard of rebellion against the Catholic church, his disciples, Calvin and Zuinglius, and God knows how many, raised the standard of rebellion against him, and against each other. Who was right, or who was wrong, or whether either was right or wrong, are questions on which we dare not presume to offer an opinion. The moment we are brought into the fierce arena of religious controversy,

we humbly acknowledge our intellectual impotency, not that we think ourselves more ignorant than other men, but that we think the subject of controversy placed, not only above our reach, but above those who have divided the christian world into sects and parties. Who can pretend to explain revealed religion; for if it could be explained, what need was there of Revelation. Whatever is placed within the grasp of reason, needs not Revelation to make it known, and whatever is above reason, cannot possibly be a subject of argument, for we can only reason from what we know. One thing, however, we must say, that a school of which that "moon-struck prophet, Cowper, was the founder, is a school of which we should not wish to become disciples. Is poetry run mad? or is that poetry good for nothing, which is not run mad? So it would seem, from making Cowper the founder of that school which established itself on the ruins of the classical. The Quarterly and Edinburgh Reviews give him the credit of being the founder of this school,—a school of which they are themselves admirers, and yet they know he was a fanatic.

But, whoever may be considered the founder, it is certain that, after the death of Goldsmith, a complete change took place in our national poetry. Religious fanaticism had a great share in introducing what is now called the romantic school of poetry, out of which another school arose, called the Lake school, and out of which many others will arise, unless we put a check to the progress of false taste, and false refinement.

What appears most surprising, however, is, that the critics of the present day look back to the school of poetry that preceded the classical, as the school of nature, and upon the classical school, as the school of art; and accordingly advise (and we regret the advice has been too implicitly followed) the poets of the present day, to make the elder poets, or the master spirits, as they are pleased to call them, their models. And yet there is no man who is not a prostrate slave to the cant of criticism, but must perceive that the poetry of those "elder," or "master spirits," was entirely the production of art, and that they sacrificed nature

to pun, conceit, wit, and the incorrigible affectation of producing effect. The classical school is called artificial, and the reason assigned for it, is the very reason that proves it the natural, as well as the classical school of English poetry. We are told, that our classical poets were too studious of expression; and this study, in the eyes of modern critics, assumes too much the appearance of art. But, if they examined the matter a little closer, they would find that all this art is the closest approach to nature. Perhaps we should apologize for requiring of them to examine closely before they came to a conclusion; for they could not examine without study, and all study, in their eyes, is art. Their principle is, to speak and write whatever strikes them at first, because they imagine, the first thought must be the natural thought; and, accordingly, what they write to day, they contradict to-morrow; for, unhappily, these first thoughts are almost always at variance with each other. All just and natural thought is the result of meditation, examination, and reflection; and it is just for this very reason, that the classical school is the natural school of English poetry. Their being studious of expression, instead of proving their productions to be artificial, proves them to be natural; for who is studious of expression, but he who seeks to convey the sentiment or idea, which he wishes to express, in the most appropriate words; that is, in words that express this idea or sentiment exactly as it exists in his mind, without addition or diminution? If he does so express it, the expression must be natural, if the idea or sentiment be originally natural, and if it be unnatural, no form of expression can make it harmonize with nature. No form of expression, or selection of words, can, therefore, be natural, which does not express the idea which we wish to express, exactly as it exists in the mind, or as the mind conceives it; but we can never express ideas as we conceive them, without *studying* very attentively the precise and radical meaning and value of words; for, if we use words that express either more or less than what we mean, or if, in the

structure of our sentences, we connect these words in such a manner as obscures or alters our meaning, we either write what has no meaning, or, at least, a meaning different from what we intended ; that is, we think one thing, and express another. Behold what modern critics call natural writing !!

It is, therefore, evident, that we cannot be too studious of expression, and that we cannot write naturally without being so, for it is the very height of fanaticism, it is actually presuming that we are inspired, to suppose that words will come of their own accord, without studying which is least or most appropriate. Those who are best acquainted with language, find themselves frequently at a loss for terms to express exactly what they mean ; and yet, if they will not wait to discover these terms, they evidently think one thing, and write another. In fact, no man can write as he thinks, without studying very attentively the meaning of words ; and structure of sentences, unless he be inspired ; and, as we have no faith in this inspiration, we believe every man a fanatic who pretends to it. No writer, then, can be too classical, chaste, correct, or perspicuous ; and no writer can be classical, chaste, correct, or perspicuous, without having recourse to what modern critics call the language of art, but which is, in reality, the language of nature. We would ask these critics, whether we, who know nothing of music, could play a simple air as *naturally* as Rossini ? According to them, we should play it better ; for he plays entirely by art, and we could not play otherwise than by nature, as we never studied the science of music, and, consequently, know nothing of its *art*. Having, therefore, no rule to guide us, our fingers would move as chance directed, and it is this chance which the critics call nature ; for it is in writing *asi-music* : he who knows not the full meaning of words, is only right by chance. But would chance ever enable us to play "God save the King," as *naturally* as Rossini ? It is, then, as proper to say,

All *art* is *nature*, though unknown to thee,

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as to say with our great classical poet,

All nature is, but art, unknown to thee ;

for, as the original works of nature are themselves the works of art, that is, the works of an architect who did nothing by chance, but had a fixed design in all his works, so, also, is the rules of art only a closer approximation to nature. The greater the art, the more natural the production. The painter, who has devoted all his life to the study of his art, will produce a more *natural* painting than he who, unacquainted with the principles of the art, paints as his natural feelings and judgment direct him. All that is, therefore, said of the art of the classical school, is the mere cant of criticism. All that proceeds from true art is natural ; for nature itself is but concealed art, and the art of concealing art is, therefore, the nearest approach to nature. Who dances most naturally, most gracefully, with most ease, and least appearance of art, the peasant, whose every movement is unpremeditated, and undirected by principles of art, or the dancing master, whose every movement is studied, and the result of principles founded in art ? If we believe Pope,

Those move easiest who have learn'd to dance.

From every view, then, which can be taken of the subject, art will always triumph over that *nature* which the critics would substitute in its stead ; and, therefore, we pronounce every stanza and line of modern poetry written without art,—written on the principles of the Lake and Romantic schools,—to be spurious, and the result of false taste, false reasoning, and false criticism.

The poets of the present day, particularly the Lake poets, think it dangerous to be acquainted with the arts and sciences. A poet, according to them, must be a perfect child ; and an increase of knowledge appears to them, destructive of infantine simplicity. We admit that the cultivation of letters cannot create a genius for poetry, but what poet ever became immortal with-

out knowing all that the literature of his age and country could impart. Those who say that learning weakens the original fire of poetic genius, tell us very plainly, that they have themselves so very little fire, that it is continually in danger of being extinguished ; you cannot extinguish the original propensities of nature.

Naturam expellas tamen usque recurrit :

“drive nature out at one door, and she will come in at the other.” Intense study, indeed, will temper and restrain, but it can never extinguish the fire of natural genius : on the contrary, by concentrating its rays, it gives it a power and activity of operation unknown to all the affected disciples of nature. A man of genius cannot read too much, a dunce cannot read too little ; for, in the first place, he wrecks his brains, and, consequently, his health, in striving to comprehend his author, whereas, after all, he comprehends only just enough to bewilder him. The man of genius, on the contrary, understands every thing he reads at a glance, forgets what is not worth remembering, and converts what is, into gold. Our present pretenders to poetic inspiration, affect to talk of Pope as no poet.—What an admirable discovery ! Pope sometimes talks sense. This they cannot endure. The poet must speak without reflection ; he must write as the spirit moveth, not as the understanding dictates. This is not only Mr. Wordsworth’s theory, but the theory which is actually followed by most of our modern poets, for they pride themselves in rejecting and avoiding, as much as they can, all those rules which Horace and Virgil, and all the great poets of antiquity, have sanctioned by their authority, and to which they have themselves conformed. Simple children of nature, how mournful is it to think, that while the artful Horace, who could not write as much poetry in a day as even one of his own dull contemporaries could while he stood upon one foot, much less as much as you, who have only to run the pen along the paper, and write as the spirit moveth, how sad, we say, is the reflection, that this crafty, this artful,—this tortoise-moving Horace, should

become immortal, while you, with all your simplicity and close adherence to nature, while you, innocent as doves, and talking the very language of childhood, the very lisplings of babyism, the very "milk of human kindness," are destined, notwithstanding, to glide peaceably and quietly into the great gulf of oblivion. Nor is it less to be regretted, that this Pope, who was no poet, but whom some pedantic readers have erroneously termed one, should be read, not only by you yourselves, and the critics, but read,—aye, read and admired too, by all the nations in Europe,—by all the nations in the world, acquainted with British literature, while you, poor babes, are known only here at home, among ourselves, and destined to be so only for a few years.

That affected simplicity, both in language and in sentiment, and that affected contempt for classical elegance, and purity of expression, which characterize the poetry of the day, prove only, that most of our modern poets are men, who pick up their little modicum of knowledge from reading and admiring each others' nonsense, without any acquaintance whatever with Greek or Roman literature. No wonder, then, they should affect to despise that with which they are unacquainted. Greek and Roman literature is as bitter to them, as the grapes to the fox, when he could not reach them; and yet, how difficult is it to suppose such admirers of simplicity and rustic language to be all foxes in disguise: yet so it is. Poetry, according to these gentlemen, is the mere expression of natural feeling, and, therefore, they take it for granted, that whatever feeling suggests must be right. In order to obtain this simplicity, and to avoid every chance of not being simple, Mr. Wordsworth tells us, that the language of low and rustic life ought to be preferred, because, in his opinion, the essential passions of the heart find a better soil, in which they can attain their maturity, and because, in that condition of life, our elementary feelings co-exist in a state of greater simplicity. Mr. Wordsworth knows but little of the philosophy of the passions, when he writes in this strain. All mental pleasures arise from mental perceptions, and each new

perception creates a new pleasure. The more, consequently, we multiply our perceptions, the more we multiply our mental pleasures; and the pleasure arising from any particular perception, no matter what it be, is just as natural as that arising from any other perception whatever, because it is natural that the effect should follow its cause. The mental pleasures of a scholar are, therefore, just as natural as those of a peasant, though they are infinitely more diversified, and the language in which he expresses them must, consequently, be as natural, if he write as he feels, as the language of the peasant. The fact, however, is, that his language will be more natural, because the vocabulary of the former is too scanty to supply him with words to express exactly what he wants to express.

How erroneous, then, is Mr. Wordsworth, in asserting that the language of low and vulgar life ought to be preferred, because, in his opinion, the essential passions of the heart find a better soil, in which they can attain their maturity, and because, in that condition of life, our elementary feelings co-exist in a state of greater simplicity. If Mr. Wordsworth had paid a little attention to the study of human nature, he would not talk of essential passions, and elementary feelings, because there is no passion or feeling essential or elementary. We have no passion or feeling whatever, but what is caused by external agency, and as each different modification of agency produces a different feeling and passion, it is obvious that all passions and feelings are equally natural. To call any passion "essential" or "elementary," conveys either no meaning, or an erroneous one; for what passion can be termed more essential or elementary than another? No passion can be felt without a cause to excite it; and if this cause should never occur, the passion would never be felt. Is not love a natural passion? But who was ever in love before he saw a female capable of engaging his affections? Love, then, is neither essential nor elementary, for it may never be felt; and never can be felt without a cause to excite it. Its existence, then, depends upon chance, and what is

contingent cannot be elementary. All other passions are the same. Mr. Wordsworth cannot point out one passion that springs up naturally and spontaneously in the human breast, of its own accord. All are the result of external agency, and where no agency is exercised, no passion can be felt. If, then, all passions be the result of certain influences, all passions are effects, of which these influences are the causes, and, therefore, all are equally natural. The passions of a peasant, then, cannot be more natural than those of the poet, who feels a thousand passions, emotions, and sympathies, of which the peasant cannot even form an idea. As all these passions and modes of feeling are unknown to the peasant, they must, consequently, be different from all his passions, and, if different, they must be expressed in different language, if they are expressed naturally; but, according to Mr. Wordsworth, it would be unnatural to express them differently, because he would have them all expressed in the language of the peasant, as if the peasant could give expression to feelings of which he knows nothing. If any poet should use the language of low life, it is only he whose feelings are low and rustic, and to whom all those mental pleasures that sport with airy wing, beyond the contracted limits of vulgar perception, are totally unknown. To say, then, that we should adopt the language of low and rustic life, is to say, that we should only feel and think like a peasant.

We, therefore, maintain, that this language of low life, this affectedly natural and simple language,—this language of the untaught spirit, so admirably suited to certain religious sects, is the result of the most perverted taste, and the most vitiated reasoning; but, to put it properly to the test, we shall select a few examples from the real language of low life, so real, that no person can mistake it, and then ask our readers whether it be language meet for a poet. The examples we shall select, are epitaphs on tomb-stones, evidently the production of the rustic, unlettered muse.

IN MEMORY OF

Sarah Palmer, who departed this life March 16th, 1782, in the 91st year of her age, leaving children, grand children, great grand children, and treble grand children, 166.

By his kind help, who sits on heaven's throne,
I reach'd the rev'rend age of ninety-one :—
At eighty-seven, I had a broken shin,
At eighty-nine, I halv'd my dose of gin;
And being come to ripe maturity,
Plac'd all my thoughts upon futurity,
Thinking I heard a blessed angel say,
Cheery, old soul, pack up, and come away.

For I am dead, and she wont follow—
I can no longer whoop and hollow,—
Reader, if thou dost wish to know,
The name of him here lying low,
Look down upon this stone, and see
Wilcox, conjoin'd with Timothy.

Shadow'd with doubts, and agoniz'd with fears,
I float to God upon a tide of tears ;
Afar the beacon ! yet I see it shine—
Despond, avaunt—Faith makes the haven mine.

Hear from the tomb the warning voice of truth !
A ling'ring malady consum'd my youth,—
John Sims, my name, a carpenter's my trade ;
With half confessions, like a blushing maid,
To a fam'd Leech I humbly did apply,
Though no one knew the cause, or reason why ;
His sov'reign cordials flow'd for me in vain,
His pills procur'd me only change of pain :

So next I dragg'd my steps to Doctor Greedy,
 Who made me ten times worse, and still more needy.
 Worn to a stump, I sought the rev'rend Jay,
 Not in the pill, but in the spiritual way,—
 He cleans'd my inward man, he heard my sigh,
 Preach'd down my quacks, and taught me how to die.

TO THE MEMORY OF

THOMAS AND RICHARD FRY, STONEMASONS,

Who were crushed to death, August the 25th, 1776,
 by the slip down of a wall they were in the act of
 building. Thomas was aged 19, and Richard 21 years.

“They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and
 in death they were not divided.—Blessed are they who
 die in the Lord, for their works follow them.”

A sacred truth ! now learn our awful fate !
 Dear friends we were, first cousins, and what not,
 To toil as masons was our humble lot ;
 As just returning from a house of call,
 The Parson bade us set about his wall ;
 Flush'd with good liquor, cheerfully we strove,
 To place big stones below, and big above,—
 We made too quick work—down the fabric came,—
 It crush'd our vitals—people bawl'd out shame
 But we heard nothing—mute as fish we lay,
 And shall lie sprawling till the judgment day.
 From our misfortune this good moral know,
 Never to work too fast, or drink too slow.

NEAR this Stone are deposited the mortal remains of
 Mrs. Elinor Parkins, who kept the “Red Lion,” in this
 town, with great credit, more than sixteen years.

Assign'd by Providence to rule a tap,
 My days past glibly,—till an awkward rap,
 Some way like bankruptcy, impell'd me down ;
 But up I got again, and shook my gown,

In gamesome gambols, quite as brisk as ever—
Blithe as the lark, and gay as sunny weather,—
Compos'd with creditors, at five in pound,
And frolick'd on till laid in holy ground.
The debt of nature must, you know, be paid,—
No trust from her,—God grant extent in aid.

I WENT and listed in the Tenth Hussars,
And gallopp'd with them to the bloody wars.—
“Die for your Sovereign,—for your country die!”
To earn such glory feeling rather shy,
Snug I slipp'd home; but Death soon sent me off,
After a struggle with the hooping cough.

THAT thou would'st pity take, I humbly pray,
O Lord, on this my wretched lump of clay;
A broken pitcher do not cleave in twain,
But let me rise, and be myself again.

Tread soft, good friends, lest you should spring a mine,
I was a workman in the powder line.
Of true religion I possess'd no spark,
Till Christ, he pleas'd to stop my gropings dark,
The Rev'rend Vicar seconded the plan,
A temperate, holy, charitable, man,
Who left the foxes to enjoy their holes,
And never hunted aught but human souls;
To this Director's care, 'twas kindly given,
To point my spirit, bolt upright, to heaven.

In these examples, we have the real language of low life; but if Pope wrote thus, would it ever become a question, whether he should rank with the first or second poets of his country? Happily for Pope, he was not guided by the maxims of Mr. Wordsworth. If he were, his name should have never reached us. Away, then, with that cant which would oblige the poet to express his sublime and rapt emotions in the vulgar language of the rustic, in common with whom he has

not one solitary feeling, passion, emotion, or sympathy. Both, it is true, may be under the influence of the same passion; both may be irritated by the same cause; but are both affected by it in the same identical manner? Far from it: the anger of the peasant and of the poet are so different from each other, that it is only poverty of language that obliges us to call them by the same name. Shades of feeling, though they differ from each other, cannot be expressed in different words, while they retain the same character.

From what we have said, our readers must perceive that we are decided advocates for the classical, by which we mean the natural, school of poetry. It is capable of all the charms of which all the other schools are capable, without retaining any of their errors. What, we would ask, has the romantic school of poetry produced, worth producing, of which models cannot be discovered in the classical school? Cannot a classical poet be as romantic as he pleases in his ideas? and, as to a romantic mode of expression, it is all literary fanaticism. A romantic style is a burlesque upon common sense. No style can be correct, unless it be natural, and adapted to its subject; and, if it be so, it must be classical. Whatever is natural, cannot be romantic in any sense in which that term is opposed to classical, because we never apply the term classical to any style or production which is not correct, and, consequently, natural at the same time. Classical differs from natural only in its more limited acceptance: it is nature applied to style and execution. What is a classical style, or a classical manner, but a conformity to that correct and perspicuous style and manner which has been adopted by the best writers, and which we have already justified? If classical poetry, then, be always natural, romantic poetry must be so too, if it be good for any thing; for, if it were allowed that it deviates from nature, its warmest admirers would shrink from defending it. Wherein, then, has romantic the advantage over classical poetry? Nature is the common subject of both, and neither has any value, but what it derives from its adherence to nature. Romantic po-

etry must be classical in its expression, to be perfectly beautiful ; and classical poetry may be romantic. But though romantic poetry is no poetry, if it be not classical, classical poetry must not, necessarily, be romantic. The whole mistake arises from confounding the subject or matter of poetry with the style or language of the poet. It is this mistake that has led modern critics into so many contradictions, and involved them in so much perplexity and confusion. The term classical can only apply to the treatment of the subject, but implies no particular kind of subject, because all subjects can be treated classically, while romantic can apply only to the subject alone, or the scenes, images, thoughts, and sentiments, of which it is composed. We may form a romantic idea, but to talk of romantic words, or a romantic style, is absolute nonsense, if we mean, by this style, any thing more than a simple, natural, classical style. The style should always take its colour and character from the subject, and, therefore, when the subject is romantic, the style must be suited to it, that is, such terms must be selected as will convey the romantic ideas and associations of the poet. As to classical thoughts, classical imagery, classical sentiments, classical sympathies, classical feelings, we defy all the classical and romantic readers in England, to point out one to which the term is applicable. The term romantic, on the other hand, applies only to the character of the poet's subject, the character of his imagery, sentiments, associations, and feelings. In a word, the term romantic applies only to the mind ; classical, to the correctness and elegance of the style in which we express ourselves. We may have a romantic mind, but as for a classical mind, we cannot even form an idea of what it means. A romantic poem may, therefore, be written in classical language, for it must be romantic, be it written in what language it may, if it describe scenes and situations that never, or, at least, very seldom, occur in real life,—something which imagination can conceive, but which seldom has “a local habitation and a name” in the realities of life. The classical writer avoids

“the ambitious obscurity of expressing more than is perfectly conceived, or perfect conception in fewer words than it requires.” He who observes this rule, is a classical writer : he who does not, may call himself a romantic writer, if he please,—but we call him an obscure and incorrect writer ; and if obscurity and incorrectness be the characteristics of the romantic school, it is not worthy of any serious notice.

Romantic poetry, then, when it is good for any thing, must be classical poetry ; that is, when romantic scenes are described in correct language, this language must be classical, for as classical regards not the subject, but the style, it admits of all subjects alike,—the romantic, the epic, the tragic, the picturesque, the descriptive, the pathetic, the narrative, the didactic, &c. The extracts we have given from Ali, are elegantly classical and highly romantic at the same moment.

No two schools, opposed to each other, can be right ; for there can be no genuine poetry that is not in accordance with nature. All the poets that follow nature belong to the same school, no matter how different their subjects may be from each other, for subjects may be infinitely diversified, and all be natural. The ignorance, however, that has led us to adopt a romantic school, has also led us to adopt a species of versification which we vainly attempt to justify, by calling it romantic ; nor do we stop here : we select subjects, create images, and adopt sentiments, which are in perfect violation of nature. We satisfy ourselves, however, with the reflection, that whatever wears the appearance of romance, must be right, whether it be natural or not ; that is, it must be right, even when it is wrong. Our best poets have fallen into this snare, and have given pieces to the public which we hope, for their own sakes, may never go down to posterity.

Of this, Mr. Campbell’s “Last Man,” and his “Spanish Patriot’s Song,” and, indeed, almost all the Songs he writes in the New Monthly, are remarkable instances ; we say, remarkable, because he evinced so pure and classical a taste in his “Pleasures of Hope.” He then wrote what his own feelings and good taste

directed, and what he thought was adapted to the feelings and taste of all men, who judged by their feelings, not by that perverted taste which leads thousands to suppose, that whatever comes from the pens of certain writers, must be what it ought to be, whether they are pleased with it or not. It is for this last class of writers he employs his pen at present. He now seems to write for the exquisites,—in taste as well as in dress. We shall make a few remarks on his “Last Man,” which is given in page 128 of this volume, to which we refer our readers.

The form of verse which he has adopted in it, belongs to the romantic school of poetry, for we are now romantic, not only in our ideas, but also in our manner of expressing them. To our ears, however, this measure has no charm; nor, we apprehend, to any ears that judge by the original laws of harmony. There are, however, who sacrifice their natural feelings to novelty, not that this novelty delights them, for what is not in accord with the laws of our nature, can never please, but that they attribute their want of pleasure to want of taste, and admire in proportion to their ignorance. Let Lord Byron write in any new-fangled verse, and though it pleases no man, it is admired by all, or, at least, by the majority, because they attribute the little pleasure which it imparts to them, not to any want of beauty in the structure of verse adopted by the noble bard, but to their not being able to perceive its beauty, and imagining that their ignorance would be detected, if they acknowledged the truth, and avowed it was, to their ears, both harsh and disagreeable, they run into the very opposite extreme, and pretend that nothing pleases them more. This they consider a proof of their good taste; but, with regard to that structure of verse which gives them real and positive pleasure, they are totally silent, because they feel, instinctively, that it pleases all men, as well as themselves, and they know, accordingly, they can get no credit for professing to be pleased with that which pleases all mankind. We believe, Mr. Campbell studies less his own taste than that of these affected judges,—these exquisites in

poetry,—when he writes such verses as the “Last Man.” Indeed, in a very great portion of the poetry emanating from the romantic school, there is a bloated greatness, a strutting pomp, a mystical solemnity, which, though they make the ignorant stare, are only fit subjects of laughter to any man who admires, and is pleased only with all that is in harmony with nature; not that he would limit the creative powers of the poet, but that he would oblige him to make his creations wear the aspect and livery of nature. We think we can perceive some of these last characters of the romantic school in “The Last Man.” He is a very great and pious man, in his own opinion, and a very little and impious one in ours. What manner of man must he be, who, seeing “the wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds,” about his ears, instead of being moved by so awful a scene, stands up, and addresses the sun in a prouder speech than Milton has put into the mouth of Lucifer, in addressing the same orb? For our parts, we would not wish to be made in the same mould with such a man. But he is a romantic man, and that is enough!! And yet this romantic man is “likened unto” a prophet, and seems to be painted by Mr. Campbell as an emblem of human greatness; but, we regret to say, that the greatness of this Last Man, is the greatness of Satan, and the power that is given him is much greater.

Yet, prophet-like, that lone one stood,
 With dauntless words, and high,
 That shook the sere leaves from the wood,
 As if a storm passed by.

This is, really, true poetic rant; for, admitting that men, instead of decreasing in strength and stature, according to the generally received opinion, continue to wax stronger and stronger to the end of time, it is still ridiculous to suppose, that the last man will have such a tempest-like voice as is here attributed to him. Neither can he be a prophet, in any sense of the word, for he was, of all other men, the only one who could be

no prophet. Prophecy regards that which is to take place, and which has not yet commenced ; but there was nothing to take place after the Last Man, but what was actually taking place at the moment. The world was crumbling into ruin, and it required no prophecy to foretell that of which he was an actual spectator ; and, the ruin being consummated, all futurity was at an end, at least, so far as regards time ; and, with regard to eternity and immortality, the Last Man could have no more knowledge, until he was out of existence, than we have at present.

In the fifth stanza, the Last Man utters blasphemy against the Deity. He desires the sun not to "recal life's tragedy again," nor restore man to that state of misery from which the dissolution of the earth had released him :

Its piteous pageants bring not back,
Nor waken flesh upon the rack,
Of pain anew to writhe ;

that is, in other words, that annihilation is better than that state in which we are placed by the Deity. But if the Last Man thus chooses indirectly to attack Providence, why attribute any portion of its evils to the sun, that "test of all sumless agonies." The sun, surely, though he witnesses our agonies, does not render them greater than they would be had he never seen them. On the contrary, so far from increasing the evils incident to our condition, it serves to soften and meliorate them all. Were we to suffer these "sumless agonies" in the dark, without a solitary ray of sun-shine to cheer us, how much more miserable and insupportable would be our condition. And yet, this Last Man throws out all his venom against the unoffending sun, as if the cause of human misery, because the spectator of it. This is not in accordance with that spirit of humiliation by which the last of men ought to be influenced. It ill accords with that resignation, that piety, that meekness, that forbearance, that charity, that fear and trembling, so strongly re-

commended to us in the sacred writings, at all times and in all seasons ; and, if at any season, surely when nature was making her final exit. This was an awful moment,—not a moment for spleen, or reproach, for pride, or exultation ; and yet, the whole is written with a spirit of greater enmity to the sun, than that of Satan. In the fallen angel it was natural—in the Last Man it could not be so, unless he were equally fallen : and if Mr. Campbell borrowed the idea of making the Last Man speak in this strain, from Satan's celebrated address to the Sun, and imagined, that as this address is universally allowed to be highly poetic, all similar addresses must be equally so, come from whom they may, we can only tell him, that before he came to this conclusion, he should have asked himself a very simple question, namely, whether any thing can be poetic, that is unnatural ? We do not say this on the authority of Pope, where he says, "first follow nature," because Mr. Campbell may object to his authority, like all other disciples of the romantic school, though, as we have already observed, we think Mr. Campbell does not follow his own taste, in adopting the high-flown nonsense of this school, but because no other school will suit the exquisites, who want something to make them "tremble at every pore." To do this, requires neither sense nor meaning, nor propriety, nor consistency, for all these elements of good writing are almost exploded, or, at least, are going out of fashion. The exquisite cannot suffer dull sense to approach him. His morning and evening hymn is,

Begone dull sense,
I pray thee, begone from me,
Begone dull sense,
You and I can never agree.

Accordingly, the exquisite in taste (we have nothing to do with the exquisite in dress) is

By *fashion's* kindly law,
Pleas'd with a feather, tickled with a straw.

He amuses himself with collecting the straws that float upon the surface, and laughs to scorn those dull creatures who "sink below," in search of pearls.

We hope it is not necessary for us to shew, that whatever violates reason and nature cannot be poetic? At present, we take it for granted that this will be acceded to us, and continue to take it for granted, until the proposition is disputed. Accordingly, all that is in the romance of the present day, in opposition to either, is not poetry, and, therefore, the strain in which the *Last Man* addresses the sun, is utterly indefensible. The highest degree of Satanic vehom appears couched in the following lines,—the very sound of the words spit venom, and are "an echo to the sense."

My lips, that speak thy dirge of death,
Their rounded gasp, and gurgling breath,
To see thou shalt not boast.

Proud, last, we hope not *lost* man; what a boast it must be to see the "gasp and gurgling" of thy lips. For our parts, instead of boasting of it, we should turn with disgust from the scene; and yet, you imagine it would be a glorious sight for the sun to look upon. On the whole, the pride of this "last of Adam's race," this proud spirit, who represents men as

Piteous pageants,
Stretch'd in disease's shapes abhorr'd,
Or mown in battle by the sword,
Like grass beneath the scythe,

while he himself defies "the darkening universe," is of such a character, that we cannot read this production of Mr. Campbell's without pain.

But, had not Mr. Campbell taste or discernment enough to perceive that his *Last Man* was not in accordance with nature? We say, he had, but he sails with the current of fashion,—a current that takes its course through a very different channel. He saw that, if his *Last Man* was not natural, he was what moderns call

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romantic, and this was just the manner of man he wanted. But, unhappily, he is not a romantic man either, for all romantic men are natural men. They indulge their imagination, it is true, more than other men; but this is in perfect accordance with their natural temper and turn of mind. But, in the Last Man, there is, in reality, nothing romantic. He has not a particle of imagination: pride, impious pride, is the only spirit by which he is actuated, and the proud man is, of all others, the most barren of imagination, and the least romantic, because all his thoughts are engrossed in the gratification of one propensity. There is, therefore, neither nature nor true romance in the Last Man, and all that can recommend it, are

Dauntless words and high,
That shake the sear leaves from the wood,
As if a storm passed by.

For, after all, when we come to examine the proper and distinguishing characteristics of the modern school, they consist in "dauntless high" and stormy words, that convey no meaning, or an empty one; for, wherever they do convey a just meaning, they resolve themselves into the classical school. High and stormy words, however, have a greater effect than is generally imagined, even when taken separately and unconnected, as Burke has shewn in his *Sublime and Beautiful*; and how much greater must be their power when brought in contact with each other? Indeed, if it were not for this power, the veil would instantly drop from our eyes, and we should behold the nakedness and ridiculousness of what we now call romantic poetry, for the reader must not forget, that we always distinguish between legitimate romance, and the romance of the present day.

From the view which we have taken of modern poetry, it will be concluded, that we do not agree with those who are of opinion, that the present age will be hereafter deemed the brightest era of English literature,—that it will be the admiration of the man of

taste,—and the model of the man of genius, when he stoops to a model,—that it will be rendered immortal, by the associations connected with the splendour of its eloquence, the luxuriance of its poetry, the depth of its philosophy, the wisdom of its politics, or the originality of its general character; and, if so, it will be said, that the literature and poetry of the age, can afford but very scanty materials to the compiler of *Elegant Extracts*. We are of a different opinion, for we are certain, that no writer affords less matter for selection, than the elegant and classical writer, because he finishes every part so carefully, that there is some difficulty in determining, as we have already observed, what to select, and what to reject. The productions of such a writer, should be read from beginning to end, but he who dashes off at a heat, the first thoughts that occur to him will, for the reasons which we have already assigned, write much that is not worth reading or remembering. Yet such a writer will sometimes produce beauties of the highest order, for “there’s a happiness as well as care.” This is a peculiar feature in the character of modern poetry, if we except the few poets we have, that are entitled to the name of classical. The works of Lord Byron, Moore, and Campbell, prove sufficiently what we assert. The former, though an admirer of Pope, has no pretensions whatever to classical elegance, and, accordingly, it is waste of time to read half what he writes; but in what poets do we meet with sublimer passages, and more worthy such a selection as we now offer to the reader? Moore and Campbell, on the contrary, who are purely and strictly classical poets, (we must except Campbell’s latter productions) offer little to the selector of poetic beauties, because every sentiment is so elegantly expressed, and every image so clearly placed before us, that we could select the whole with pleasure, but know not what to reject. Accordingly, the lovers of poetry should read them, from beginning to end, and not rest contented with mere extracts from their works.

Besides, in every thing but poetry alone, we consider

the present age, beyond all comparison, the brightest era of English literature. But, in poetry, we think that four-fifths of our poets are actually run mad, and it is for this madness we censure them, not for want of genius. They write nonsense, because they are above writing sense. They wish to shew that there is a fashion in poetry as well as in manners, and resemble those who will not wear gold chains to their watches, because their inferiors do the same, though they cannot help acknowledging that a gold chain is more valuable than a ribbon. Thus, our modern poets, in order to place themselves above the vulgar herd of mankind, throw away that pure gold, that common sense, which is fairly worth the seven, and ascend the clouds to commune only with gods and angels. They waft us to regions of immortal bliss, or place us in the magic bowers of fancy, where all is rapture, ecstasy, and delight. But, unhappily, we cannot remain long in the higher regions, till we feel a propensity to return to our native earth. It is a planet more suited to our capabilities of enjoyment. We have not strength to relish ethereal pleasures for any length of time, and, therefore, we soon tire of all poetry that is purely imaginative. Hence it is, that few can read the divine Milton, or Ossian, half a day, notwithstanding his divinity, without falling asleep; while they can give days and nights to Homer and Shakspeare; and hence it is, also, that after reading over a modern poem, we seldom think or care about taking it up again. It contains nothing that fixes itself on the memory, and to which we can again recur with pleasure and delight. There is nothing to rest upon but the vacuities of imagination. All are airy vapours, ideal images, that please while they are passing in review before us, but are so indistinct, so subtile, so airy, so formless, so fantastic, so voluble and untenable, that having once passed, they can never be recalled. They cannot, accordingly, become the subject of conversation among literary men—they cannot be quoted on all occasions, like Pope and Shakspeare. One or two editions are, therefore, sufficient to terminate the existence of a modern poem. This

is to be regretted, because, as we have already observed, the evil does not arise from want of genius, but from want of industry. Modern poets will not take the trouble of making themselves acquainted with the heart and its affections, because they do not write to the heart:—they write to the imagination and sensual passions alone, and it requires no acquaintance with human nature to do this. What is strictly sensual, is learned without instruction, because it is born with us, and the empire of imagination is so wide, that if we fear to go astray in one region, we may turn to another. Hence it is, that though our modern poets flatter themselves that their high and imaginative poetry is the sublimest, and, consequently, the most difficult of all others, they would, notwithstanding, find it a thousand times more difficult to paint the true character of a real, natural, living man, a man who has so little celestial about him, that he could not soar half an inch above the earth, for half a minute, without falling back again—we say, they would find it more difficult to paint the character of this mere human man—let him be Cæsar or Cato, Cromwell or Buonaparte, than to create and describe an angel or an archangel, or any being of spiritual or imaginative mould. Our modern critics and poets forget, if they ever knew, that the poet who only writes what is the pure offspring of imagination, is he who, of all others, requires least knowledge, and who has, of all others, the least to accomplish. In the first place, he invents what images he pleases, makes goblins or hobgoblins, fairies, genii, griffins, or whatever else he chooses of them—he may give them what shape, size, and dimensions he please;—in fact, he may twist and turn them as he will, provided he does not contradict himself, and, therefore, he is, in fact, placed under no restraint. There is nothing to puzzle, nothing to bewilder him. But how differently is he circumstanced when he comes to describe things and properties with which we are ourselves acquainted as well as he. Then it is he must keep close to nature—then it is he requires

knowledge and experience—that knowledge and experience in which Homer, Virgil, and Shakspeare, and all poets that ever become immortal, have so eminently excelled; then it is, in a word, that a modern poet's metal would be put to the test, and that we should discover what kindred he bore to Homer or Shakspeare. But while he keeps away from us, in the fairy regions of imagination, he may look down upon us, in the pride of his ignorance, and say, “how greatly would you admire me, if I condescended to visit the earth, and treat of earthly things, when I can talk so sublimely of those which are placed above your reach.” And must we not ourselves be nearly as ignorant, when we believe him to be really that sublime poet which he represents himself? There is hardly an old woman in Ireland who cannot repeat more fairy tales, and productions which are the pure offspring of imagination, and which were invented by themselves, or by other old women, to amuse children of a long winter's night, than the most prolific of our modern poets have as yet produced; and we suspect the old women of Scotland are not behind hand with them. Are the amusements of old women, then, and the themes on which they delight to dwell, meet subjects for the celestial muse? If not, how childish is it in Mr. Campbell, or any man of genius, to employ his pen, or hope to acquire fame, from what requires no other talent than mere imagination. The great delusion is, that we think whatever is the offspring of imagination, requires great talent and genius to produce it. This is a most egregious mistake: imagination is never so strong and active as in our youth, and a child can understand fairy tales and romantic fictions as clearly as a philosopher, or a man of the strongest intellectual powers. Imaginative productions, it is true, are pleasing to youth, and this is the reason why modern poets deal in them. They sell because they are pleasing—they require no talent to produce them, if we only receive our first ideas and impressions from some old ignorant nurse, and the more ignorant she is, the more she delights in the romance of imagination; for, being acquainted with little that is real, the mind, which is

naturally fond of dwelling upon something, soon gets tired of this little, and travels into the world of unreal being to entertain itself with images and beings of its own creation.

That this is evident, is proved by the fact, that it is only in youth and old age the lower classes delight in these fairy recreations. In youth, the mind is active and vigilant, but its ignorance and inexperience do not furnish sufficient matter to employ its restless thoughts. It wanders, accordingly, from the few realities with which it is acquainted, to unreal matters, or matters which it fancies to be real. As it increases in real knowledge, it has a greater circle of real objects to employ its attention, and it withdraws itself proportionably from the unreal, which are now beginning to lose the charm of novelty, while every new acquirement makes it acquainted with something, which is not merely new, but real at the same time. Thus the mind proceeds till it arrives at maturity. Here it makes a long pause: the knowledge which it possesses at this time, and which, from want of education, is still extremely limited, is sufficient, however, to employ its attention till old age comes on, by which time it has travelled, over and over again, the whole stock of real knowledge which it possesses, and begins, accordingly to sicken with repetition, and to return to its childish fancies, which renew once more their long-faded novelty. Youth and old age are, therefore, the ages of romance and fiction, among the lower classes, and all classes are the same in youth. It is different, however, with the old age of the lettered part of mankind,—the romance of youth can never return to them. They are always acquiring something real and new at the same time, so that they have always something to employ their minds, without recurring to the fancies and fairy images of their childhood.

From what we have said, the poetry of the present day is not likely to become immortal; we mean, the greater portion of it; namely, that portion which has no other merit than that of being the pure offspring of imagina-

tion. Such poetry is only fit for children and old men. Let our poets, therefore, take a different course, if they would be immortal. Let them, like Homer, Virgil, and Horace; like Racine, Boileau, and Voltaire; like Ariosto, Tasso, and Camoëns; like Shakspeare and Pope, make the realities of life the subject of their theme, and adorn them as much as they please with the fictions of imagination; but let not him who amuses himself altogether with fiction, aspire to immortality. It is only when they come to the realities of life that their virtues can be tried, and it is fortunate for the age, that it has some such poets to sustain its character, though they have not entirely escaped the mania of the romantic school. Among these, Moore, in our opinion, takes the first place, and Byron the second. At least, we think this will be the opinion of posterity, whatever be the opinion of the present age. We are aware, that much of Moore's poetry wears a romantic character; but it should be recollected, that the realities of life are always at the bottom, and that they are merely clothed in the light vesture of romance. The human heart, its sensibilities, feelings, passions, sympathies, aversions, propensities, desires, weaknesses, and general affections, are real things, and the real subjects of his muse. His is, therefore, the language of pure passion: he always writes what he feels, not what he imagines, as his imagery serves only as a foil to his feelings. We have already observed, that the poetry of pure and unmixed passion never flourished in this country. Pope has given one beautiful specimen of it, Goldsmith several; but all the productions of Moore are the direct effusions of feeling and passion. He stands, therefore, alone among English poets. They have all touched upon various strings, but the magic sweetness of this one chord has so wound up the entire soul of Moore, that he would seem to have devoted himself to it alone, and to have fed upon its enchantment. We might, perhaps, be more in love with those too heavenly fair ones, whom he paints in his "Loves of the Angels," if, instead of being in love with angels, they became enamoured of men. We cannot

easily sympathize with a love-sick angel: we cannot bring ourselves to believe, that he is subject to the weaknesses and infirmities of man, and, therefore, when he talks about love, we laugh at him for his folly, or suspect the sincerity of his flame. Moore, however, has made his angels such beings as ourselves, except that few of us can pretend to such beauty: they are all beautiful youths, and have nothing super-human about them, nothing that indicates their celestial origin, except that expression of conscious greatness which they cannot controul. Whoever, therefore, can have faith enough to believe that an angel can assume human form, may also have weakness enough to sympathize with his imperfections, for all sympathy is weakness, and, perhaps, all weakness virtue. One thing, however, is certain, that though we cannot sympathize so deeply in the loves of any of Moore's angels, as we do in the sorrows and passions of Werter, they are, notwithstanding, the most lovely, the most interesting angels that have, perhaps, ever been painted by the pencil of man. The angels of Milton may excite our admiration, but they are all too formidable to obtain our esteem, much less our affection.

Moore is one of those poets who clearly evince that there is something either in the original constitution of the mind, or in the harmony that exists between it and the physical organization, that disposes it for, and gives it a natural tendency to, certain pursuits, in which it attains an eminence, to which it could never arrive in any other. Had he tried his strength in any other sphere of poetry than love, it is doubtful whether he should be known to us as a poet; but having, happily for himself, (though, perhaps, unhappily for some of those tender natures whose hearts are too exquisitely alive to all the finer influences of the softer affections,) made this captivating theme the general subject of his muse, he has attained such happiness of manner and delicacy of colouring, in picturing to the imagination the secret workings of passion that precede the burning raptures that accompany, and the intellectual revelry and romantic visions that succeed,

the enjoyment of the lover, that we have no hesitation to say, he is, if not unequalled, at least, not surpassed by any poet, ancient or modern, in that peculiar region of poetry which he has traced out for himself, we mean, amatory poetry of a sentimental character. Petrarch excels in sentiment alone; but had he been less sentimentally, and more earnestly, in love than he was, he would be more frequently read. The fact is, that Petrarch appears to be one of those characters who, as Bruyere says, wish to be in love, but find they cannot. His language seems to be always dictated by his head, and not by his heart. Elegant ease, combined with that chastity and purity of expression which result from a cultivated taste, are, therefore, his characteristic excellencies; but he always leaves room to suspect the sincerity of his flame, and the ardour of his attachment to Laura; and the more pains he is at to convince her of it, the more our suspicions are increased; for we perceive instinctively, that his points and *conceits* are not the offspring of true passion, and that he affects an intensity of emotion, of which he is incapable. Besides, his imagination is, at all times, more busily employed than his feelings and his heart, which is the true seat of affection. How different is it with Moore: instead of suspecting either him or his characters of feeling less than they profess to feel, we suspect that they feel infinitely more. Accordingly, they have no difficulty in convincing us, that they are really and sincerely in love; but they have the greatest difficulty in making us believe, that they are not more deeply in love than they pretend. We perceive, intuitively, that every expression is instinct with fire, and indicate a mind surcharged with all that passion

By which the wilder'd sense is caught,
with

All that the spirit seeks in heaven,
And all the senses burn for here.

The characteristic excellence of Moore, therefore, is

not only an absence of all affectation, of every thing that approaches to point and conceit, but an entire possession of that unfeigned passion, that richness, fullness, and exuberance of imagination, without which amatory poetry dwindles into rant and cold declamation. The poet who possesses this feeling, has more difficulty in concealing its intensity, than in removing any suspicions which we might be disposed to entertain of its reality. From the entire of Moore's poetry, we are half inclined to think, that he is always in love, always dwelling on the charms of woman, and, like one of his own angels,

Day and night
Hovering, unseen, around her way,
And mid her loneliest musings near;

always recounting, in his own mind,

The countless things
That keep young hearts for ever glowing,—
Vague wishes, fond imaginings,
Love dreams, as yet no object knowing,—
Light winged hopes, that come when bid,
And rain-bow joys, that end in weeping,
And passions, among pure thoughts hid,
Like serpents under flow'rets sleeping.

Though it is difficult, as we have already observed, to select from Moore, all being instinct with that feeling, passion, and poetic beauty that enrapture and enchant the lover of poetry, we shall, however, select what appears to us most eminently beautiful in his "Loves of the Angels," and by contrasting them with Lord Byron's "Heaven and Earth," elucidate the observations which we have already made on classical and romantic poetry.

The scene of the poem is laid in the infancy of the world, and the poem itself, opens with a description of "young time." It next discloses three youths conversing,

On a hill's side, where hung the ray
Of sun-set, sleeping in perfume.

These three youths happen to be three angels, who relate the history of their misfortunes to each other. The poet supposes each of them to have been captivated by the charms of a particular female, and to have been stripped of their angelic dignity, in consequence of yielding to their passion. However difficult it may be to reconcile this species of attachment to our ideas of spiritual, or unembodied essences, it is still evident, that no subject could give the poet a more expansive range in the boundless empire of ideal or possible existence. With all this liberty, however, Moore is too much attached to his favourite, woman, to stray from her for any length of time ; and it is only when she is present, or forms the burden of his song, that he appears to be truly inspired. The poem, however, is fraught with all the beauties that enrich the sentimental and ideal world. The first angel

Sighing, as through the shadowy past,
Like a tomb-searcher, memory ran,
Lifting each shroud that time had cast,
O'er buried hopes,

thus commences the interesting, pathetic narrative of his misfortunes.

'Twas in a land, that far away
Into the golden orient lies,
Where nature knows not night's delay,
But springs to meet her bridegroom, day,
Upon the threshold of the skies.
One morn, on earthly mission sent,
And midway choosing where to light,
I saw, from the blue element,
Oh beautiful, but fatal sight !—
One of earth's fairest womankind,
Half veil'd from view, or, rather, shrin'd,
In the clear crystal of a brook ;
Which, while it had no single gleam,
Of her young beauties, made them look

More-spirit like, as they might seem
Through the dim shadowing of a dream.

The angel and she fall in love with each other, but her passion becomes of a spiritual, his of a sensual nature.

So innocent the maid—so free
From mortal taint, in soul and frame,
Whom 'twas my crime, my destiny
To love, aye, burn for, with a flame,
To which earth's wildest fires are tame.
Had you but seen her look, when first
From my mad lips the avowal burst ;—
Not angry,—no—the feeling had
No touch of anger, but most sad—
It was a sorrow, calm as deep,
A mournfulness that could not weep—
So filled the heart was to the brink,
So fix'd and frozen there—to think
That angel natures—even I,
Whose love she clung to, as the tie,
Between her spirit and the sky—
Should fall thus headlong from the height
Of such pure glory into sin,—
The sin, of all, most sure to blight,
The sin, of all, that the soul's light
Is soonest lost, extinguish'd in !

"We know," says a critic, commenting on this passage, "that the feelings of the true poet are ever varying with its subject." We acknowledge the truth of the observation ; but, adds the critic, "yet it is impossible that we should not pause to ask, if it is really Mr. Moore who writes thus ?" And we, for our part, would pause to ask what the critic means. Does he mean to say, that the sentiment is drawn out and wire-spun ? Does not every line present him with a new idea, a new feature, that characterizes the delinquency which the poet describes ? He who could not write so short a comment grammatically, ought to be cau-

tious how he carps at a genius whose depth he cannot fathom, and by the brightness of whose conception he appears to be confounded. But a truce with the critics : let us return to the original.

The angel sees his fair one at a banquet, and indulges, like others, in the revelry of the moment.

Now hear the rest—our banquet done,
 I sought her in the accustom'd bow'r,
 Where late we oft, when day was gone,
 And the world hush'd, had met alone,
 At the same silent, moon-light hour.
 I found her

* * * *

There was a virtue in that scene,
 A spell of holiness around,
 Which would have—had my brain not been
 Thus poison'd, madden'd—held me bound,
 As though I stood on God's own ground.
 E'en as it was—with soul all flame,
 And lips that burn'd in their own sighs,
 I stood to gaze, with awe and shame—
 The memory of Eden came
 Full o'er me, when I saw those eyes ;
 And though, too well, each glance of mine
 To the pale, shrinking maiden prov'd,
 How far, alas, from aught divine,
 Aught worthy of so pure a shrine,
 Was the wild love with which I lov'd :
 Yet must she, too, have seen,—Oh yes,
 'Tis soothing but to think she saw,
 The deep, true, soul-felt tenderness,
 The homage of an angel's awe.

Thus powerfully affected, the angel addresses his fair one, if not in the language, at least, in the spirit of Sappho.

“ Oh, but to see that head recline
 “ A minute on this trembling arm,
 “ And those mild eyes look up to mine,
 “ Without a dread, a thought of harm !

"To meet but once,—the thrilling touch
"Of lips that are too fond to fear me—
"Or, if that boon be all too much,
"Ev'n thus to bring their fragrance near me !
"Nay, shrink not so, a look—a word—
"Give them but kindly, and I fly ;
"Already, see my plumes have stirr'd,
"And tremble for their home on high.
"Thus be our parting,—cheek to cheek—
"One minute's lapse will be forgiven ;
"And thou, the next, shalt hear me speak
"The spell that plumes my wings for heaven."

While thus I spoke, the fearful maid,
Of me, and of herself afraid,
Had shrinking stood, like flow'rs beneath
The scorching of the south wind's breath :
But when I named—alas, too well,
I now recall, though wilder'd then,—
Instantly, when I nam'd the spell,
Her brow, her eyes uprose again ;
And, with an eagerness, that spoke
The sudden light that o'er her broke,
"The spell, the spell !—Oh, speak it now,
"And I will bless thee !" she exclaim'd,—
Unknowing what I did, inflam'd,
And lost already, on her brow
I stamp'd one burning kiss, and named
The mystic word, till then ne'er told
To living creature of earth's mould !
Scarce was it said, when, quick as thought,
Her lips from mine, like echo, caught
The holy sound—her hands and eyes,
Were instant lifted to the skies,
And thrice to heav'n she spoke it out,
With that triumphant look faith wears,
When, not a cloud of fear or doubt,
A vapour from this vale of tears,
Between her and her God appears !
That very moment, her whole frame
All bright and glorified became,

And at her back I saw unclose
Two wings, magnificent as those
That sparkle round the eternal throne,
Whose plumes, as buoyantly she rose
Above me, in the moon-beam shone
With a pure light, which—from its hue,
Unknown upon this earth—I knew
Was light from Eden, glist'ning through !
Most holy vision ! ne'er before
Did aught so radiant—since the day
When Lucifer, in falling, bore
The third of the bright stars away.
Rise, in earth's beauty, to repair
That loss of light and glory there !

The angel attempts to rise after her, but in vain. For him, the spell had lost its charm, and the offended God doomed him to remain, thenceforth, an humble tenant of the earth. If, as Burke says, "in the infinite variety of natural combinations, we must expect to find the qualities of things the most remote imaginable from each other, united in the same object," it is certain, that beauty and sublimity, however distantly allied, are finely blended in the following description, which introduces the second angel.

Who was the second spirit ? He
With the proud front and piercing glance,
Who seem'd when viewing heav'n's expanse,
As though his far-sent eye could see
On, on into immensity.
Behind the veils of that blue sky,
Where God's sublimest secrets lie ?
His wings, the while, though day was gone,
Flashing with many a various hue
Of light, they from themselves alone,
Instinct with Eden's brightness drew—
A breathing forth of beams at will,
Of living beams, which, though no more
They kept their early lustre, still
Were such, when glitt'ring out all o'er,
As mortal eye-lids wink'd before.

'Twas Rubi, in whose mournful eye
 Slept the dim light of days gone by,
 Whose voice, though sweet, fell on the ear,
 Like echoes in some silent place,
 When first awak'd for many a year ;
 And when he smil'd—if o'er his face
 Smile ever shone—'twas like the grace
 Of moon-light rainbows, fair, but wan,
 The sunny light, the glory gone.
 Ev'n o'er his pride, though still the same,
 A soft'ning shade from sorrow came ;
 And though, at times, his spirit knew
 The kindlings of disdain and ire,
 Short was the fitful glare they threw—
 Like the last flashes, fierce but few,
 Seen through some noble pile on fire !

Rubi was present at the creation of Eve, whom he
 admired so much, that he ever after entertained a pas-
 sion for her sex. His affection, however, at last, cen-
 tered in one.

There was a maid, of all who move
 Like visions o'er this earth, most fit
 To be a bright young angel's love,
 Herself so bright, so exquisite !
 The pride, too, of her step, so light
 Along the unconscious earth she went,
 Seem'd that of one, born with a right
 To walk some heavenlier element,
 And tread in places where her feet
 A star at every step should meet.
 It was in dreams that first I stole,
 With gentle mast'ry, o'er her mind,
 In that rich twilight of the soul,
 When reason's beam, half hid behind
 The clouds of sense, obscurely gilds
 Each shadowy shape that Fancy builds :—
 'Twas then, by that soft light, I brought
 Vague, glimmering visions to her view—
 Catches of radiance, lost when caught,
 Bright labyrinths that led to nought,
 And vistas, with a voice seen through ;—

Dwellings of bliss, that opening shone,
 Then clos'd, dissolv'd, and left no trace,
 All that, in short, could tempt hope on,
 But give her wing no resting place ;
 Myself, the while, with brow, as yet,
 Pure as the young moon's coronet,
 Through every dream *still* in her sight,
 The enchanter of each mocking scene,
 Who gave the hope, then brought the blight,
 Who said ' Behold yon world of light,'
 Then sudden dropp'd a veil between !

The angel relates the happiness which he enjoyed in the society of his Lilis, and the mental torment arising from a consciousness of having incurred the displeasure of heaven. In the meantime, Lilis's thirst of knowledge increased, and led to her destruction.

'Twas on the evening of a day,
 Which we in love had dream'd away,
 In that same garden where, beneath
 The silent earth, stripp'd of my wreath,
 And furling up those wings, whose light
 For mortal gaze were else too bright,
 I first had stood before her sight ;
 And found myself—Oh ecstasy,
 Which ev'n in pain I ne'er forget,—
 Worshipp'd as only God should be,
 And lov'd as never man was yet !
 In that same garden we were now,
 Thoughtfully side by side reclining,
 Her eyes turn'd upward, and her brow,
 With its own silent fancies shining.
 It was an evening bright and still
 As ever blush'd on wave or bow'r,
 Smiling from heav'n, as if nought ill,
 Could happen in so sweet an hour.
 Yet, I remember, both grew sad
 In looking at that light,—ev'n she,
 Of heart so fresh, and brow so glad,
 Felt the mute hour's solemnity ;

And though she saw, in that repose,
 The death hour, not alone of light,
 But of this whole, fair world—the close
 Of all things beautiful and bright—
 The last, grand sun-set, in whose ray
 Nature herself died calm away !

In the midst of this grand and solemn scene, Lilis relates to the angel a dream, which she had the preceding night, in which the angel appeared to her, divested of the mortal robes which he assumed, and clothed in all his original glory. She intreats of him to realize her dream, a request which, at first, perplexes him.

Some dark misgivings had, I own,
 Pass'd, for a moment, through my breast,
 Fears of some danger, vague, unknown
 To one or both,—something unblest
 To happen from this proud request.

But these “misgivings” vanish the moment he reflects, that the pure flame of which he is composed, is innocent in its effects.

For well I knew the lustre shed
 From my rich wings, when proudest spread,
 Was, in its nature, lambent, pure,
 And innocent, as is the light
 The glow-worm hangs out to allure
 Her mate, to her green bow'r at night.
 Oft had I, in the mid air, swept
 Through clouds, in which the light'ning slept,
 As in his lair, ready to spring,
 Yet wak'd him not—though from my wing
 A thousand sparks fell glittering.

Thus having (as, alas, deceiv'd
 By my sin's blindness, I believ'd,)
 No cause for dread, and those black eyes
 There fix'd upon me eagerly,
 As if th' unlocking of the skies
 Then waited but a sign for me—

How was I to refuse ? how say
 One word that in her breast could stir
 A fear, a doubt, but that each ray
 I brought from heav'n, belong'd to her !

* * * * *
 All I could bring of heav'n's array,
 Of that rich panoply of charms
 A cherub moves in, on the day
 Of his best pomp, I now put on ;
 And, proud that in her eyes I shone
 Thus glorious, glided to her arms,
 Which still, though at a sight so splendid,
 Her dazzled brow had instantly
 Sunk on her breast, were wide extended
 To clasp the form she durst not see !

Great God ! how could thy vengeance light
 So bitterly on one so bright ?
 How could the hand that gave such charms,
 Blast them again in love's own arms ?
 Scarce had I touch'd her shrinking frame,
 When—Oh, most horrible !—I felt
 That every spark of that pure flame—
 Pure, while among the stars I dwelt—
 Was now, by my transgression, turn'd
 Into gross, earthly fire, which burn'd,
 Burn'd all it touch'd, as fast as eye
 Could follow the fierce, ravening flashes,
 Till there—Oh, God, I still ask why
 Such doom was her's ?—I saw her lie,
 Black'ning within my arms, to ashes !
 Those cheeks, a glory but to see—
 Those lips, whose touch was what the first
 Fresh cup of immortality,
 Is to a new-made angel's thirst !
 Those arms, within whose gentle round,
 My heart's horizon, the whole bound
 Of its hope, prospect, heav'n was found !
 Which, ev'n in this dread moment, fond
 As when they first were round me cast,
 Loos'd not in death the fatal bond,
 But, burning, held me to the last—

That hair, from under whose dark veil
 The snowy neck, like a white sail
 At moonlight seen, 'twixt wave and wave,
 Shone out by gleams, that hair to save
 But one of whose long glossy wreaths,
 I could have died ten thousand deaths !
 All, all that seem'd one minute since,
 So full of love's own redolence,
 Now, parch'd and black before me lay,
 Withering in agony away ;
 And mine,—Oh, misery !—mine the flame,
 From which this desolation came—
 And I the fiend, whose foul caress,
 Had blasted all that loveliness !

The other two angels join him in prayer, imploring
 the offended Deity to have mercy on the unhappy Lilis ;
 but

Not long they knelt, when from a wood,
 That crown'd that airy solitude,
 They heard a low, uncertain sound,
 As from a lute that just had found
 Some happy theme, and murmur'd round
 The new-born fancy—with fond tone,
 Like that of ring-dove o'er her brood—
 Scarce thinking aught so sweet its own !
 Till soon a voice, that match'd as well
 That gentle instrument, as suits
 The sea air to an ocean shell,
 (So kin its spirit to the lute's,)
 Tremblingly follow'd the soft strain,
 Interpreting its joy, its pain,
 And lending the light wings of words,
 To many a thought that else had lain
 Unfledg'd, and mute among the chords.

This music proceeded from Nama, who was in quest
 of her beloved Zaraph, the third angel. This angel
 was of the highest order of spirits, who sat

First and immediate near the throne,
 As if peculiarly God's own,

'Mong these was Zaraph once—and none
 E'er felt affection's holy fire,
 Or yearn'd towards the Eternal One
 With half such longing, deep desire.

Alas, that it should e'er have been
 The same in heav'n as it is here,
 Where nothing fond or bright is seen,
 But it hath pain and peril near.
 Ev'n so, that amorous spirit bound
 By beauty's spell where'er 'twas found,
 From the bright things above the moon
 Down to earth's beaming eyes descended,
 Till love for the Creator soon
 In passion for the creature ended !

'Twas first at twilight, on the shore
 Of the smooth sea, he heard the lute,
 And voice of her he lov'd, steal o'er
 The silver waters that lay mute,
 As loth, by ev'n a breath, to stay
 The pilgrimage of that sweet lay,
 Whose echoes still went on and on,
 Till lost among the light that shone
 Far off beyond the ocean's brim,
 There, where the rich cascade of day
 Had o'er the horizon's golden rim
 Into Elysium roll'd away,
 Of God she sung * * *

All this she sung, and such a soul
 Of piety was in that song,
 That the charm'd angel, as it stole
 Tenderly to his ear, along
 Those lulling waters where he lay,
 Watching the day-light's dying ray,
 Thought 'twas a voice from out the wave,
 An echo that some spirit gave
 To Eden's distant harmony,
 Heard faint and sweet beneath the sea !

Quickly, however, to its source,
Tracking that music's melting course,
He saw upon the golden sand
Of the sea-shore, a maiden stand,
Before whose feet the expiring waves
Flung their last tribute with a sigh—
As, in the east, exhausted slaves
Lay down the far-brought gift and die;
And, while her lute lay by her hush'd,
As if unequal to the tide
Of song, that from her lips still gush'd,
She rais'd like one beatified,
Those eyes, whose light seem'd rather giv'n,
To be ador'd, than to adore,—
Such eyes as may have look'd from heav'n,
But ne'er were rais'd to it before.

He who is alive to the poetry of feeling and passion, must admire these extracts; but a question naturally arises, whether such feeling and passion be natural to angelic beings, or whether the sentiments which they are made to express, be worthy of that imagined though unimaginable nature, which we attribute to them. All the criticisms which we have seen on this poem, assert the contrary, and reprobate the poem for not being sufficiently moral. The critiques in the weekly and monthly reviews would seem to have been all the production of one pen; at least, they are all variations of the same review, or the same sentiments differently expressed and arranged. It was found much easier, no doubt, and, perhaps, safer, to follow the first reviewer at a venture, than for any subsequent reviewer to judge for himself. That it was easier is obvious; that it was safer, will appear equally certain, when we reflect, that whatever fears the most stupid critic might entertain of writing sentiments that had no foundation in nature, or common sense, he knew, at the same time, that he was supported by the authority of his brother dunces, whose principles and assumptions he merely dressed up in a different shape. Thus, stupidity gains strength by union, and the finest

composition is mangled by critics, who have neither sensibility to feel, intellect to perceive, nor honesty to avow its beauties.

Blockheads, with reason, wicked wits abhor,
But fool with fool, is barbarous civil war.

The reviewer of this poem in Blackwood, admits that the subject is a legitimate one, but then he tells us, with the most serious, awful, tremendous gravity, that, notwithstanding its legitimacy, "it is one to be managed with extreme skill, and with the nature and awe of a high mind, conscious, at all times, of the unapproachable sanctity of that nature which created all things, both men and angels, heaven and earth. If there be any want of such awe in the poet's mind, then he will be in danger every moment of dashing our delight, of awakening in our souls an insupportable sense of the violation of holiness." How greatly must the readers of Blackwood, or of the productions of Christopher North, Esq. be deceived, if they view the Loves of the Angels through the medium of such cant and unintelligible bombast. No criticism is more specious or apt to deceive, than that which is veiled under the broad mantle of religion. Stupid as the critic is, he is cunning enough to perceive (for cunning and stupidity are frequently found to accompany each other) that the moment he introduces religion with a great and solemn gravity, and length of face, we become spell-bound, and lose our usual faculty of judging. We become blind to every thing but our own fears. The critic throws an atmosphere of smoke, and "Cimmerian darkness" around us, which suffers no feeling to approach us that does not associate with fear, no perception to enlighten us, or to expel the intellectual night in which we are enveloped. Who would stop for a moment to examine whether the passage we have just quoted, conveyed no meaning, or an erroneous one? Who would be impious enough not to reverence nonsense, or who incredulous enough not to believe in it, whenever it happens to be religious

nonsense? And yet, we should have frequent occasions to hesitate and examine if we distinguished the voice of true religion from the cant of the religionist. What does this dark dispenser of darker precepts mean by telling us, that though the subject is legitimate, "it is one to be managed with extreme skill?" That every poetic subject requires to be managed with extreme skill is obvious to the merest dabbler in literature, for if some subjects required little skill, this dabbler might excel in them as much as Homer or Milton. There is no subject which a writer of genius takes up, on which he cannot exercise all the genius of which he is master. All subjects then admit of all the skill which we possess, and if so, what particular application has this observation to the Loves of the Angels? for our own part, we can see none; and what has no particular application to the work which is the subject of the critic's remarks, is only a spice of that prosing loquaciousness and unmeaning chit-chat which fill up the greater part of Modern Reviews. *Non hic erat locus* is a precept which no writer should ever forget. It is useful at all times, and in all places. Granting, however, the critic meant to say not that the subject required extreme skill, but greater skill than Moore possessed, his subsequent remarks prove how greatly he is mistaken, and how much better Moore has conducted it than if he had been guided by the pretended *skill* of the critic.

In the first place, the critic finds it necessary that the poet should be endowed with "the native awe of a high mind, conscious at all times of the unapproachable sanctity of that nature which created all things, both men and angels, heaven and earth." We should pause to ask why the poet should be endowed with any such awe, or what the unapproachable nature of the Deity has to do with the loves of the angels? The Deity is incapable of love, for love is a weakness, and to attribute weakness to the Deity, is to abandon all those ideas of perfection which we associate with his name, and without which he can be no Deity. Neither is the Deity the subject of the poem; and if the senti-

ments which it breathes, and which it ought to breathe were in the least affected, or qualified by a fear of the Deity, it would not contain a single poetic sentiment from beginning to end. He who stands in that awe of the Deity which the critic requires, must not pretend to write poetry, for poetry is the language of enthusiasm, and there is no enthusiasm in fear: on the contrary, it is destructive of all that ardour and fire which gives inspiration to the poet. Besides, putting poetry out of the question, no man is afraid of the Deity, except he who is going to do wrong, or who has done it, such as the canting hypocrite who affects to be what he is not, who preaches dogmas which he either does not believe, or which believing, he has not virtue to practise. He whose heart is pure and sincere, shrinks not, culprit-like, at the sacred name of the Deity. On the contrary, he finds himself instinctively filled with raptures and emotions of the highest and sublimest character. Surely no man who believes that we are the work of the Deity, can suppose for a moment, that we have any cause to fear or stand in perpetual awe of him. Does sanctity in the Deity mean any thing different from his goodness and benevolence? If not, why stand in awe of goodness and benevolence? Is there ought of evil in such amiable qualities that can make us shudder? But sanctity, it will be said, is holiness, not mere godliness. And pray what is holiness? Is it saintliness, godliness, piety, or devotion? If not, we know not what it means; if aye, then sanctity is no attribute of the Godhead. Saintliness, godliness, piety, and devotion, belong to him who devotes himself to God as his superior, not to God himself, who has no superior. He cannot practise saintliness because he is already above all the honors to which saints can aspire, nor is there ought above him to whom he can pay his devotions. The virtues of a saint are practised in honor of God alone, but whom is the Deity to honor by his virtues? Godliness differs in no respect from saintliness: both have God for their object, and so have piety and devotion also. Godliness means like God, but he who

is like God cannot be God himself. The sanctity of the Deity then, must mean something in him different from what it means when applied to the life and actions of men. To make the term in the least intelligible, we can therefore mean by divine sanctity nothing more than divine goodness and purity, and why stand in awe of such purity, if we are not conscious of being worse than this purity has naturally made us. If we have deteriorated and corrupted our own nature, we then indeed, have reason to stand in awe, and accordingly we find, that it is the wicked man only who flies when no man followeth. Who stand in greater awe than the devils, or those who approach them most in nature and character? We should not trust therefore to the orthodoxy of him who terrifies us with the purity and goodness of God, for instead of standing in awe of such purity we should trust and rejoice in it. Accordingly we find that those who have most distinguished themselves for piety and devotion, have felt most confidence in their Creator, and less of that awe which is the offspring either of superstitious fear or conscious guilt. It is true we cannot contemplate the works of the Deity without feeling impressed with awful and sublime emotions, arising from the contemplation of that infinite power which gave existence to all things, and which manifests its infinity by the immensity of its productions. But though we recognize the power, we can form no conception of the means by which the Deity became possessed of it: and the mind lost in the unfathomable search, resigns itself to those sublime and awful emotions which belong to philosophy and not to religion. While we look upon the Deity as pure goodness and benevolence, we cannot stand in awe of himself, though our philosophy is confounded and lost in the contemplation of his incomprehensible attributes. But does this cause us to dread the kind and benevolent being to which these attributes belong? Do we not instinctively feel and recognize his goodness? and does not this hallowed feeling, instead of awe, inspire gratitude and love? We find every thing in nature calculated to make us happy.

We find ourselves so related to the rest of the creation; that any change in this relation would only tend to render us more unhappy. Make us more knowing, we should become more presumptuous, more fastidious, more sensible of pain: hence we should become less virtuous, and less resigned to the decrees of Providence. Make us more virtuous we should be less happy, for society would become a stagnant mass without life, or principle of action. If all men were virtuous, all men would do as they ought; and if all men did so, they would be all independent of each other. There would be then nothing to elicit the softer virtues of sympathy, sensibility, tenderness, commiseration, in a word, to elicit those softer affections which humanize the soul, and mould it to the highest virtues of which it is capable. Make us more happy, we could not enjoy it, for enjoyment beyond that degree of which we are at present capable, terminates in pain, or satiety. Thus the goodness of our beneficent Creator manifests itself in having so contrived us as to make us capable of the highest degree of happiness which we can enjoy without pain. If then his goodness to us be thus manifest, if it be obvious from the manner in which he has framed us, that he delights in seeing us happy, how intellectually dark, and morally perverted must be that mind which seeks to destroy this happiness by standing in awe of its great author and universal dispenser? Whatever reflection tends to diminish our happiness arises from ignorance, superstition, or error, because he who made us evidently studied to make us happy, and, consequently, he who studies to make us unhappy studies to undo what God has done, and to subvert the ends of our creation. Love and awe cannot exist together, and therefore wherever love is dominant, awe is extinct, as is abundantly manifest in the *Canticle of Canticles*.

The fact is, that the poet who takes up a subject that should naturally impress him with fear and awe, takes up a subject that cannot be rendered poetic, and as the critic admits "*The Loves of the Angels*" to be a "legitimate subject," he must also admit that it re-

quired neither fear nor trembling in the poet. The more fear the less enthusiasm, the less enthusiasm the less poetry. This is rendered evidently manifest in Homer who feared nothing,—who equally placed himself above the rules of art, and the fears of that tremendous Jupiter at whose nod all Olympus shook to its centre, and whom he introduces to us one hundred times for the one time God is introduced by Moore. It is true that Homer had a very different idea of Jupiter from ours of the Deity, but it is equally true that if his subject obliged him to stand in the least awe or fear, he would never be considered the prince of poets. Accordingly, the presence of Jupiter does not in the least restrain the freedom of his manner. When he sends Iris to Neptune to desist from arms, Homer makes the enraged monarch of the main thus express himself.

My court beneath the hoary waves I keep,
And hush the roarings of the sacred deep.
Olympus and this earth in common lie,
What claim has here, the tyrant of the sky?
Far in the distant clouds let him control
And awe the younger brothers of the pole;
There to his children his commands be given,
The trembling, servile, second race of heaven.

It is true that where the subject is morality or religion, the poet must carefully guard against associating it with ideas of a light and amusing character; but where the subject is amatory, like the Loves of the Angels, he must equally guard against preaching divinity to us. Does the critic imagine that such preaching from the lips of a mortal lover would be serviceable either to religion, or the promotion of his suit? If so, we believe we can add a little to his present stock of knowledge, by informing him, that it could serve neither one nor the other. If there be "a time to laugh and a time to cry," so is there also a time to pray and a time to talk of love; and these actions should never be mixed up with each other. One thing at a time is sufficient; but if we engage in more than one,

let them be things that have some relation to each other, not such things as courtship and religion. Religious courtship, indeed, may agree very well with certain spiritualized beings, but it is not made for the children of nature. They love those who are naturally pleasing to them, not those who are impressed with certain fantastical feelings arising from phantoms of their own creation, and having no original foundation in nature, or the more expansive empire of imagination, while this empire is, as it ought to be, a mirror of the natural world. It is therefore the most arrant stupidity to mix amatory poetry with any feelings that have God for their object, and it is equally so to imagine that such a mixture promotes either religion or morality, for it is in itself not only immoral but impious. Who could be edified, who could be rendered more pious and evangelical, by seeing a lover disclosing all the soft and tender affections of his soul to the fair object of his adoration, and turning suddenly round begin to say the Lord's prayer? Such conduct, in our opinion, would be no less an insult to religion than it would be to his mistress. We must then forget our piety while we sport with the muse of fond desires, or abandon these desires altogether; that is, we must not think of writing amatory poetry at all, for the criticism on which I am now commenting actually amounts to a prohibition of it. When the poet, says the Critic, wants this awe, he is every moment in danger of awakening in our souls "a sacred horror of advancing our most earthly thoughts into the presence of the Most High." And pray, Mr. Critic, who wants you to thrust yourself into the presence of the Most High while you are reading Moore's Loves of the Angels? The Most High is no where the subject of his song; and he treats of his Angels as mere human lovers, subject to all the feelings and emotions of humanity. Now, why an Angel may not represent a lover as well as Kean or Macready, we cannot tell. On this however we need not insist, as the Reviewer admits the legitimacy of the subject. If then the Angels of Mr. Moore be looked upon as mere human lovers, and they

cannot be looked upon in any other light, as pure spirits can neither be described nor comprehended, what business have we to imagine ourselves in the presence of the Most High while we are reading the poem? The entire action takes place upon Earth, the scenes are earthly, the sentiments are human, the affections human, the frailties human, the desires human. What more then has the Deity to do with all this than he has with the heroes of Homer or Ariosto? Is not the character of Butler's Hudibras too firmly established to fear any diminution of its fame from the censures of this unknown Critic? Yet the subject is by some thousand degrees more nearly related to religion, and religious awe, than the amatory poems of Moore. What impiety then must not Butler have committed in losing sight of that canting, affectedly evangelical, but, virtually, fanatical, if not hypocritical awe with which, according to him, every poet should be deeply impressed, and if any, surely a poet whose object was to expose religious fanaticism. The Love Ode of Sappho is quoted by all writers on the subject of amatory poetry, as the finest specimen of that species of composition, and yet Moore's greatest sin, judging of him by the principles of this Critic, is to have approached this famed production. Let us compare this ode with one of those passages in the Loves of the Angels, which this would-be critic holds up to public detestation, and we shall find that if it be liable to censure, it is a censure which equally applies to this celebrated ode; and if this appear to be the fact, what other conclusion can we come to, than that critics of this character labour only to extend the leaden empire of dullness, to promote false taste, and throw into ridicule those higher and sublimer beauties which they want sensibility to feel, and intellect to understand. The following is Philips's translation of this Ode.

Blest as the immortal Gods is he
The youth who fondly sits by thee,
And hears and sees thee all the while,
Fondly speak, and sweetly smile.

'Twas this deprived my soul of rest,
And raised such tumults in my breast,
For while I gazed in transport lost,
My breath was gone, my voice was lost.

My bosom glowed, the subtle flame
Ran quick through all my vital frame,
O'er my dim eyes a darkness hung,
My ears with hollow murmurs rung;
In dewy damps my limbs were chilled,
My blood with gentle horror thrilled,
My feeble pulse forgot to play,
I fainted, sunk and died away.

In this ode, the reader should remark, that it is like an ancient Grecian statue, unclothed and unornamented. Sappho expresses nothing but simply what she feels. She enters not into the regions of imagination, to clothe her feelings in the light vesture of fancy, but tells her love-sick tale in the simplest manner. All is, therefore, true and undisguised passion; and if the reader will only direct his attention to the following description of passion, from the Loves of the Angels, he will find it impressed with the same identical character.

Oh, but to see that head recline
A minute on this trembling arm,
And those mild eyes look up to mine,
Without a dread, a thought of harm.
To meet but once the thrilling touch
Of lips that are too fond to fear me,
Or, if that boon be all too much,
Ev'n thus to bring their fragrance near me.

We have already quoted the entire of this passage. The passages which the Critic selects from Moore as instances of moral depravity, are twenty-six in number. They are introduced without any explanation or connexion, other than that of their producing "an offensive effect on the least religious mind now existing in Britain." Why they should not produce the same effect on minds existing beyond the pale of Britain, it is difficult to conceive, for human nature is the

same throughout the world. Does he mean that the *least religious* mind existing in Britain is more religious than the *least religious* mind existing out of it? Aye, no doubt, he does.

O, Flattery!

How soon thy smooth, insinuating oil,
Supplies the toughest fool.

We say the French are great flatterers, but then they flatter strangers still more than themselves, while this blunt gentleman and no flatterer will confine all worth, particularly *religious* worth, to the shores of Britain. When will critics cease to preach sermons to us instead of criticism? When will they cease to

—— Pray upon occasion, talk of heaven,
Turn up their goggling eye-balls, rail at vicé,
Dissemble, lie, and preach?

We have frequently observed that religious fanatics, whenever they get together, are always lauding each other, and pitying the rest of mankind for their misdeeds and want of piety. They are unacquainted with the difference between long and short syllables, for every syllable of theirs is long enough to require a note of admiration after it, that little crooked thing which asks questions being too short to suit the purpose; and yet with all their meekness and "reposing confidence" and "best intentions," and fellowship with *simple mindedness*, their long faces, and eternal sighs, prove that they are themselves oppressed by the burden, and wounded by the stings, of an uneasy conscience. Wherever they assemble,

Black melancholy sits, and round her throws
A death-like silence, and a dread repose.

You can also recognise them by a certain cant of expression, in which the present Critic deals abundantly. But it is amusing to perceive the stupidity of these mortals, when they attempt to throw a veil over their hypocrisy. "A Greek, or a Roman," says the Reviewer, "spoke with more real reverence of Jove, than this

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poet does of God. We repeat that such shocking impiety is manifestly unintentional." Here the Reviewer accuses Moore of "shocking impiety," but then, to excuse himself from the sin of injuring his neighbour, he affects to heal the wound which he inflicted, by telling us his crime was unintentional! How amiable, how angelic must the blessedness and single heartedness of this holy man, this meek, evangelical Reviewer appear to us, who could undertake the defence of such a shocking and impious writer as Moore. But pray Mr. Saint, or Mr. Reviewer, did you not really know that after shewing the impiety of Moore, your subsequent defence of him could not make him appear more innocent in our eyes? You know how easy it is to make an evil impression, how difficult to remove it. The fact is, your object was not to remove it, but to make yourself more amiable in our eyes for the charity you evinced towards this fallen sinner. But, unhappily, your stupidity kept pace with your affected piety; for surely you must consider all your readers complete noodles, or you must have been one yourself, to suppose they would believe you, when you assert, that Moore's "shocking impiety" was unintentional; for, in the first place, unintentional impiety can have no existence, as no mental act can be either morally or religiously evil without intention; and secondly, because if it even were (what it could not be) unintentional, you could not tell whether it were so, or not, unless you received your information from Moore, and we suspect he never spoke to you on the subject.

But Moore neither wants our defence, nor fears the critic's impotent, and self-refuting animadversions; and having already given our opinion of the character of his genius, we shall pass on to others of unequal powers, and complete this discourse with the works of Lord Byron.

Mr. Barry Cornwall is a Poet whom we would place in the very opposite scale to Moore. His feelings were cast in a different mould, or rather, he is totally devoid of feeling. His head is always at work, his heart always dormant: he writes what he thinks he

ought to write, not what his feelings inspire. Moore writes what is agreeable to his feelings, Mr. Cornwall what is agreeable to his ideas of right and wrong. Hence he must go in search of his ideas, for all ideas not-suggested by feeling must be sought after, whereas all that arise from feeling come of their own accord. Moore seems never to think: his feelings prompt the sentiment, and he obeys their impulse. He must write, accordingly, without labour or mental exertion, for he is merely holding converse with his own feelings. Mr. Cornwall is too cold for a lover, and accordingly we have read all he has written on the subject with as much *sang froid* as if we were perusing a treatise on tar-water; and his mistress, we have no doubt, would be as little moved, as we have been, by the style in which he addresses her. She may easily perceive that in his address to her, he only displays his gallantry as a poet, not as a lover. That he would wish to appear the lover we doubt not; but unhappily for the votaries of the Muses, the most favoured of them becomes an ape the moment he affects to be in love and is not. "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh;" and he who is incapable of love cannot speak the language of love; whereas, he who is can speak no other language. Talk to him on subjects of business, or any subject that has no relation to his passion, and he is all abroad—he talks incoherently and often foolishly—but talk to him about love, and he is all flame—he is eloquent—he is divine—his eyes are the eyes of angels—his language the language of inspiration. He is no longer a man of the earth—his celestial origin breaks forth—he tramples upon all the grosser parts of his nature—he is all soul—all feeling—even the very ruins—the very dregs of sordid, *earthly mindedness*—have not a moment's resting place in this victim of passion. Mr. Cornwall, therefore, should leave love to other Poets—it is not a subject meet for his genius. He talks about the Flood of Thessaly very well, or any subject that requires neither feeling nor sympathy. He sometimes shews a

little gallantry, but a lover cannot be a Gallant, and therefore his very attempt at gallantry proves him not in love—as in the following lines,

By yellow Hymen do I swear
To make thee my reliance, my sweet care,
My all of memory—my extremest hope.

This is a Bravura: it is not nature. He commences by seeming to confer a favour upon her, in making her his "sweet care," as if she were really destitute, and sought for his protection; his only memory, as if she were afraid he would forget her; but it turns out, at the end, that she does not want his protection, that she seeks not for his care, that she wants not to be recollected by him, that he is only pawning himself upon her, and that instead of taking her into his care, it is only a forlorn hope with him, whether she will suffer him to approach her or not; for what is an extreme, much less an "extremest" hope, but a forlorn one? The fact is, that it is all a hoax, and a hoax too that is easily discovered, for a man to pretend to be in love who is not. Bruyere justly observes, that some men wish to be in love but they find they cannot, and this appears to be the case with Mr. Cornwall.

Having made these observations, however, it is only justice to Mr. Cornwall, to say, that when he abandons the fair sex, and turns himself to themes that are suited to his genius, he is equal in such themes to any poet of the age. There is nothing in Milton superior to many passages in his Flood of Thessaly. Mr. Cornwall excels only in the sublime: the moment he passes over into the world of feeling he is lost, because poor Barry has no feeling. He is all thought and reflection.—He can imagine scenes of the grandest and most terrific sublimity; but, unhappily, he cannot, like Homer, descend occasionally to the earth, and become like one of ourselves. Like Ossian, he excels only while he is on the wing; but it must not be denied, that while he is on the wing, he is pre-eminent;

we mean in sublimity, not in feeling and passion—and when we say sublimity, we mean the sublimity of representation or description, not the sublimity of feeling and passion, for here Moore is unapproachable. It is not, however, generally imagined that there is aught of sublimity in feeling or passion in any thing unconnected with the views or descriptions of the grander and more terrific scenes of nature; but if so, what becomes of the sublimity of Moses' expression—"let there be light, and there was light;" for the sublimity does not consist in the external light created, but in that invisible, unseen power by which the effect was produced.—The sublimity of the *qu'il mourut* of Corneille is of the same character. When Somerset says to Warwick,

Ah Warwick, Warwick, wert thou as we are,
We might recover all our loss again.
The Queen from France hath brought a puissant power,
E'en now we heard the news. Ah! couldst thou fly?

is not Warwick's reply sublime in the highest degree?

Why then I would not fly!

And yet the sublimity of this reply consists in the greatness and magnanimity of Warwick's mind,—a mind that would not bend to circumstances, but was equally inflexible, equally great in adversity or prosperity. In the delineation of character, there is therefore as great, or a greater, opportunity of producing the sublime, than in describing the external scenes of nature. When we say a greater, however, we do not justice to our ideas of the sublime, for the sublime of passion is beyond all comparison above the sublime of description; we mean the description of external nature, of woods and rural scenery,—of rocks and mountains,—vales and rivalets,—plains and forests,—of seas, oceans, and all the sublimer compages of creation. Man is the noblest work of God, at least the noblest of his works with which we are acquainted; and he who can

describe him, must not place himself on a level with Thomson, or Bloomfield, or any painter whatever of external nature. It is however in the description of external nature that Mr. Cornwall excels, and to excel even in this, is no common excellence. The following passages from his "Flood of Thessaly" will prove that no other poet of the age can surpass him in the sublime of description.

Jove saw the sin, and o'er his forehead large
(Whereon, as on a map, the world is seen)
There pass'd the shadow of a storm.—'Behold!'
He said; and as he spoke the vassal skies
Trembled, and white Olympus to its heart
Sickened and shook: then, stretching wide abroad
His sceptre which doth compass land and sea,
He pointed towards the ocean caverns, where,
Upon his coral bed, the sea-god lay
Reposing:—thro' the hollows of the deep
Where tempests come not, and thro' all the caves
Of that green world and watery palaces,
The word resounded:—from his bed uprose
The brother of Jove, and with a sign replied.
Then in a moment from their quartered homes
The winds came muttering,—West, and blighting East,
And south; while Boreas prison-doomed and mad
Flew to the north, and shivering branch and trunk
Lifted the billows till their curling heads
Struck the pale stars.—At last the wet South hung
Brooding alone, down-weighed by cloud and shower,
And bound in black, mourning the coming doom,
And with his raven wings and misty breath
Allured the storms. Wide stretching clouds around
(A dark confederacy) in silence met,
Hiding all Heaven. Towards the glooming shore
The tempest sailed direct, and on the top
Of Pelion burst and swept away its pines
By thousands!—Where it burst a way was made
Like that torn by the avalanche, when it falls
Louder than crashing thunder, amidst smoke
And ruin, bounding from the topmost Alps
O'er chasm and hill, and strips the forests bare.

Morn came: but that broad light which hung so long
In heaven forsook the showering firmament.—
The clouds went floating on their fatal way.
Rivers had grown to seas: the great sea swoll'n
Too mighty for his bound broke on the land,
Roaring and rushing, and each flat and plain
Devoured.—Upon the mountains now were seen
Gaunt men, and women hungering with their babes,
Eyeing each other, or with marble looks
Measuring the space beneath swift lessening.
At times a swimmer from some distant rock
Less high, came struggling with the waves, but sank
Back from the slippery soil. Pale mothers then
Wept without hope, and aged heads, struck cold
By agues, trembled like red autumn leaves;
And infants moaned and young boys shrieked with fear.
Stout men grew white with famine. Beautiful girls
Whom once the day languished to look on, lay
On the wet earth and wrung their drenched hair;
And fathers saw them there, dying, and stole
Their scanty fare, and while they perished thrived.
Then Terror died, and Grief, and proud Despair,
Rage and Remorse, infinite Agony,
Love in its thousand shapes, weak and sublime,
Birth-strangled; and strong Passion perished.
The young, the old, weak, wise, the bad, the good,
Fell on their faces, struck,—whilst over them
Washed the wild waters in their clamorous march.
Still fell the flooding rains. Great Ossa stood
Lone, like a peering Alp, when vapours shroud
Its sides, unshaken in the restless waves;
But from the weltering deeps Pelion arose
And shook his piny forehead at the clouds,
Moaning, and crown'd Olympus all his snows
Lost from his hundred heads, and shrank aghast.
Day, Eve, Night, Morning came and passed away.
No sun was known to rise and none to set:
'Stead of its glorious beams a sickly light
Paled the broad East what time the day is born:

At others a thick mass, vaporous and black;
And firm like solid marble, roofed the sky;
Yet gave no shelter.

— Still the ravenous wolf
Howled, and wild foxes and the household dog
Grown wild, upon the mountains fought and fed
Each on the other. The great eagle still
In his home brooded, inaccessible,
Or, when the gloomy morning seemed to break,
Floated in silence o'er the shoreless seas.
Still the quick snake unclasped its glittering eyes,
Or shivering hung about the roots of pines;
And still all round the vultures flew, and watched
The tumbling waters thick with bird and beast:
Or, dashing in the midst their ravenous beaks,
Plundered the screaming billows of their dead.

Ne'er has been such ruin or such despair
Since, in records or tales of Thessaly.
Earth shook, great Mother, and from all her limbs
Sent signs of terror and unnatural pain:
The valleys trembled, and great lakes unlocked
Their dark foundations, and laid bare to day
Naiads with watery locks and elfish shapes,
Half sylvan such as loved of old to haunt
On the fresh edge of forest-girded pools,
And shook the gladed echoes with their laugh.
Whole plains heaved up: meadows were torn and turn'd
Downwards, and ancient oaks, whose crooked feet
Were rivetted in rocks, were wrenched away
And bared to the wild blast and sullen rain.
Wonder grew plain as truth. Etna, far off—
Terrible Etna, spuming, cast abroad
Her blazing rivers with loud groaning sounds
That tore the amazed heart of Sicily:—
Such noise was never bred on the great shores
Where Orinoco, huge sea creature, comes
Rolling his shining train, o'er rapids and gulpha
Descending swift, and for a thousand leagues

Ravagés wood and wild, and mad at last
Dashes his watery scorn against the breast
That fed him:—She, fond ocean-mother, still
Receives him to deep calm within her arms.

Higher and higher fled the wasted throngs,
And still they hoped for life, and still they died,
One after one, some worn, some hunger-mad:
Here lay a giant's limbs sodden and shrunk,
And there an infant's, white like wax, and close
A matron with grey hairs, all dumb and dead:
Meanwhile, upon the loftiest summit safe,
Deucalion laboured through the dusky day,
Completing as he might his floating raft,
And Pyrrha, sheltered in a cave, bewailed
Her child which perished.—

Still the ruin fell:

No pity, no relapse, no hope:—The world
Was vanishing like a dream. Lightning and Storm,
Thunder and deluging rain now vexed the air
To madness, and the riotous winds laughed out
Like Bacchanals, whose cups some god has charmed.
Beneath the headlong torrents towns and towers
Fell down, temples all stone, and brazen shrines;
And piles of marble, palace and pyramid
(Kings' homes or towering graves) in a breath were
swept

Crumbling away. Masses of ground and trees
Uptorn and floating, hollow rocks brute-crammed,
Vast herds, and bleating flocks, reptiles, and beasts
Bellowing, and vainly with the choking waves
Struggling, were hurried out,—but none returned:
All on the altar of the giant Sea
Offered, like twice ten thousand hecatombs,
Whose blood allays the burning wrath of Gods.
—Day after day the busy Death passed on
Full, and by night returned hungering anew;
And still the new morn filled his horrid maw,
With flocks, and herds, a city, a tribe, a town,
One after one borne out, and far from land
Dying in whirlpools or the sullen deeps.

All perished then :—The last who lived was one
Who clung to life because a frail child lay
Upon her heart : weary, and gaunt, and worn,
From point to point she sped, with mangled feet,
Bearing for aye her little load of love :—
Both died,—last martyrs of another's sins,
Last children they of Earth's sad family.

Still fell the flooding rains. Still the earth shrank :
And ruin held his strait terrific way.
Fierce lightnings burnt the sky, and the loud thunder
(Beast of the fiery air) howled from his cloud,
Exulting, towards the storm-eclipsed moon.
Below, the Ocean arose boiling and black,
And flung its monstrous billows far and wide,
Crumbling the mountain joints and summit hills;
Then its dark throat it bared and rocky tusks,
Where, with enormous waves on their broad backs,
The demons of the deep were raging loud;
And racked to hideous mirth or bitter scorn
Hissed the Sea-angels ; and earth-buried broods
Of Giants in their chains tossed to and fro,
And the sea-lion and the whale were swung
Like atoms round and round.—

Mankind was dead:
And birds whose active wings once cut the air,
And beasts that spurned the waters,—all were dead :
And every reptile of the woods had died
Which crawled or stung, and every curling worm :
The untamed tiger in his den, the mole
In his dark home—were choked : the darting ounce,
And the blind adder and the stork fell down
Dead, and the stifled mammoth, a vast bulk,
Was washed far out amongst the populous foam :
And there the serpent, which few hours ago
Could crack the panther in his scaly arms,
Lay lifeless, like a weed beside his prey.
And now, all o'er the deeps corpses were strewn,
Wide-floating millions, like the rubbish flung
Forth when a plague prevails ; the rest down-sucked,
Sank, buried in the world-destroying seas.—

Confusion raged and ruled. At last, up-grew
 A mingling of Earth, Sea, and Heaven and Air;
 All one they looked, impenetrable, black
 As chaos, when the salient atoms flew
 Around the abyss and made all space a Hell.
 Nature lay drowned and dead. Fens, moors, and bogs,
 And pleasant valleys and aspiring hills,
 Rivers and trees were lost, mountains and lakes:
 Even Heaven eternal, whom no cloud before
 Utterly barred, thro' its serene domain
 Kept captive all the Gods and lucid stars,
 Mercurius and Apollo and the rest;
 And hid their beauty from the fainting world.
 —A mass like the great ocean when all winds
 Blow and lay bare its hollows, and shake forth
 The century-sleeping sands, until the foam
 Grows thick and dark, rolled over sea and land,—
 A perilous mass of floods, fierce as the North
 In March, when scything blasts strip all the bones,
 And loud as when the riven air proclaims
 Earthquakes at Hecla, or once bright Peru.

—It is a task beyond the Muse,—and yet
 Sometimes she writeth with a golden pen,—
 Witness those tales breathing of Paradise
 And all that sinful mirth of Circe's son,
 And where the mightiest poet open lays
 Red Pandemonium to eternal view,
 And numbereth out the Peers of Satan, all
 Tossed on the fiery waters, and bewailing
 Their frightful fall; from Heaven's precipitous bounds
 Cast like the refuse, to find out their way
 Thro' depths and dark abysses, and the jar
 Earlier than Order, till the mouths of Hell
 Received them flaming,—a tremendous home.
 It is a task beyond the Muse, too far,
 To paint that leaden darkness which obscured
 The world, or that wide horror which was born
 When every element forsook its name
 And nature, and all dumb and innocent things
 Perished, because imperial man had erred.—

A dreariness there is which chills the heart,
 When the sun dies on some ice-barren plain,
 Cheerless and wintry-pale ; and when the wind
 Waileth in loud December, calling ghosts
 To feed the sight of credulous age ; and when
 The hail-storm comes ; and when the great sea chafes,
 And the wild horses of the Atlantic shake
 Their sounding manes and dash the foam to Heaven.
 These sights are vanquished by the painter's toil ;
 But when the intolerable flood prevailed,—
 That watery massacre, which quite destroyed
 Thessaly, man and woman, and children frail,
 Birds, beasts, the very worm, the tree, the flower,
 When nothing *was*—but ruin, and nought seen
 But one monotonous dreary waste of waves
 Tumbling in monstrous eddies, and a light
 Like an eclipse complete when day is hid,
 The painter's pencil and the poet's pen
 Must fail, confounded at a scene so dire.—

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If sublime poetry be the highest order of poetry, we think Mr. Cornwall must rank next to Milton, and Milton take the crown of poetry from Homer. But experience proves the fallacy of an opinion which is not only popular but has almost universally become an article of faith in the poet's creed. A poet is generally deemed to be great in proportion to his sublimity, and yet how comes it to pass that Milton is not more read than Homer, for he is unquestionably more sublime ? The fact is, that few readers can read forty pages of uninterrupted sublimity without becoming fatigued or satiated, while they can read whole volumes of pathetic poetry without satiety or disgust. It is the pathetic, then, not the sublime, that confers poetic pre-eminence. By the pathetic we mean whatever rouses the passions—whatever *irritat, mulet, falsis terroribus implet*, whatever is instinct with

————— Ce feu, cette divine flamme
 L'esprit de notre esprit, & l'ame de notre ame ;

without which we lay down the sublimest productions of the muse either with *ammi* or indifference. It is to this fire, to this power of raising the passions, that Homer owes his pre-eminence over all poets, for though Virgil excels him in judgment, Ovid in tenderness, Milton in sublimity, and many other poets in other poetic charms, he excels them all in the pathetic, in the power which he always retains of rousing the passions, and awakening us into life and being. In perusing Milton, on the contrary, we frequently fall asleep, and, perhaps few of our readers, after perusing the above passages from the Flood of Thessaly, would wish to proceed farther, were our extracts longer, though we pronounce every passage we have quoted to be at once beautiful and sublime. But there is still a want, which, every reader who is ignorant of it, soon begins to feel, and, we apprehend, that Mr. Cornwall is not the poet who can supply it. We mean that there is nothing in the Flood of Thessaly to interest the passions. The pathetic, in fact, is the soul of poetry; the sublime only one of its ornaments, though Milton has vainly attempted to make it the soul. But it is not given to man to alter the nature of things; and therefore, until man himself be changed, he cannot help preferring the pathetic to every other production of the muse.

Mr. Cornwall is at once an innovator and an imitator:—he imitates not the moderns, but then he writes what, in his opinion, will harmonize with their innovations, so that he is virtually an imitator and an innovator. Like most of our modern poets, he cannot endure the “energy divine” of the old school, and therefore not only his blank verse, but actually his very rhyme reads like prose—and though we say the final words rhyme with each other, we cannot help forgetting that they do, from the care which Mr. Cornwall has taken to destroy the effect. He would seem to have written rhyme merely to shew that he can write it, not that it was agreeable to his taste, for he appears to have determined, at setting out, that his readers should not enjoy the musical harmony that always accompanies

it in Pope and Dryden. Who could imagine that the following passage from his "Letter to Boccaccio" was written in rhyme?

"When first I saw her—(young Olympia!) she lived not far from Florence. One may stray unto the valley where her cottage stood, on a bright morning, be the season good, summer or latest spring: her dwelling was fenced round by trees which shattered the fierce air to fragments, pine and oak; and ash was there which leaves its offspring berries to the grass, and citron woods that shook out vast perfume, and myrtles dowried with their richest bloom. There dwelt she, sylvan goddess!—there she first swam on my sight: I thought my heart would burst with transport as I saw her float along tow'rds me, and slowly read the carved song which on the oaken rind my knife had writ: there was some idle praise, but more of wit had grown and mingled with that forest verse, and I would often with a laugh rehearse the song, thinking at times that some weak maid might love such incense if she thither strayed: but *I* was to be victim: I had gone like an erratic fire upon my course, over the heaven of beauty, all alone, and now I felt Love's chaste and supreme force press on my very heart, until in pain I utter'd consecrated vows,—in vain.—She perished in her youth; nor should I now have told thus much, but that upon thy brow I saw forgiveness—('twas in fancy this) and smiles that recognized my vanished bliss as a thing risen from the grave, and bright as ever in the summer of thy sight."

Now if this passage, so far from reaching even the harmony of blank verse, does not read like mere common prose to the reader, he must have ears differently constructed from ours. And yet in Barry Cornwall's book, it is actual rhyme. We shall give it as it is in the original, to convince the reader that it is so, for if we were in his place we should be sceptical, and suspect either that the author was not fairly quoted, or that he never gave the passage in rhyme.

"When first I saw her—(young Olympia!)
She lived not far from Florence. One may stray

Unto the valley where her cottage stood,
On a bright morning, be the season good,
Summer or latest spring : Her dwelling was
Fenced round by trees which shattered the fierce air
To fragments, pine and oak ; and ash was there
Which leaves its offspring berries to the grass,
And citron woods that shook out vast perfume,
And myrtles dowered with their richest bloom.
There dwelt she, sylvan goddess !—there she first
Swam on my sight : I thought my heart would burst
With transport as I saw her float along
Tow'rs me, and slowly read the carved song
Which on the oaken rind my knife had writ :
There was some idle praise, but more of wit
Had grown and mingled with that forest verse,
And I would often with a laugh rehearse
The song, thinking at times that some weak maid
Might love such incense if she thither strayed :
But I was to be victim : I had gone
Like an erratic fire upon my course,
Over the Heaven of beauty, all alone,
And now I felt Love's chaste and supreme force
Press on my very heart, until in pain
I utter'd consecrated vows,—in vain.
—She perished in her youth ; nor should I now
Have told thus much, but that upon thy brow
I saw forgiveness—('twas in fancy this)
And smiles that recognized my vanished bliss
As a thing risen from the grave, and bright
As ever in the summer of thy sight."

But perhaps it may be said, that Pope himself would appear prosaic if his verses were thrown into a prosaic form. Perhaps, did we say ? we forgot the age in which we lived when we made use of the expression. This is an age when writers will say any thing. A little meddling, petty scribbler, who is only fit to write politics,—we mean police and parliamentary reports, and them there things, will assume as lofty a tone, and lay down precepts with as much dogmatic assurance as if he were an Addison or a Johnson, in

criticism, a Reid or a Stewart in the philosophy of the mind. There was a time when it was thought that a cobbler should not go beyond his last; but this time is gone by. The empire of mind is now a complete republic—we are all Jack-fellow alike. No respect for persons, is not only the motto of cocknies but the motto of the age. The dunce holds up his head as high as the man of genius—or if he be dazzled by the brilliancy of mental illumination, he averts his head, and affects not to perceive it. Formerly, genius was respected, because those who did not possess it were not impudent enough to pretend to it. But now, forsooth, we are all men of genius, and if we cannot prove it by words, we evince it by the supercilious arrogance of our deportment. But to return to our subject: the passage we have now quoted from Barry Cornwall reads like mere prose when thrown into a prosaic form.—Not a trace remains of the *disjecti membra poetæ*. Let us see, then, whether Pope's rhyme will equally suffer by a similar transmutation. We shall take the first lines in his Dunciad.

“The mighty mother, and her son, who brings the
Smithfield Muses to the ear of Kings, I sing. Say
you, her instruments the great! Called to this work
by Dulness, Jove, and Fate; You by whose care, in
vain decried and cursed, still Dunce the second reigns
like Dunce the first; Say how the Goddess bade Bri-
tannia sleep, and poured her spirit o'er the land and
deep.

“In eldest times e'er mortals writ or read, ere
Pallas issued from the thunderer's head, Dulness o'er
all possess'd her ancient right, daughter of Chaos and
eternal night: Fate in her dotage this fair idiot gave,
—gross as her sire, and as her mother grave, labouri-
ous, heavy, busy, bold, and blind, she ruled in native
anarchy the mind. Still her old empire to renew she
tries, for born a Goddess, Dulness never dies.”

No reader can mistake this for prose, though thrown
into a prosaic form,—while the passage from Barry
Cornwall, thrown into the same form, is as plain

prose as ever was written, or, if it be not, we ask what is prose? "English verse," says Daniel, in his *Defence of Rhyme*, "though it doth not strictly observe long and short syllables, yet it most religiously respects the accent." Daniel did not know, that a time would arrive when English poets would most religiously study to avoid the accent; but of this we shall speak more at large in our next volume.

Mr. Payne Knight having courted the muses in his old age, we cannot pass over so celebrated a name without bestowing on it a portion of our critical labours.

Alfred is evidently the work of old age, and accordingly the impressions which we feel in perusing it are of a mild, serene, and unruffled character. It is, therefore, but little suited to the hey-day of life, which delights only in strong and stimulating excitements, feeling no charm in the calm delights and moralizing habits of old age. We are not therefore surprised that it has met with a cold reception; for it is the opinion which we form of works in the meridian of life, while our mental energies are strong and eager of delight, that stamp a character upon them. In youth we delight in the lighter fictions of fancy and imagination, and find, accordingly, more pleasure in descriptive poetry and landscape-painting than in any other species of poetry or painting whatever. The mind, at this age, seems to take its character from the senses, which relish only the milder impulses and attributes of being. Softer colours are then more pleasing to the eye, simple melody more grateful to the ear, and pure sweet more pleasing to the tongue. In our advance to manhood, however, we seek for more splendid and contrasted colouring; melody must be heightened by all the graces and complications of harmonic expression; and pure sweet must be rendered more pungent and stimulating by the mixture of acid and bitter. The mind observes the same laws in its progress to maturity. Pure descriptive poetry ceases to interest us as we grow up, unless its lighter charms are supported by a judicious mixture of narrative and

incident; and a landscape painting ceases to delight where no trace of the human species is introduced to give it interest. Hence our passion for landscape soon gives way to the stronger passion for historical painting; and our passion for wandering along the meads and rivulets of the descriptive poet, gives way to the stronger passion excited by the poet whose subject is man, the passions and affections by which he is governed, and the enjoyments, privations, perils, and adventures to which he is exposed. In early youth we cannot sympathize with all the passions of man, because we know them as yet only in imagination; nor can we, consequently, take a strong interest in all the circumstances and situations which these passions bring about, because we know they are circumstances and situations which we cannot be dragged into ourselves, the passions that would lead us into them, having as yet no existence, and that which exists only in idea must affect us much more slightly than after it comes not only into actual existence, but into that existence which forms a part of ourselves, and which clings to us like the vital stream of life. In manhood, therefore, when all our faculties have arrived at perfection, we take an interest in all that regards the stronger passions of our nature, and all the consequences resulting from them, because they are passions which we feel may be wakened within us by similar causes, and which therefore may lead us into similar situations. If it be demanded, what certainty have we that excitements by which others have been stimulated would produce similar passions in us, we reply, that we feel them by sympathy while we are in the act of reading them.

Mr. Knight not only belongs, but professes to belong, to the old, or classical school. He is as little pleased as we are ourselves with the innovations of modern poetry.—But, unhappily, he is a feeble representative of those whom he follows. Had he attempted Alfred in his youth, it would have been a different poem; though we suspect his metaphysical turn of mind would be always unfavourable, not only to the lighter graces which ornament poetry, but to that fire and

rapture by which it should be animated. The following passage appears to us not only the best, but the most interesting and pathetic in Alfred.

Near and more near, with silent steps he (Alfred)
drew

Till through the trees the warbler met his view :
Close by the cot, beneath the mingled shade,
Of vines and woodbines, sat a lovely maid ;
A peasant's humble weeds her form invest,
But princely dignity her mien express ;
Though coarse and simple, neat was her attire ;
With taste her flying fingers touched the lyre ;
Exalted sentiment, and native grace,
Beamed in each feature of her beauteous face ;
Her head a simple fillet loosely bound,
Her curling tresses wildly wanton'd round,
In auburn ringlets on her shoulders play'd,
Or heedless o'er her snowy bosom stray'd.
Serenely melancholy flow'd the song,
The echoing rocks each plaintive note prolong ;
Whose sweetly-lingering cadence seem'd t' invite,
The slow descending silence of the night.

Hid in the covert of the adjoining wood,
Enraptured and amazed the monarch stood ;
And, as her beauteous face he oft reviews,
Memory her image in his mind renews :
He thought, in happier days, he had somewhere seen
Those lovely features, and that graceful mien ;
He thought he had somewhere heard that tuneful
tongue,

Chaunt in less plaintive mood the tender song ;
Yet still no certain image thought supplies,
But doubts on doubts in vague conjectures rise ;
Unceasing wars and troubles had effaced
Each mild impression happier scenes had traced.
Perplex'd, he stands, and listens to the sound,
Then tunes his harp, and rests it on the ground ;
Strikes with a master's hand, the trembling strings,
And bids them vibrate to the notes she sings.

Sudden she rose, and moving toward the trees,
The royal minstrel's form majestic sees ;
Silent she stops, entranced in wild surprize,
Pale grew her cheeks, amazement fix'd her eyes.

"What awful vision,—what delusive shade,"
At length she cried, "thus haunts this secret glade ?
Yet should I know the features of that face,
Its dignity benign—its manly grace ;
That form before hath to my eyes appear'd,
Those notes before, in happier days, I've heard.
Say, do I wake ? or do my senses stray,
Of long calamity and grief a prey ?
No ! thou art Alfred, or some fleeting shade
Comes in those lineaments divine array'd ;
Some sainted spirit from yon azure skies,
To charm my ears and fascinate my eyes."

"Thou too," the king replies, "hast felt the frown
Of adverse fate, and better days hast known ;
Thy mien, thy accent, and thy looks reveal
What this coarse garb and humble roof conceal.
Where have I seen that beauteous face before ?
Where have I heard that voice its music pour ?
Ah ! now I know ! each grace, each charm renews
Remembrance past, and Mercia's princess shews.
Has then the storm, which o'er our country pours
Its wasteful torrents, and each realm devours,
E'en on Elsintha's unresisting head
Its fierce, inevitable fury sped ?
Ah ! say, what brought thee to this low retreat ?
How didst thou fly from Mercia's distant seat ?
Where are thy father and thy brother fled ?
Ah ! why those tears ?—alas ! then are they dead ?"

"They both are dead," the sorrowing maid replies,
While pious tears fast trickled from her eyes.
"Both are released from this sad world of wee,
Nor more its transitory evils know.
I—only I—of Mercia's race am left,
An exiled orphan, of each friend bereft.

Long is the dismal tale : but since the day
 Now faintly sheds its last departing ray,
 Here in this shelter'd cot thou mayst repose,
 And hear the story of Elsintha's woes.
 Here unmolested and unknown, I share
 The gains and labours of an aged pair ;
 Who, with the balm of mild paternal love,
 To soothe and heal my sorrows long have strove ;
 Who, sprung from Saxon blood, like us have known,
 Domestic griefs and miseries of their own :
 And learned each gentle sympathy to blend,
 Of parent, guardian, comforter, and friend."

Alfred, pp. 56—50.

We shall now close our view of the Literature of the Age with the following extracts from Lord Byron. We give neither note nor comment, not only because our preliminary view has swelled beyond the limits which we had originally prescribed for it, but because we intend giving a critical dissertation on the genius of Lord Byron in our next volume. Of our other living poets we shall speak in their turn. There is one whom we only know through the medium of the European Magazine, the author of *ALI*, on whose poetry we set a very high value, and the distinctive character of whose genius we shall hereafter attempt to unfold. The extracts we have given from his *ALI* will, we are certain, justify the opinion we entertain of him.

The arctic sun rose broad above the wave ;
 The breeze now sunk, now whispered from his cave ;
 As on the Æolian harp, his fitful wings
 Now swelled, now fluttered o'er his ocean strings.
 With slow, despairing oar the abandoned skiff
 Ploughs its drear progress to the scarce-seen cliff,
 Which lifts its peak a cloud above the main :
 That boat and ship shall never meet again !
 But 'tis not mine to tell their tale of grief,
 Their constant peril and their scant relief ;
 Their days of danger, and their nights of pain ;
 Their manly courage even when deemed in vain ;

The sapping famine, rendering scarce a son
Known to his mother in the skeleton ;
The ills that lessened still their little store,
And starved even Hunger till he wrung no more ;
The varying frowns and favours of the deep,
That now almost engulphs, then leaves to creep
With crazy oar and shattered strength along
The tide that yields reluctant to the strong ;
The incessant fever of that arid thirst
Which welcomes, as a well, the clouds that burst
Above their naked bones, and feels delight
In the cold drenching of the stormy night,
And from the outspread canvas gladly wrings
A drop to moisten Life's all-gasping springs ;
The savage foe escaped, to seek again
More hospitable shelter from the main ;
The ghastly spectres which were doomed at last
To tell as true a tale of dangers past,
As ever the dark annals of the deep
Disclosed for man to dread or woman weep.

* * * * *

We leave them to their fate but not unknown
Nor unredrest ! Revenge may have her own :
Roused discipline aloud proclaims their cause,
And injured navies urge their broken laws.
Pursue we on his track the mutineer,
Whom distant vengeance had not taught to fear.
Wide o'er the wave—away ! away ! away !
Once more his eyes shall hail the welcome bay ;
Once more the happy shores without a law
Receive the outlaws whom they lately saw ;
Nature, and Nature's Goddess—Woman—woos
To lands where, save their conscience, none accuse ;
Where all partake the earth without dispute,
And bread itself is gathered as a fruit ;*

* The now celebrated bread fruit, to transplant which Captain Bligh's expedition was undertaken.

Where none contest the fields, the woods, the streams:
The Goldless Age, where Gold disturbs no dreams,
Inhabits or inhabited the shore,
Till Europe taught them better than before,
Bestowed her customs, and amended theirs,
But left her vices also to their heirs.
Away with this! behold them as they were,
Do good with Nature, or with Nature err.
“Huzza! for Otaheite!” was the cry,
As stately swept the gallant vessel by.
The breeze springs up; the lately flapping sail
Extends its arch before the growing gale;
In swifter ripples stream aside the seas,
Which her bold bow flings off with dashing ease.
Thus Argo ploughed the Euxine’s virgin foam;
But those she wafted still looked back to home—
These spurn their country with their rebel bark,
And fly her as the raven fled the ark;
And yet they seek to nestle with the dove,
And tame their fiery spirits down to love.

* * * * *

And who is he? the blue-eyed northern child
Of isles more known to man, but scarce less wild;
The fair-haired offspring of the Hebrides,
Where roars the Pentland with its whirling seas;
Rocked in his cradle by the roaring wind,
The tempest-born in body and in mind,
His young eyes opening on the ocean-foam,
Had from that moment deemed the deep his home,
The giant comrade of his pensive moods,
The sharer of his craggy solitudes,
The only Mentor of his youth, where’er
His bark was borne; the sport of wave and air;
A careless thing, who placed his choice in chance,
Nurst by the legends of his land’s romance;
Eager to hope, but not less firm to bear,
Acquainted with all feelings save despair.
Placed in the Arab’s clime, he would have been
As bold a rover as the sands have seen,

And braved their thirst with as enduring lip
 As Ishmael, wafted on his desert-ship;*
 Fixed upon Chili's shore, a proud Cacique;
 On Hellas' mountains, a rebellious Greek;
 Born in a tent, perhaps a Tamerlane;
 Bred to a throne, perhaps unfit to reign.
 For the same soul that rends its path to sway,
 If reared to such, can find no further prey
 Beyond itself, and must retrace its way,†
 Plunging for pleasure into pain; the same
 Spirit which made a Nero, Rome's worst shame,
 A humbler state and discipline of heart
 Had formed his glorious namesake's counterpart:‡
 But grant his vices, grant them all his own,
 How small their theatre without a throne!

* * * * *

Thou smilest,—these comparisons seem high
 To those who scan all things with dazzled eye;
 Linked with the unknown name of one whose doom
 Has nought to do with glory or with Rome,
 With Chili, Helas, or with Araby,
 Thou smilest?—Smile; 'tis better thus than sigh:
 Yet such he might have been; he was a man,
 A soaring spirit ever in the van,

* The "ship of the desert" is the Oriental figure for the camel or dromedary; and they deserve the metaphor well, the former for his endurance, the latter for his swiftness.

† "Lucullus, when frugality could charm,
 Had wasted turnips in his Sabine farm."—POPE.

‡ The Consul Nero, who made the unequalled march which deceived Hannibal, and defeated Asdrubal; thereby accomplishing an achievement almost unrivalled in military annals. The first intelligence of his return, to Hannibal, was the sight of Asdrubal's head thrown into his camp. When Hannibal saw this, he exclaimed with a sigh, that "Rome would now be the mistress of the world." And yet to this victory of Nero's it might be owing that his imperial namesake reigned at all! But the infamy of the one has eclipsed the glory of the other. When the name of "Nero" is heard, who thinks of the Consul? But such are human things.

A patriot hero or despotic chief,
 To form a nation's glory or its grief,
 Born under auspices which makes us more
 Or less than we delight to ponder o'er.
 But these are visions; say, what was he here?
 A blooming boy, a truant mutineer,
 The fair-haired Torquil, free as Ocean's spray,
 The husband of the bride of Toobonai.
 By Neuha's side he sate, and watched the waters,—
 Neuha, the sun-flower of the Island daughters,
 Highborn (a birth at which the herald smiles,
 Without a scutcheon for these secret isles)
 Of a long race, the valiant and the free,
 The naked knights of savage chivalry,
 Whose grassy cairns ascend along the shore,
 And thine,—I've seen,—Achilles! do no more.
 She, when the thunder-bearing strangers came
 In vast canoes begirt with bolts of flame,
 Topped with tall trees, which, loftier than the palm,
 Seemed rooted in the deep amidst its calm;
 But when the winds awaken'd, shot forth wings
 Broad as the cloud along the horizon flings,
 And swayed the waves, like cities of the sea,
 Making the very billows look less free;—
 She, with her paddling oar and dancing prow,
 Shot through the surf, like rein-deer through the snow,
 Swift gliding o'er the breaker's whitening edge,
 Light as a Nereid in her ocean sledge,
 And gazed and wondered at the giant bulk,
 Which heaved from wave to wave its trampling bulk:
 The anchor dropped, it lay along the deep,
 Like a huge lion in the sun asleep,
 While round it swarm'd the proas' fitting chain,
 Like summer bees that hum around his mane.

* * * * *

The white man landed; need the rest be told?
 The New World stretched its dusk hand to the Old;
 Each was to each a marvel, and the tie
 Of wonder warmed to better sympathy.

Kind was the welcome of the sun-born sires,
And kinder still their daughters' gentler fires.
Their union grew: the children of the storm
Found beauty linked with many a dusky form;
While these in turn admired the paler glow,
Which seemed so white in climes that knew no snow.
The chace, the race, the liberty to roam,
The soil where every cottage shewed a home;
The sea-spread net, the lightly-launched canoe,
Which stemmed the studded Archipelago,
O'er whose blue bosom rose the starry isles;
The healthy slumber, earned by sportive toils;
The palm, the loftiest Dryad of the woods,
Within whose bosom infant Bacchus broods,
While eagles scarce build higher than the crest
Which shadows o'er the vineyard in her breast;
The cava feast, the yam, the cocoa's root,
Which bears at once the cup, and milk, and fruit;
The bread-tree, which, without the ploughshare, yields
The unrequited harvest of unfurrowed fields,
And bakes its unadulterated loaves
Without a furnace in unpurchased groves,
And flings off famine from its fertile breast,
A priceless market for the gathering guest;—
These, with the luxuries of seas and woods,
The airy joys of social solitudes,
Tamed each rude wanderer to the sympathies
Of those who were more happy if less wise,
Did more than Europe's discipline had done,
And civilized civilization's son!

Of these, and there was many a willing pair,
Neuha and Torquil were not the least fair:
Both children of the isles, though distant far;
Both born beneath a sea-presiding star;
Both nourish'd amidst Nature's native scenes,
Lov'd to the last whatever intervenes
Between us and our childhood's sympathy,
Which still reverts to what first caught the eye.
He who first met the Highlands' swelling blue,
Will love each peak that shews a kindred hue,

Hail in each crag a friend's familiar face,
 And clasp the mountain in his mind's embrace.
 Long have I roam'd through lands which are not mine,
 Adored the Alp, and loved the Appenine,
 Revered Parnassus, and beheld the steep
 Jove's Ida and Olympus crown the deep :
 But 'twas not all long ages' lore, nor all
Their nature held me in their thrilling thrall ;
 The infant rapture still survived the boy,
 And Loch-na-gar with Ida looked o'er Troy,*
 Mixed Celtic memories with the Phrygian mount,
 And Highland linns with Castalie's clear fount.
 Forgive me, Homer's universal shade !
 Forgive me, Phœbus ! that my fancy strayed ;
 The North and Nature taught me to adore
 Your scenes sublime, from those belov'd before.

* * * * *

Neuha arose, and Torquil: twilight's hour
 Came sad and softly to their rocky bower,
 Which kindling by degrees its dewy spars,
 Echoed their dim light to the mustering stars.
 Slowly the pair, partaking Nature's calm,
 Sought out their cottage, built beneath the palin ;
 Now smiling and now silent, as the scene ;
 Lovely as Love—the spirit ! when serene.
 The Ocean scarce spoke louder with his swell,
 Than breathes his mimic murmurer in the shell,†

* When very young, about eight years of age, after an attack of the scarlet fever at Aberdeen, I was removed by medical advice, into the Highlands. Here I passed occasionally some summers, and from this period I date my love of mountainous countries. I can never forget the effect a few years afterwards in England, of the only thing I had long seen, even in miniature, of a mountain, in the Malvern Hills. After I returned to Cheltenham, I used to watch them every afternoon at sunset, with a sensation which I cannot describe. This was boyish enough ; but I was then only thirteen years of age, and it was in the holidays.

† If the reader will apply to his ear the sea-shell on his chimney-piece, he will be aware of what is alluded to. If the text should appear obscure, he will find in "Gebir" the same idea better expressed in two lines.—The poem I never read, but have heard the lines quoted

As, far divided from his parent deep,
 The sea-born infant cries, and will not sleep,
 Raising his little plaint in vain, to rave
 For the broad bosom of his nursing wave:
 The woods drooped darkly, as inclined to rest,
 The Tropic bird wheeled rock-ward to his nest,
 And the blue sky spread round them like a lake
 Of peace, where piety her thirst might slake.

* * * * *

The fight was o'er; the flashing through the gloom,
 Which robes the cannon as he wings a tomb,
 Had ceased; and sulphury vapours upward driven
 Had left the earth, and but polluted heaven:
 The rattling roar which rung in every volley
 Had left the echoes to their melancholy;
 No more they shrieked their horror, boom for boom;
 The strife was done, the vanquished had their doom;
 The mutineers were crushed, dispersed, or ta'en,
 Or lived to deem the happiest were the slain.
 Few, few escaped, and these were hunted o'er
 The isle they loved beyond their native shore.
 No further home was theirs, it seemed, on earth,
 Once renegades to that which gave them birth;
 Tracked like wild beasts, like them they sought the
 wild,
 As to a mother's bosom flies the child;
 But vainly wolves and lions seek their den,
 And still more vainly, men escape from men.

* * * * *

Beneath a rock whose jutting base protrudes
 Far o'er ocean in his fiercest moods,
 When scaling his enormous crag, the wave
 Is hurled down headlong like the foremost brave,

by a more recondite reader—who seems to be of a different opinion from the Editor of the Quarterly Review, who qualified it in his answer to the Critical Reviewer of his Juvenal, as trash of the worst and most insane description. It is to Mr. Landor, the author of Gebir, so qualified, and of some Latin poems, which vie with Marston or Catullus in obscenity, that the immaculate Mr. Southey addresses his declamation against impurity!

And falls back on the foaming crowd behind,
 Which fight beneath the banners of the wind,
 But now at rest, a little remnant drew
 Together, bleeding, thirsty, faint and few ;
 But still their weapons in their hands, and still
 With something of the pride of former will,
 As men not all unused to meditate,
 And strive much more than wonder at their fate.
 Their present lot was what they had foreseen,
 And dared as what was likely to have been ;
 Yet still the lingering hope, which deemed their lot
 Not pardoned, but unsought for or forgot,
 Or trusted that, if sought, their distant caves
 Might still be missed amidst the world of waves,
 Had weaned their thoughts in part from what they saw
 And felt, the vengeance of their country's law.
 Their sea-green isle, their guilt-won paradise,
 No more could shield their virtue or their vice :
 Their better feelings, if such were, were thrown
 Back on themselves,—their sins remained alone.
 Proscribed even in their second country, they
 Were lost ; in vain the world before them lay ;
 All outlets seemed secured. Their new allies
 Had fought and bled in mutual sacrifice ;
 But what availed the club and spear and arm
 Of Hercules, against the sulphury charm,
 The magic of the thunder, which destroyed
 The warrior ere his strength could be employed ?
 Dug, like a spreading pestilence, the grave
 No less of human bravery than the brave !*
 Their own scant numbers acted all the few
 Against the many oft will dare and do ;
 But though the choice seems native to die free,
 Even Greece can boast but one Thermopylæ,
 Till now, when she has forged her broken chain
 Back to a sword, and dies and lives again !

* Archidamus, king of Sparta, and son of Agesilaus, when he saw a machine invented for casting of stones and darts, exclaimed that it was the " Grave of Valour." The same story has been told of some knights on the first application of Gunpowder ; but the original anecdote is in Plutarch.

* * * * *

White as a white sail on a dusky sea,
 When half the horizon's clouded and half free,
 Fluttering between the dun wave and the sky,
 Is hope's last gleam in man's extremity.
 Her anchor parts; but still her snowy sail
 Attracts our eye amidst the rudest gale:
 Though every wave she climbs divides us more,
 The heart still follows from the loneliest shore.
 Not distant from the isle of Toobonai,
 A black rock rears its bosom o'er the spray,
 The haunt of birds, a desert to mankind,
 Where the rough seal reposes from the wind,
 And sleeps unwieldly in his cavern dun,
 Or gambols with huge frolic in the sun:
 There shrilly to the passing oar is heard
 The startled echo of the ocean bird,
 Who rears on its bare breast her callow brood,
 The feathered fishers of the solitude.
 A narrow segment of the yellow sand
 On one side forms the outline of a strand;
 Here the young turtle, crawling from his shell,
 Steals to the deep wherein his parents dwell;
 Chipped by the beam, a nursling of the day,
 But hatched for ocean by the fostering ray;
 The rest was one bleak precipice, as e'er
 Gave mariners a shelter and despair,
 A spot to make the saved regret the deck
 Which late went down, and envy the lost wreck.
 Such was the stern asylum Neuha chose
 To shield her lover from his following foes;
 But all its secret was not told; she knew
 In this a treasure hidden from the view.

* * * * *

They landed on a wild but narrow scene,
 Where few but Nature's footsteps yet had been;
 Prepared their arms, and with that gloomy eye,
 Stern and sustained, of man's extremity,

When Hope is gone, nor Glory's self remains
 To cheer resistance against death or chains,—
 They stood, the three, as the three hundred stood
 Who dyed Thermopylæ with holy blood.
 But, ah! how different! 'tis the *cause* makes all,
 Degrades or hallows courage in its fall.
 O'er them no fame. eternal and intense,
 Blazed through the clouds of death and beckoned
 hence;

No grateful country, smiling through her tears,
 Begun the praises of a thousand years;
 No nation's eyes would on their tomb be bent,
 No heroes envy them their monument;
 However boldly their warm blood was spilt,
 Their life was shame, their epitaph was guilt.
 And this they knew and felt, at least the one,
 The leader of the band he had undone;
 Who, born perchance for better things, had set
 His life upon a cast which lingered yet:
 But now the die was to be thrown, and all
 The chances were in favour of his fall:
 And such a fall! But still he faced the shock,
 Obdurate as a portion of the rock
 Whereon he stood, and fixed his level gun,
 Dark as a sullen cloud before the sun.

* * * * *

Again their own shore rises on the view,
 No more polluted with a hostile hue;
 No sullen ship lay bristling o'er the foam,
 A floating dungeon:—all was Hope and Home!
 A thousand proas darted o'er the bay,
 With sounding shells, and heralded their way;
 The Chiefs came down, around the People poured,
 And welcom'd Torquil as a son restored;
 The women thronged, embracing and embraced
 By Neuha, asking where they had been chased,
 And how escaped? The tale was told; and then
 One acclamation rent the sky again;

And from that hour a new tradition gave
Their sanctuary the name of "Neuha's Cave."
An hundred fires far flickering from the height,
Blazed o'er the general revel of the night,
The feast in honour of the guest, returned
To Peace and Pleasure, perilously earned;
A night succeeded by such happy days
As only the yet infant world displays."

BEAUTIES

OF

MODERN LITERATURE.

DIRGE OF ALARIC THE GOTH,

Who stormed and spoiled the City of Rome, and was afterwards buried in the channel of the river Busentius, the water of which had been diverted from its course, that the body might be interred.

THE sentiments expressed in the following dirge are eminently beautiful; but they derive not their beauty from any abstract merit they possess in themselves, but from their consistency with the character of the warrior by whom they are expressed. In the mouth of Julius Cæsar they would have neither consistency nor beauty. They breathe a severity and contempt for mankind totally foreign to the open and generous nature of Cæsar. Alaric despised the "pageant charm." But why did he so? Because he despised those of whom it was composed; because he had no sympathy with human nature; because he had no feeling to respond to the finer affections of the heart; in a word, because he could not say with Terence "*Homo sum, humani nihil a me alienum puto.*" But though Alaric despised the "marble bust" and "sculptured clay," he could not endure that man should boast

—That he has trod
On him who was the scourge of God.

If, therefore, he was insensible to the sympathies of mankind, and contemned their commiseration, he had

not, however, strength of mind to endure their mockery or insults after death. We do not know whether the learned professor was right in making Alaric fling back his gold and silver to the clods that gave them birth, for history reports that he had his immense treasures buried along with him. Poetry, it is true, has no original alliance with history, but when it makes history its subject, verisimilitude must be observed, because poetry must always be a picture of that which it professes to represent. When the poet makes Alaric say, that

Feeble Cæsars shrieked for help
In vain within their seven-hill'd towers,

we do not dispute his right of putting this inflated boast into the mouth of Alaric, for we believe there is nothing unnatural in his holding this contemptible opinion of the Cæsars; but, stern and gothic as he was, we cannot help believing that one of the Cæsars, at least, was a warrior superior to him in military science, equal to him in personal bravery, as wreckless of life when glory called upon him, and beyond all comparison superior to him, where he had an opportunity of displaying greatness, generosity, and magnanimity of character. These observations are not intended to intimate, that the author erred in putting this expression into the mouth of Alaric, for though it is false, it is still natural that a barbarian should think so. The heavy-limbed, heavy-paced, half-animated cart driver, who swells out his shoulders with patches of coarse cloth, imagines that he could upset all the well-dressed gentlemen whom he meets in the street, though many of them, (we shall not except even the dandies themselves,) could, to adopt his own language, pull the livers out of him, if, resigning all ideas of respect for themselves at the moment, they could assume his fierceness and abandonment of character. There is not, however, a sentiment in this dirge with which we find fault; for, as we have already observed, the beauty of the sentiments arise entirely from their consistency with the character by whom they are expressed.

It is but justice to the author to say, that he has adopted a severity of style, and a chastity of manner, that peculiarly accords with the stern and gothic character of the subject.—EDITOR.

When I am dead no pageant train
Shall waste their sorrows at my bier,
Nor worthless pomp, of homage vain,
Stain it with hypocritic tear;
For I will die as I did live,
Nor take the boon I cannot give.

Ye shall not raise a marble bust
Upon the spot where I repose;
Ye shall not fawn before my dust,
In hollow circumstance of woes;—
Nor sculptured lay, with lying breath,
Insult the clay that moulds beneath.

Ye shall not pile, with servile toil,
Your monuments upon my breast,
Nor yet within the common soil
Lay down the wreck of power to rest;
Where man can boast that he has trod
On him that was "the scourge of God."

But ye the mountain stream shall turn,
And lay its secret channel bare,
And hollow, for your sovereign's urn,
A resting place for ever there:
Then bid its everlasting springs
Flow back upon the king of kings;
And never be the secret said
Until the deep give up his head.

My gold and silver ye shall fling
Back to the clods that gave them birth ;
The captured crowns of many a king,
The ransom of a conquer'd earth ;
For e'en though dead will I control
The trophies of the Capitol.

But when beneath the mountain tide
Ye've laid your monarch down to rot,
Ye shall not rear upon its side
Pillar nor mound to mark the spot ;
For long enough the world has shook
Beneath the terrors of my look ;
And now, that I have run my race,
The astonished realms shall rest a space.

My course was like the river deep,
And from the northern hills I burst,
Across the world in wrath to sweep,
And where I went the spot was curst :
Nor blade of grass again was seen,
Where Alaric and his hosts had been.

See how their haughty barriers fail
Beneath the terror of the Goth,
Their iron-breasted legions quail
Before my ruthless sabaoth ;
And low the Queen of empires kneels,
And grovels at my chariot wheels.

Not for myself did I ascend
In judgment my triumphal car ;
'Twas God alone on high did send
The avenging Scythian to the war,

To shake abroad, with iron hand,
The appointed scourge of his command.

With iron hand that scourge I rear'd
O'er guilty king and guilty realm,
Destruction was the ship I steer'd,
And vengeance sat upon the helm;
When launched in fury on the flood
I plough'd my way through seas of blood,
And in the stream their hearts had spilt,
Wash'd out the long arrears of guilt.

Across the everlasting Alp
I poured the torrent of my powers,
And feeble Cæsars shrieked for help
In vain within their seven-hill'd towers;
I quench'd in blood the brightest gem
That glittered in their diadem,
And struck a darker, deeper dye
In the purple of their majesty;
And bade my northern banners shine
Upon the conquer'd Palatine.

My course is run, my errand done,
I go to him from whom I came;
But never yet shall set the sun
Of glory that adorns my name;
And Roman hearts shall long be sick,
When men shall think of Alaric.

My course is run, my errand done,
But darker ministers of fate
Impatient round the eternal throne,
And in the caves of vengeance wait,

And soon mankind shall blenth away
Before the name of Attila.

*New Monthly Magazine.**

MY BROTHER'S GRAVE.

THE following poem breathes a tone of deep melancholy, not unlike the dirge of Alaric, but possesses a tenderness and sweetness of which the dirge was rendered incapable by the ferocious unbending character of the person by whom it is spoken. After placing before us the "deep" and "still silence" of

— That unstartled sleep
The living eye hath never known,
and terrifying us with the *inania regna* of the ideal world, how sublimely and happily is the following image introduced.

The lonely Sexton's footstep falls
In dismal echoes on the walls.

We do not think that the circumstance mentioned in the two lines

And cheerful is my mother's brow,
My father's eye hath lost its gloom,
is in harmony with the entire piece. The circumstance, indeed, may be true and natural, that is, it is true that parents may forget their grief, and it is also natural they should do so after a long lapse of time; but poetic feeling is of a much higher order than natural feeling. All readers will admit there is nothing unnatural in the parents having, at length, forgot their son; but what reader will admire them for doing so? what

* The Editor of the New Monthly Magazine informs us that this Dirge was "written by Professor EVERITT, of America; and conceives that they do no discredit to that gentleman's respectable name."

reader would not admire them more, had the memory of their son never recurred to them without inducing sad and melancholy emotions? The act of forgetting the son is not, therefore, a poetic circumstance, because it produces no emotion in us whatever: we can look on such parents with indifference, and whenever any circumstance leaves the mind cool and unaffected, we may safely pronounce that it has no pretensions to poetry. The poetry that does not move us is poetry only in name.

*Non satis est pulchra esse poemata, dulcia suntu,
 Et quocumque volent animum auditoris agunto.*

ED.

Beneath the chancel's hallowed stone,
 Expos'd to every rustic tread,
 To few, save rustic mourners, known,
 My brother, is thy lowly bed.
 Few words upon the rough stone 'graven,
 Thy name, thy birth, thy youth declare,
 Thy innocence, thy hopes of heaven,
 In simplest phrase recorded there.
 No 'scutcheons shine, no banners wave,
 In mockery o'er my brother's grave.

The place is silent: rarely sound
 Is heard those ancient walls around;
 Nor mirthful voice of friends that meet,
 Discoursing in the public street;
 Nor hum of business, dull and loud,
 Nor murmur of the passing crowd,
 Nor soldier's drum, nor trumpet's swell,
 From neighbouring fort or citadel;
 No sound of human toil or strife,
 To death's lone dwelling speaks of life,

Nor breaks the silence, still and deep,
Where thou, beneath thy burial stone
Art laid in that unstartled sleep
The living eye hath never known.
The lonely sexton's footstep falls
In dismal echoes on the walls,
As, slowly pacing through the aisle,
He sweeps the unholy dust away,
And cobwebs, which must not defile
Those windows on the sabbath day ;
And, passing through the central nave,
Treads lightly on my brother's grave.

But when the sweet-ton'd sabbath-chime,
Pouring its music on the breeze,
Proclaims the well-known holy time
Of prayer, and thanks, and bended knees ;
When rustic crowds devoutly meet,
And lips and hearts to God are given,
And souls enjoy oblivion sweet,
Of earthly ills in thoughts of heaven
What voice of calm and solemn tone
Is heard above thy burial-stone?
What form in priestly meek array
Beside the altar kneels to pray ?
What holy hands are lifted up
To bless the sacramental cup ?
Full well I know that rev'rend form,
And if a voice could reach the dead,
Those tones would reach thee, tho' the worm,
My brother, makes thy heart his bed ;
That sire who thy existence gave,
Now stands beside thy lowly grave.

It is not long since thou wert wont
 Within these sacred walls to kneel ;
 This altar, that baptismal font,
 These stones which now thy dust conceal,
 The sweet tones of the sabbath bell,
 Were holiest objects to thy soul ;
 On these thy spirit lov'd to dwell,
 Untainted by the world's control.
 My brother those were happy days,
 When thou and I were children yet ;
 How fondly memory still surveys
 Those scenes the heart can ne'er forget !
 My soul was then as thine is now,
 Unstain'd by sin, unstung by pain ;
 Peace smil'd on each unclouded brow,
Mine ne'er will be so calm again.
 How blithely then we hail'd the ray
 Which usher'd in the sabbath day !
 How lightly then our footsteps trod
 Yon pathway to the house of God !
 For souls in which no dark offence
 Hath sullied childhood's innocence,
 Best meet the pure and hallow'd shrine,
 Which guiltier bosoms own divine.
 I feel not now as then I felt,
 The sun-shine of my heart is o'er ;
 The spirit now is chang'd which dwelt
 Within me, in the days before.
 But thou wert snatch'd, my brother, hence,
 In all thy guileless innocence ;
 One Sabbath saw thee bend the knee,
 In reverential piety ;

For childish faults forgiveness crave,
The next beam'd brightly on thy grave!
The crowd, of which thou late wert one,
Now throng'd across thy burial stone;
Rude footsteps trampled on the spot
Where thou lay'st mouldering and forgot;
And some few gentler bosoms wept,
In silence where my brother slept.

I stood not by thy feverish bed,
I look'd not on thy glazing eye,
Nor gently lull'd thy aching head,
Nor view'd thy dying agony:
I felt not what my parents felt,
The doubt, the terror, the distress;
Nor vainly for my brother knelt,
My soul was spar'd that wretchedness.
One sentence told me, in a breath,
My brother's illness, and his death!

And days of mourning glided by,
And brought me back my gaiety;
For soon in childhood's wayward heart
Doth crush'd affection cease to smart.
Again I join'd the sportive crowd
Of boyish playmates, wild and loud;
I learnt to view with careless eye
My sable garb of misery;
No more I wept my brother's lot,
His image was almost forgot;
And every deeper shade of pain
Had vanished from my soul again.

The well-known morn I used to greet
 With boyhood's joy at length was beaming,
 And thoughts of home, and raptures sweet
 In every eye but mine were gleaming ;
 But I, amidst that youthful band
 Of beating hearts and beaming eyes,
 Nor smil'd, nor spoke at joys command,
 Nor felt those wonted ecstasies :
 I lov'd my home, but trembled now
 To view my father's alter'd brow ;
 I fear'd to meet my mother's eye,
 And hear her voice of agony ;
 I fear'd to view my native spot,
 Where he who lov'd it now *was* not.
 The pleasures of my home were fled,
 My brother slumber'd with the dead.

I drew near to my father's gate—
 No smiling faces met me now ;
 I enter'd—all was desolate,
 Grief sat upon my mother's brow ;
 I heard her, as she kiss'd me, sigh ;
 A tear stood in my father's eye ;
 My little brothers round me prest,
 In gay, unthinking childhood blest.
 Long, long that hour has passed, but when
 Shall I forget its mournful scene ?

The Sabbath came, with mournful pace
 I sought my brother's burial place :
 That shrine, which, when I last had view'd,
 In vigour by my side he stood.
 I gaz'd around with fearful eye,
 All things repos'd in sanctity.

I reach'd the chancel, nought was chang'd
The altar decently arrang'd,
The pure white cloth above the shrine,
The consecrated bread and wine;
All was the same,—I found no trace
Of sorrow in that holy place.
One hurried glance I downward gave,
My foot was on my brother's grave!

And years have pass'd—and thou art now
Forgotten in thy silent tomb;
And cheerful is my mother's brow,
My father's eye has lost its gloom;
And years have pass'd, and death has laid
Another victim by thy side;
With thee he roams an infant shade,
But not more pure than thee he died.
Blest are ye both; your ashes rest
Beside the spot ye lov'd the best;
And that dear home which was your birth,
O'erlooks you in your bed of earth.
But who can tell what blissful shore
Your angel spirits wander o'er?
And who can tell what raptures high
Now bless your immortality?

My boyish days are nearly gone,
My breast is not unsullied now;
And worldly cares and woes will soon
Cut their deep furrows on my brow,
And life will take a darker hue
From ills my brother never knew.
And I have made me bosom friends,
And lov'd and link'd my heart with others;

But who with mine his spirit blends,
As mine was blended with my brother's !

When years of rapture glided by,
The spring of life's unclouded weather,
Our souls were knit, and thou and I,
My brother, grew in love together.
The chain is broke which bound us then—
When shall I find its like again ? M.

November, 1818.

THE ETONIAN.

SCENE IN GOETHE'S FAUST.

THE following is taken from Lord Francis Leveson Gower's translation of Faust. The scene is, in itself, of the most heart-rending and pathetic character. If it require the most intimate acquaintance with human nature to describe the operations or revolutions of feeling that take place in a mind bordering upon insanity, what stretch of genius does it require to paint them, when reason has totally abandoned the helm, and left the mind to rove at large through the wild empire of the ideal world, without a star to guide its wanderings, or a clue to enable it to retrace its steps ? On a slight consideration of the subject, it would seem that no writer can imagine, nor consequently give expression to, the chimeras of a disordered mind, unless he be himself subject to fits of insanity, and that he who asserted "there is a pleasure in madness which none but madmen know," must have been mad himself one time or other ; for if this pleasure be known only to madmen, how came he acquainted with it if he had never been mad ? We must either abandon this opinion, however, or cease to admire the profound acquaintance with nature which Shakspeare is supposed to have manifested in the ex-

pressions which he puts into the mouth of Lear, for it has never been insinuated that Shakspeare was subject to temporary madness. How then are we to dispose of this question? shall we say aye or no to the assertion, that the language of Lear is natural to a madman? If it be, how account for it, but by supposing Shakspeare to have been mad at one time or other? if it be not, why admire it? if it be impossible to know what is, or what is not natural to a madman, or if none can divine the feelings of a madman but a madman himself, why pretend to offer any opinion on the subject of its merits? Whatever reply we make to these questions, it is certain, that we have a sort of innate conviction that the language of Lear is natural in the circumstances in which he is placed, and the insanity arising from them; and there are strong reasons to believe, that when men agree in opinion, on matters of feeling, their opinion is right, however unable they may be to account for it. The fact seems to be this, that when madness arises from some powerful influence exercised over the feelings, the thoughts and reasonings of the madman differ very little, if at all, from him who is labouring under some powerful passion or affection of mind, though he remain in full possession of the exercise of reason if he choose to exert it; for though he retains the power, he neglects, or rather refuses to avail himself of it, so that both he and the madman are solely governed by the state or condition into which their feelings have thrown them. Granting this theory to be good, the following scene in Faust is eminently beautiful, and equals any thing in Shakspeare, so far as regards the sentiments and expressions which Goethe puts into the mouth of Margaret. But was the noble translator justified in translating the insane Margaret's language into English rhyme? We know how few of those who are in their sober senses can succeed in this species of verse, it being entirely of a mechanical nature, for rhyme and measure must be sought for by art, the images and associations alone being the offspring of nature. The *vivida vis animi* of the poet can never suggest rhyme, while it suggests a thousand poetic associations. How then suppose it

possible for a madman to avail himself of that art which is exercised in forming rhyme and measure, as he expresses only what the associations or indescribable feelings of the moment suggest, and never asks himself the question whether it be verse or prose? Those who contend so eagerly for the three unities, can surely never admit such a violation of nature; and yet, while they have employed so much eloquence, displayed so much ingenuity, and manifested so much acrimony in defending the unities, they have never thought of exposing, or finding fault with, one of the most obvious violations of nature that a writer can be guilty of, if violations of nature are to be determined by the principles which they have themselves laid down. The following scene is too short to justify a long criticism: we shall not, therefore, enter into the question of the unities at present; but we shall not forget to resume it in a more proper place, where we doubt not of being able to expose all the absurdities that have been written on the subject, as well by ancient as by modern writers.

ED.

DUNGEON.

FAUST, with a bundle of keys and a lamp, before a low iron door.

Faust. Strength to my limbs my fainting soul denies,
Such with the sense of man's collected woe;
Behind this dungeon's dripping wall she lies,

Frenzy the crime for which her blood must flow.
Traitor, thou dar'st not enter in
To face the witness of thy sin.

Forward! thy cowardice draws down the blow.

Marg. (within) sings. Now shame on my mother,
Who brought me to light,
And foul fall my father
Who nursed me in spite.

That is the song they sing to give me pain ;
It is the end of an old strain,

But never meant me before.

Faust. (unlocking the door) She dreams

Not that her lover hears the strain,
The straw's sad rustling and the clinking chain.

Marg. (hiding herself in the straw on which she lies.)

Woe, woe ! they wake me ! bitter fate !

Faust. Hush, hush ! I come to give thee means to fly.

Marg. Art thou a man ? then be compassionate.

Faust. Soft ! thou wilt wake thy jailors with that cry.
(He seizes the chains to unlock them.)

Marg. (on her knees). Who gave the hangman power
So soon to wake and slay ?

Why call'st thou me at midnight's hour ?

O ! let me live till day !

Is it not time when morn has sprung ? *(She stands up.)*

And I am yet so young ! so young !

And yet so soon to perish by your laws.

Once I was fair too—that is just the cause.

One friend was near me then : he too is fled.

My flowers are withered, and my garland dead.

Seize me not thus ! it gives me pain.

Have I e'er wrong'd thee ? why then bind me so ?

Let not my woman's voice implore in vain—

Can I have hurt one whom I do not know ?

Faust. Can I outlive this hour of woe ?

Marg. Ah ! I am now within thy power ;

Yet let me clasp my only joy,

My child ! I nursed it many an hour,

But then they took it from me to annoy,

And now they say the mother kill'd the boy.

' And she shall ne'er be happy more.'—

Faust. He, whom you deem'd so far, before you lies,
To burst your chain, and give the life you prize.

Marg. Oh ! raise we to the saints our prayer !
For see beneath the stair,
Beneath the door stone swell
The penal flames of hell.
The evil one,
In pitiless wrath,
Roars for his prey.

Faust. (aloud.) Margaret ! Margaret !

Marg. (starting.) That was *his* voice !

[She springs up ; her chains fall off.]

Where is he ? for I know 'twas he,
None, none shall stay me ; I am free !
'Tis to his bosom I will fly,
In his embraces I will lie.
His Margaret he calls, on the threshold he stands,
'Mid the laughter and howls of the fiendish bands ;
Through the shouts of their malice, their hissings of
scorn,

How sweetly his voice of affection was borne !

Faust. 'Tis I.

Marg. Oh, say it, say it, once again,
My friend, my lover ! Where is now my pain ?
Where is my chain, my dungeon, and my grave ?
He comes himself to comfort and to save.
I see the church's aisle, the street,
Where first we dared to gaze, to meet,
The garden blooms before me now,
Where first we shared the kiss, the vow.

Faust. Away ! away !

Marg. O, not so fast !
Time is with you so sweetly past.

Faust. Haste, Margaret, haste !
For, if thou lingerest here,
We both shall pay it dear.

Marg. What, thou canst kiss no more ?
Away so short a time as this,
And hast so soon forgot to kiss !
Why are my joys less ardent than they were ?
Once in those folding arms I loved to lie,
Clung to that breast, and deem'd my heaven was there,
Till, scarce alive, I almost longed to die !
Those lips are cold, and do not move,
Alas ! unkind, unkind !
Hast thou left all thy love,
Thy former love, behind ?

Faust. Follow me ! follow, Margaret ! be not slow :
With twice its former heat my love shall glow.
Margaret, this instant come, 'tis all I pray.

Marg. And art thou, art thou, he, for certain, say ?

Faust. I am, come with me.

Marg. Thou shalt burst my chain,
And lay me in thy folding arms again.
How comes it, tell me, thou canst bear my sight ?
Know'st thou to whom thou bring'st the means of flight ?

Faust. Come, come !—I feel the morning breezes
breath.

Marg. This hand was guilty of a mother's death !
I drown'd my child ! and thou can'st tell,
If it was mine, 'twas thine as well.
I scarce believe, though so it seem—
Give me thy hand—I do not dream—
That dear, dear hand. Alas, that spot !
Wipe it away, the purple clot !

What hast thou done ? put up thy sword ;
It was thy Margaret's voice implored.

Faust. Oh, Margaret ! let the hour be past ;
Forget it, or I breathe my last.

Marg. No ; you must live till I shall trace
For each their separate burial place.
You must prepare betimes to-morrow
Our home of sorrow.

For my poor mother keep the best ;
My brother next to her shall rest.
Me, Margaret, you must lay aside,
Some space between, but not too wide.
On thy right breast my boy shall be,
Let no one else be there but he.

'Twere bliss with him in death to lie,
Which on this earth my foes deny,
'Tis all in vain—you will not mind,
And yet you look so good, so kind.

Faust. Then be persuaded—come with me.

Marg. To wander with you ?

Faust. To be free.

Marg. To death ! I know it—I prepare:
I come, the grave is yawning there !
The grave, no further—'tis our journey's end.
You part. Oh ! could I but your steps attend.

Faust. You can ! But wish it, and the deed is done.

Marg. I may not with you ; hope for me is none !
How can I fly ? they glare upon me still !
It is so sad to beg the wide world through,
And with an evil conscience too !
It is so sad to roam through stranger lands,
And they will seize me with their iron hands.

Faust. I will be with you.

Marg. Quick ! fly !

Save it, or the child will die !

Through the wild wood,

To the pond !

It lifts its head !

Then bubbles rise !

It breathes !

Oh save it, save it !

Faust. Reflect, reflect,

One step and thou art free.

Marg. Had we but pass'd the hill-side lone—

My mother there sits on a stone.

Long she has sat there, cold and dead,

Yet nodding with her weary head.

Yet winks not, nor signs, other motion is o'er ;

She slept for so long, that she wakes no more.

Faust. Since words are vain to rouse thy sleeping
sense,

I venture, and with force I bear thee hence.

Marg. Unhand me, leave me, I will not consent ;

Too much I yielded once, too much repent.

Faust. Day ! Margaret, day ! your hour will soon
be past.

Marg. True 'tis the day ; the last—the last !

My bridal-day !—'twill soon appear :

Tell it to none thou hast been here.

We shall see one another, and soon shall see—

But not at the dance will our meeting be.

We too shall meet

In the crowded street :

The citizens throng—the press is hot,

They talk together—I hear them not :

The bell has toll'd—the wand they break—

My arms they pinion till they ache !

They force me down upon the chair !
 The neck of each spectator there,
 Thrills, as though itself would feel
 The headman's stroke---the weeping steel !
 And all are as dumb with speechless pain,
 As if they never would speak again !
Faust. Oh, had I never lived !

Mephistopheles (appears in the door way.)
 Off! or your life will be but short ;
 My coursers paw the ground, and snort !
 The sun will rise, and off they bound.

Marg. Who is it rises from the ground !
 'Tis he !---the evil one of hell !
 What would he where the holy dwell ?
 'Tis me he seeks !

Faust. To bid thee live.

Marg. Justice of heaven, to thee my soul I give.

Meph. (To Faust.)
 Come, come, or tarry else with her to die.
Marg. Heaven, I am thine ! to thy embrace I fly.
 Hover around, ye angel bands !
 Save me, defy him where he stands.
 Henry, I shudder ! 'tis for thee.

Meph. She is condemn'd !

(Voices from above.) Is pardon'd !

Meph. (to Faust.) Hence and flee !

Marg. (from within.) Henry ! Henry !

*Goethe's Faust, by Lord Francis
 Leveson Gower.*

THE FLOWER OF GNIDE.

THE following Ode is translated from the original Spanish of Garcilaso de la Vega, by Mr. J. H. Wiffen. "It is not often," to use a cant phrase of the present day, we meet with such poetry as this. The sentiments do honor to the original writer; the language does equal honor to the translator, and shews what the English language is capable of in the hands of a master. If this Ode were read to a foreigner, totally ignorant of the English language, he would perceive a strength, harmony, and fire, of which he could not trace a vestige in the sing-song lullabies, of which the bulk of modern poetry is composed. The words are happily selected, and still more happily disposed of, the vowel and consonant sounds being so judiciously blended with each other, that the language is nervous without being harsh, and musical without being effeminate. In the first stanza, almost every word is an echo to the sense, an effect which will always take place unconsciously, whenever the poet is truly inspired by his subject, particularly when an analogy exists between his ideas and any modification of sounds whatever. This Ode reminds us of Gray: it possesses all his classic elegance and chastity of manner, and has not a feature, in common, with any of our modern schools.—Ed.

Had I the sweet resounding lyre,
Whose voice could in a moment chain
The howling winds' ungovern'd ire,
And movement of the raging main,
On savage hill the leopard rein,
The lion's fiery soul entrance,
And lead along with golden tones,
The fascinated trees and stones,
In voluntary dance.

Think not, think not, fair flower of Gnide,
It e'er should celebrate the scars,
Dust rais'd, blood shed; or laurels' dyed,
Beneath the gonfalon of Mars;
Or, borne sublime on festal cars,
The chief who to submission sank
The rebel German's soul of soul,
And forg'd the chains that now controul
The frenzy of the Frank.

No, no! its harmonies should ring,
In vaunt of glories all thine own;
A discord sometimes from the string,
Struck forth to make thy harshness known.
The finger'd chords should speak alone
Of beauty's triumphs, love's alarms;
And one who, made by thy disdain
Pale as a lily cleft in twain,
Bewails thy fatal charms.

Of that poor captive, too, contemn'd,
I speak—his doom you might deplore—
In Venus' galliot still condemn'd
To strain for life the heavy oar.
Through thee, no longer as of yore,
He tames the unmanageable steed,
With curb of gold his pride restrains,
Or, with press'd spurs, and shaken reins,
Torments him into speed.

Not now he wields, for thy sweet sake,
The sword in his accomplish'd hand;
Nor grapples, like a poisonous snake,
The wrestler, on the yellow sand;
The old heroic harp, his hand,

Consults not now, it can but kiss
The amorous lute's dissolving strings,
Which murmur forth a thousand things
Of banishment from bliss.
Through thee, my dearest friend, and best,
Grows harsh, importunate, and grave ;
Myself have been his port of rest,
From shipwreck on the yawning wave ;
Yet, now so high his passions rave,
Above lost reason's conquer'd laws,
That not the traveller, ere he slays,
The asp, its sting, as he my face
So dread, or so abhors.

In snows, on rocks, sweet Flower of Guide,
Thou wert not cradled, wert not born,
She who has not a fault beside,
Should ne'er be signaliz'd for scorn ;
Else tremble at the fate forlorn
Of Anaxarete, who spurn'd
The weeping Iphis from her gate,
Who, scoffing long, relenting late,
Was to a statue turn'd.

Whilst yet soft pity she repell'd,
Whilst yet she steel'd her heart in pride,
From her friezed window she beheld
Aghast, the lifeless suicide ;
Around his lily neck was tied,
What freed his spirit from her chains ;
And purchas'd, with a few short sighs,
For her immortal agonies,
Imperishable pains.

Then, first she felt her bosom bleed
With love and pity, vain distress !
Oh, what deep rigours must succeed
This first, sole touch of tenderness !
Her eyes grow glaz'd and motionless,
Nail'd on his wavering corse each bone,
Hard'ning in growth, invades her flesh,
Which, late so rosy, warm, and fresh,
Now stagnates into stone.

From limb to limb the frosts aspire,
Her vitals curdle with the cold,
The blood forgets its crimson fire,
The veins that e'er its motion roll'd,
Till now : the virgin's glorious mould
Was wholly into marble chang'd ;
On which, the Salaminians gaz'd,
Less at the prodigy amazed,
Than of the crime aveng'd.

Then, tempt not thou fate's angry arms,
By cruel frown or icy taunt ;
But let thy perfect deeds and charms
To poets' harps, divinest, grant
Themes worthy their immortal vaunt :
Else must our weeping strings presume,
To celebrate, in strains of woe,
The justice of some signal blow,
That strikes thee to the tomb.

The Works of Garcilaso de la Vega,
by J. H. Wiffen.

JACOBITE SONGS.

WE give the following songs as breathing some portion of the national character of the Irish. The translator says that "It was not out of love for the Stuarts that they (the Irish,) were anxious to take up arms, but to revenge themselves on the Saxons, or English, for the defeat they experienced under William III. and the subsequent depression of their party and their religion." With this opinion, we beg leave to dissent. The songs bear no internal evidence of the kind; and though we admit that the depression of their party, (if party be a term applicable to a whole nation) and their religion, combined with the spirit of retaliation, had a very considerable influence in exciting them to arms: we are not the less convinced, that affection to the Stuart family had a much more predominant one. Even at this moment, the name of Stuart revives associations of the most enthusiastic character among the lower orders of the Irish. The writer is also mistaken in supposing, that the epithet of contempt applied by the Irish to James, is expressive of disaffection, either to himself or to his family; for they generally attribute the success of William to the circumstance of James having too much good nature, and aversion from cruelty; a disposition which prevented him from availing himself of all the advantages that lay in his power. This feeling is partly conveyed in the very epithet of contempt which they generally connect with his name. Even the conclusion of the first verse of *Brown Drimin*, in the original Irish, proves what we assert. After saying that the warriors of Ireland are laid in the trenches, it adds, "*and they will remain there, until James is restored to his throne.*" This, the Translator has omitted. Is not the same sentiment breathed in the lines,—

Ten thousand huzzas shall ascend to high heaven,
When our prince is restored, and our fetters are riven.

As also, in the following :

The wrongs of a king call aloud for your steel,
Red stars of the battle, O'Donnell, O'Neal.

These sentiments clearly prove, that the "master passion," which "swallowed up the rest," was the desire of restoring James to the throne, and avenging his wrongs. The air of the *Brown Drimin* is, undoubtedly, beautiful ; but it is not the air abstractedly in itself, as the translator asserts, but the associations and recollections with which it is connected, that renders it so particular a favourite with the Irish.

With the songs, we think it proper to give the observations which the translator prefixes to them. At the same time acknowledging, that though we have differed with him in his political views, we think his translation poetical and beautiful.—EDITOR.

That the Roman Catholics of Ireland should have been Jacobites, almost to a man, is little wonderful: indeed, the wonder would be, were it otherwise. They had lost every thing, fighting for the cause of the Stuarts, and the conquerors had made stern use of the victory. But, while various movements, in favour of that unhappy family, were made in England and Scotland, Ireland was quiet, not, indeed, from want of inclination, but from want of power. The Roman Catholics were disarmed throughout the entire island, and the Protestants, who retained a fierce hatred of the exiled family, were armed and united. The personal influence of the Earl of Chesterfield, who was Lord Lieutenant in 1745, and who made himself very popular, is generally supposed to have contributed to keep Ireland at peace in that dangerous year ; but the reason I have assigned is, perhaps, more substantial.

But, though Jacobitical, even these songs will suffice to prove, that it was not out of love for the Stuarts, that they were anxious to take up arms, but to revenge themselves on the Saxons, (that is, the English generally, but in Ireland the Protestants,) for the defeat they experienced under *William III.* and the subsequent

depression of their party and their religion. *James II.* is universally spoken of, by the lower orders of Ireland, with the utmost contempt; and distinguished by an appellation, which is too strong for ears polite, but which is universally given to him. His celebrated exclamation at the battle of the Boyne, "*O, spare my English subjects!*" being taken in the most perverse sense; instead of obtaining for him the praise of wishing to shew some lenity to those whom he still considered as rightfully under his sceptre, even in their opposition to his cause, was, by his Irish partizans, construed into a desire of preferring the English, on all occasions, to them. The celebrated reply of the captive officer to William, that "if the armies changed generals, victory would take a different side," is carefully remembered; and every misfortune that happened in the war of the revolution, is laid to the charge of James's want of courage. The truth is, he appears to have displayed little of the military qualities which distinguished him in former days.

The first of these three songs is a great favourite, principally from its beautiful air. I am sure, there is scarcely a peasant in the south of Ireland who has not heard it. The second is the White Cockade, of which the first verse is English. The third is, at least, in Irish, a strain of higher mood; and, from its style and language, evidently written by a man of more than ordinary information.

O, SAY MY BROWN DRIMIN!

A Drimin doan dilis no sioda na mbo.*

(Drimin is the favourite name of a cow, by which Ireland is here allegorically denoted. The five ends of Erin are the five kingdoms, Munster, Leinster, Ulster, Connaught, and Meath, into which the island was divided, under the Milesian dynasty.)

* *Silk of the cows*, an idiomatic expression, for the most beautiful of cattle, which I have preserved in translating.

O, say my brown Drimin, thou silk of the kine,
Where, where are thy strong ones, last hope of thy line ?
Too deep, and too long, is the slumber they take,
At the loud call of freedom, why don't they awake ?

My strong ones have fallen, from the bright eye of day,
All darkly they sleep in their dwelling of clay ;
The cold turf is o'er them, they hear not my cries,
And, since Lewis no aid gives, I cannot arise.

O ! where art thou, Lewis ? our eyes are on thee ;
Are thy lofty ships walking in strength o'er the sea ?
In freedom's last strife, if you linger or quail,
No morn e'er shall break on the night of the Gael.

But should the king's son, now bereft of his right,
Come proud in his strength, for his country to fight ;
Like leaves on the trees, will new people arise,
And deep from their mountains, shout back to my cries.

When the prince, now an exile, shall come for his own,
The isles of his father, his rights, and his throne,
My people in battle the Saxons will meet,
And kick them before, like old shoes from their feet.

O'er mountains and valleys, they'll press on their rout,
The five ends of Erin shall ring to the shout ;
My sons, all united, shall bless the glad day,
When the flint-hearted Saxon they've chas'd far away.

THE AVENGER.

Da bfeacin se'n la sin bo seasta bfeic m'intin.

O, Heavens ! if that long-wished for morning I spied,
As high as three kings I'd leap up in my pride ;
With transport I'd laugh, and my shout should arise,
As the fires from each mountain blaz'd bright to the skies.

The Avenger should lead us right on to the foe;
Our horns should sound out, and our trumpets should
blow,

Ten thousand huzzas should ascend to high heaven,
When our Prince was restored, and our fetters were
riven.

O ! chieftains of Ulster, when will you come forth,
And send your strong cry on the winds of the north ?
The wrongs of a king call aloud for your steel,
Red stars of the battle, O'Donnel, O'Neal !

Bright house of O'Connor, high offspring of kings,
Up, up like the eagle, when heavenward he springs !
O, break ye once more from the Saxon's strong rule,
Lost race of Mac Murchad, O'Byrne, and O'Toole !

Mononia* of Druids, green dwelling of song,
Where, where are thy minstrels, why sleep they so long ?

* In Mononia, (Munster) Druidism appears to have flourished most, as we may conjecture, from the numerous remains of Druidical workmanship, and the names of places indicating that worship. The records of the province are the best kept of any in Ireland, and it has proverbially retained among the peasantry, a character for superior learning.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

Does no bard live to wake, as they oft did before,
M'Carthy,—O'Brien,—O'Sullivan,—More?

O, come from yon hills, like the waves to the shore,
When the storm-girded headlands are mad with the roar!
Ten thousand hurras shall ascend to high heaven,
When our prince is restor'd, and our fetters are riven.

The names in this last song are those of the principal families in Ireland, many of whom, however, were decided enemies of the house of Stuart. You cannot fail to observe the strange expectation which these writers entertained of the nature of the Pretender's designs. They call on him, not to come to re-instate himself on the throne of his fathers, but to aid them in doing vengeance on the "flint-hearted Saxon." Nothing, however, could be more natural. The Irish Jacobites, at least the Roman Catholics, were in the habit of claiming the Stuarts, as of the Milesian line, fondly deducing them from Fergus, and the Celts of Ireland. Who the Avenger is, whose arrival is prayed for in the last song, I am not sure; but circumstances, too tedious to be detailed, make me think, that the date of the song is 1708, when a general impression prevailed, that the field would be taken in favour of the Pretender, under a commander of more weight and authority than had come forward before. His name was kept a secret. Very little has been written on the history of the Jacobites of Ireland, and yet, I think it would be an interesting subject. We have now arrived at a time when it could be done, without exciting any angry feelings.

Blackwood's Magazine.

ODE TO IMAGINATION.

As we are intimately acquainted with the author of this Ode, we must forbear commenting upon it. We therefore leave its merits to be determined by the judgment of our readers.—ED.

Say, who art thou, whose vivid eye,
Darting the vault of heav'n along,
Proclaims thee daughter of the sky,
Parent of poesy and song?
Of thee the ancient poets told,
That grac'd the happier age of gold,
Ere art had strung the unpractis'd lyre,—
Ere the soft voice of music stole
In melting sweetness on the soul,
And 'woke celestial fire.

But still to us thou art unknown,
Spite of the poet's well-sung lay;
Who can ascend thy fairy throne,
Or trace thy devious, hermit way?
A sylvan nymph thou oft dost rove
The dark-brow'd wood, the twilight grove,
Or, musing 'neath some aged tower,
Thou dost behold, in pause divine,
The heavenly constellations shine,
And mark eternal power.

Visions of high, ethereal bliss,
And madding inspirations glow,
Scenes of romantic happiness,
That never lingered here below;

And that pure ecstasy that finds
No kindred thrill in earth-born minds,
Attend thee to the poet's bower,
Where, on his couch of rushes laid,
He oft invokes thy secret aid,
And owns thy genial power.

A pensive lover thou art seen
Lone, lingering through some desert shade,
Unmindful of the smiling green,
And all the magic of the mead.
Nature for thee no more hath charms,
Consign'd to passion's dread alarms,
The offspring of unwise desire ;
The frantic glance, the absent thought,
The wistful look from passion caught,
Betray thy hidden fire.

Escap'd from Love's tyrannic sway,
With eagle glance I view thee rise,
Explore the empire of the day,
And claim thy own; thy natal skies.
With ardent flight, thou dost intrude
On old Creation's solitude,
Where space extends her boundless line ;
Where other suns give life and light,
And other stars illumine the night,
And other planets shine.

Oft dost thou stray where ocean's roar,
And all the horrors of the main
Tempestuous fulmined round that shore
Where first the Trojan chief felt pain.

D

More wild thy looks than his who braves
The savage strife of winds and waves,
While heaven is wrapped in awful gloom,
Save where the rapid lightning beam,
Darting its fearful, sudden gleam,
The scene of death illumine.

Lured by Ambition's erring pride,
The aspiring youth thou dost invite
To regal favours yet untried,
And fancied treasures of delight :
Hope leads the way, and spreads her veil,
Secure while Fortune swells the gale,
And points to scenes of future power ;
Yet every bliss to hope allied,
And every tribute paid to pride,
Must dwindle in an hour !

The terrors of sublime Affright,
The sympathetic pang is thine :
Oh ! nurse of pain and fond delight,
Be all thy mixed emotions mine !
Yet far from ocean's desert waste,
To scenes more tranquil let us haste,
Where silence and the shades prevail ;
Where science waits us, to bestow
More luxury than wealth can know,
Or language can reveal.

Remote from courts and regal sway,
With thee, fair goddess, let me dwell ;
With thee enjoy the pensive lay,
And court the humble, rustic cell,

Where pure content my soul may bless
With secret, silent happiness,
That mental feast to courts unknown ;
There shall my yielding bosom find
Those kindling raptures of the mind
That linger round thy throne.

Europ. Mag

ETNA.—A SKETCH.

THIS sketch is from the "Poetical Sketches" of Alaric A. Watts. It is needless to say that it is a sketch of great sublimity, and that the beauty of the images are of that poetic character which is more easily felt than described. We do not think, however, that the "black smoke" rolling down the side of "Cuma's height" can philosophically be said to produce "artificial darkness." Whatever is produced by natural causes cannot be the effect of art, in the production of which man must be always an agent. In one sense, however, we admit that the darkness was not natural, if by natural we mean only effects proceeding from the fixed and general laws of nature ; but we think the term equally applicable to effects arising from particular inversions of these laws, where there is no co-operation of man in producing the effect. We would also object to "towns and villages deserted of their habitants." Johnson, indeed, has marked no difference between habitants and inhabitants ; but we think the latter is applied, and properly too, by all correct writers, to those who reside in some particular place. We say a habitant of the earth, but an inhabitant of a village. Crabb has taken no notice of these words in his Synonymes, but we believe the distinction we have made ought to be observed by every writer stu-

dious of propriety. These, however, are mere verbal inaccuracies, and

He who expects a faultless piece to see,
Expects what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.

We must confess, however, we feel a certain grating sensation whenever we meet the adjective "*fitful*," and the adverb derived from it; not that we find it always misapplied, but that it is one of those hacknied words which are continually obtruding themselves upon our perhaps too fastidious ears. We believe it would be difficult to find a poem, however short, proceeding from the pen of any inferior writer, within the last half dozen years, in which this and a tribe of other epithets, which we shall occasionally notice, do not occur, particularly where external nature is described. The term is a happy one when properly applied; but we do not think the writer a very happy one, who is obliged to have recourse to it continually, because he can only do so by imitating those pedantic writers of the seventeenth century, and their predecessors, who were continually deviating from their subject to introduce some Greek or Latin quotation. That an unjust prejudice has been excited against the use of these quotations, and that their discontinuance in consequence of this prejudice is a serious evil, are truths of which we have long felt convinced. The use of quotations from foreign languages is now considered a mark of pedantry, as if English literature contained in itself every thing necessary to elucidate or confirm the arguments of a writer. Nothing can be more absurd. The works produced by English writers on subjects of general literature, philosophy, and metaphysics, though very numerous, are far, very far from affording all that knowledge, and satisfying all those doubts which are apt to suggest themselves to discriminating and analyzing minds. Hence it is, that in the *Manuel du Libraire*, published a few years ago in Paris, containing a catalogue of all works of merit on general subjects of literature, from all languages, not one work in twenty is selected from the English,

though it is certain, at the same time, that every work of merit which this country has produced is to be found in this catalogue. How absurd is it, then, to suppose that our domestic literature, or what is boastingly called our national literature, contains every thing necessary to satisfy an enquiring mind. That quotations from other languages were in too common request about one hundred years ago, and for many centuries before, and that the writers of the time went purposely in search of these quotations, by which they were obliged to deviate from their subject in order to make room for them, cannot be doubted; but it is equally certain that he who rejects them where they obviously present themselves, and are suggested by the subject, lest he should appear pedantic, yields to a false and effeminate taste, and leaves his readers unconvinced, where he might have convinced them had he supported his arguments by writers of the first authority. In general, all extremes in literature are equally dangerous; and it is difficult to say whether Cobbett or Montaigne are most in fault. In the former we never meet with a classical quotation, not even an allusion to the classics; in the latter we forget the writer's arguments and subject altogether, our attention is so frequently diverted from them by quotations from ancient and contemporary writers. Both these extremes are equally vicious, and equally to be avoided by every writer of good taste. There is a certain limit *quem ultra citraque requit consistere rectum*. He who can observe this medium in all things, has little to fear from the false taste, false morality, or false philosophy of the age in which he lives. If unmixed happiness has any residence upon earth, it can only dwell in the bosom of such an individual.

ED.

It was a lovely night: the crescent moon,
(A bark of beauty on its dark blue sea)
Winning its way amid the billowy clouds,
Unoar'd, unpiloted, moved on. The sky

Was studded thick with stars, which glitt'ring stream'd
An intermittent splendor through the heavens.
I turned my glance to earth : the mountain winds
Were sleeping in their caves, and the wild sea
With its innumerable billows, melted down
To one unmoving mass, lay stretch'd beneath
In deep and trance'd slumber ; giving back
The host above, with all its dazzling shene,
To Fancy's ken, as though the luminous sky
Had rain'd down stars upon its breast. Suddenly
The scene grew dim : those living lights rushed out,
And the fair moon, with all her gorgeous train,
Had vanished like the frost-work of a dream.

Darkness arose, and volumed clouds swept o'er
Earth and the ocean. Through the gloom, at times,
Sicilian Etna's blood-red flame was seen
Fitfully flickering. The stillness now
Yielded to murmurs hurtling on the air,
From out her deep-voiced crater ; and the winds
Burst through their bonds of adamant, and lash'd
The weltering ocean, that so lately lay
Calm as the slumbers of a cradled child,
To a demoniac's madness. The broad wave
Swell'd into boiling surges, which appear'd,
Whene'er the mountain's lurid light reveal'd
Their progress to the eye, presumptuously
To dash against the ebon roof of heaven.
Then came a sound,—a fearful deaf'ning sound,—
Sudden and loud, as if an earthquake rent
The globe to its foundations ; with a rush,
Startling deep midnight on her throne, rose up,

From the red mouth of Etna's burning mount,
 A giant tree of fire, whence sprouted out
 Thousands of boundless branches, which put forth
 Their fiery foliage in the sky, and shower'd
 Their fruit, the red-hot levin, to the earth,
 In terrible profusion. Some fell back
 Into the hell from whence they sprang, and some,
 Gaining an impulse from the winds that raged
 Unceasingly around, sped o'er the main,
 And, hissing, dived to an eternal home,
 Beneath its yawning billows. The black smoke,
 Blotting the snows that shroud chill Cuma's height,
 Roll'd down the mountain's sides, girding its base
 With artificial darkness, for the sea,
 Catania's palaces and towers, and even
 The far off shores of Syracuse, revealed
 In the deep glare that deluged heaven and earth,
 Flash'd forth in fearful light upon the eye.
 And there was seen a lake of liquid fire
 Streaming and streaming slowly on its course,
 And widening as it flow'd, like the dread jaws
 Of some huge monster ere its prey be fang'd.
 At its approach the loftiest pines bent down,
 And strew'd its surface with their trunks ;—the earth
 Shook at its coming ; towns and villages,
 Deserted of their habitants, were whelm'd
 Amid the flood, and lent it ampler force.
 The noble's palace, and the peasant's cot,
 Alike but served to swell its fiery tide.
 Shrieks of wild anguish rush'd upon the gale ;
 And universal Nature seem'd to wrestle
 With the giant forms of Darkness and Despair.

STONEHENGE,

*A Newdigate Prize Poem, recited at the Theatre,
Oxford, June, 1823, by T. S. Salmon.*

WE give this poem as a specimen of that classic elegance, refined taste, and correct imagination, which our modern schools of poetry affect to despise ; but nothing is more natural than to affect indifference for every thing that is placed beyond our reach. The author of "the Fox and the Grapes" was not ignorant of this truth.---Ed.

Wrapt in the veil of time's unbroken gloom,
Obscure as death, and silent as the tomb,
Where cold oblivion holds her dusky reign,
Frowns the dark pile on Sarum's lonely plain.
Yet think not here with classic eye to trace
Corinthian beauty, or Ionic grace ;
No pillar'd lines, with sculptured foliage crown'd,
No fluted remnants deck the hallowed ground ;
Firm, as implanted by some Titan's might,
Each rugged stone uprears its giant height,
Whence the pois'd fragment, tottering, seems to throw
A trembling shadow on the plain below.
Here oft, when evening sheds her twilight ray,
And gilds with fainter beam departing day,
With breathless gaze, and cheek with terror pale,
The lingering shepherd startles at the tale,
How at deep midnight, by the moon's chill glance,
Unearthly forms prolong the viewless dance ;

While on each whispering breeze that murmurs by,
 His busied fancy hears the hollow sigh.
 Rise from thy haunt, dread genius of the clime,
 Rise magic spirit of forgotten time !
 'Tis thine to burst the mantling clouds of age,
 And fling new radiance on tradition's page :
 See ! at thy call from fable's varied store,
 In shadowy train the mingled visions pour :
 Here the wild Briton, 'mid his wilder reign,
 Spurns the proud yoke, and scorns the oppressor's chain :
 Here wizard Merlin, where the mighty fell,
 Waves the dark wand, and chants the thrilling spell.
 Hark ! 'tis the bardic lyre, whose harrowing strain
 Wakes the rude echoes of the slumbering plain ;
 Lo ! 'tis the Druid pomp, whose lengthening line
 In lowliest homage bend before the shrine .
 He comes,—the priest:—amid the sullen blaze
 His snow-white robe in spectral lustre plays ;
 Dim gleam the torches through the circling night,
 Dark curl the vapours round the altar's light ;
 O'er the black scene of death each conscious star,
 In lurid glory rolls its silent car.
 'Tis gone ! e'en now the mystic horrors fade
 From Sarum's loneliness, and Mona's glade ;
 Hushed is each note of Taliesin's lyre,
 Sheath'd the fell blade, and quench'd the fatal fire .
 On wings of light Hope's angel form appears,
 Smiles on the past, and points to happier years ;
 Points with uplifted hand, and raptured eye,
 To yon pure dawn that floods the opening sky,
 And views, at length, the sun of Judah pour
 One cloudless noon o'er Albion's rescued shore.

DESCRIPTION OF A MISSIONARY.

From the AUSTRALASIA, a Poem which obtained the Chancellor's Medal, at the Cambridge Commencement, 1823, by Winthrop Mackworth Praed, of Trinity College.

THIS description appears to us to be the best passage in the "Australasia." It wants, however, that "weighty bullion" which alone gives life and energy to English verse, though it has none of the tinsel of the romantic school. Stonehenge is evidently before it in strength and dignity. The second line, however, is exquisitely beautiful and picturesque. Many have beheld "the calm wind wandering o'er" the "silver hair" of age to whom the circumstance never suggested a poetic image or association of any description; yet, the moment it is thus described, we are sensible of an impression which the real circumstance itself would have never excited. Whence is this effect? Evidently from the power of association to which the mere observer pays no attention. The wind is here endowed with life. It wanders through the hair of the old man, as if to cool him gently, or as if in love with his venerable and silver locks. This is attributing knowledge and life to the wind. Besides, the quality of calmness attributed to it is admirably contrasted with the piety and age of the old man, over whose hair it delights to wander. All inanimate objects become poetic the moment we endow them with those attributes which are the peculiar and distinctive inheritance of man. There are, indeed, few qualities in nature which may not be attributed to man, whence he has been properly called the little world; but some of these qualities are peculiar to himself, while he possesses the rest in common with being in general. Whenever those qualities which are peculiarly his own, are transferred to inani-

mate objects, they are immediately translated into the poetic world, and become objects, not only of a different, but of a more exalted species than they were before.---ED.

With furrowed brow, and cheek serenely fair,
The calm wind wandering o'er his silver hair,
His arms uplifted, and his moistened eye
Fixed in deep rapture on the golden sky.
Upon the shore, through many a billow driven,
He kneels at last, the messenger of heaven !
Long years, that rank the mighty with the weak,
Have dimmed the flush upon his faded cheek,
And many a dew, and many a noxious damp,
The daily labour, and the nightly lamp,
Have reft away, for ever reft, from him
The liquid accent, and the buoyant limb.
Yet still within him aspirations swell,
Which time corrupts not, sorrows cannot quell ;
The changeless zeal, which on, from land to land,
Speeds the faint foot, and nerves the withered hand,
And the mild charity, which, day by day,
Weeps every wound, and every stain away,
Rears the young bud on every blighted stem,
And longs to comfort where she must condemn.
With these, through storms, and bitterness and wrath,
In peace and power he holds his onward path,
Curbs the fierce soul, and sheathes the murderous steel,
And calms the passions he had ceased to feel.
Yes, he hath triumphed, while his lips relate
The sacred story of his Saviour's fate,
While in the search of that tumultuous horde
He opens wide the everlasting word,

And bids the soul drink deep of wisdom there,
In fond devotion, and in fervent prayer.
In speechless awe the wonder-stricken throng
Check their rude feasting, and their barbarous song
Around his steps the gathering myriads crowd,
The chief, the slave, the timid, and the proud;
Of various features and of various dress,
Like their own forest-leaves, confused and numberless.
Where shall your temples, where your worship be,
Gods of the air, and rulers of the sea.
In the glad dawning of a kinder light,
Your blind adorer quits your gloomy rite,
And kneels in gladness on his native plain,
A happier votary at a holier fane.

THE UNKNOWN GRAVE.

WHOMSOEVER is the writer of the "Unknown Grave," it possesses a merit to which it is difficult to do adequate justice, whether we consider the sentiments, the poetry, or the moral. Perhaps he is neither Byron, Campbell, Scott, nor Moore; but however highly we respect these names, we imagine they could not easily improve the following lines, without disturbing the harmony and repose that reign throughout. We do not mean by this to say, that the author could produce "Don Juan," "the Pleasures of Hope," "Marmion," or "the Loves of the Angels;" but we mean to say, that we should not feel ourselves justified in supposing him incapable of them, though we are well aware that excellence may be attained in a short production by him who is unequal to a work of greater magnitude. We would object to the epithet "gloweth,"

"A moral lesson gloweth here;"

for there is nothing of a glowing character to be found in morality. Its object is to moderate and calm, and not to give ardour and energy to our feelings and passions ; but without a high tone of feeling or passion there is neither glow nor energy.

Ed.

Who sleeps below ? who sleeps below ?

It is a question idle all !

Ask of the breezes as they blow,

Say, do they heed, or hear thy call ?

They murmur in the trees around,

And mock thy voice, an empty sound !

A hundred summer suns have showered.

Their fostering warmth, and radiance bright ;

A hundred winter storms have lower'd

With piercing floods, and hues of night,

Since first this remnant of his race

Did tenant his lone dwelling-place.

Say did he come from east, from west ?

From southern climes, or where the pole,

With frosty sceptre, doth arrest

The howling billows, as they roll ?

Within what realm of peace or strife,

Did he first draw the breath of life ?

Was he of high or low degree ?

Did grandeur smile upon his lot ?

Or, born to dark obscurity,

Dwelt he within some lonely cot,

And from his youth to labour wed,

From toil-strung limbs wrung daily bread ?

Say, died he ripe, and full of years
Bowded down and bent by hoary eld,
When sound was silence to his ears
And the dim eye-ball sight withheld ;
Like a ripe apple falling down,
Unshaken, mid the orchard brown ;

When all the friends that bless'd his prime,
Were vanish'd like a morning dream ;
Pluck'd one by one by spareless time,
And scatter'd in oblivion's stream ;
Passing away all silently,
Like snow flakes melting in the sea :

Or, mid the summer of his years,
When round him throng'd his children young,
When bright eyes gush'd with burning tears,
And anguish dwelt on every tongue,
Was he cut off, and left behind
A widowed wife, scarce half resign'd ?

Or, mid the sunshine of his spring
Came the swift bolt that dash'd him down,
When she, his chosen, blossoming
In beauty, deem'd him all her own,
And forward look'd to happier years
Than ever blessed their vale of tears ?

Perhaps he perished for the faith,—
One of that persecuted band,
Who suffer'd tortures, bonds, and death,
To free from mental thrall the land,
And, toiling for the martyr's fame,
Espous'd his fate, nor found a name !

Say, was he one to science blind,
 A groper in earth's dungeon dark?
 Or one, whose bold aspiring mind
 Did in the fair creation mark
 The Maker's hand, and kept his soul
 Free from this grovelling world's controul?

Hush, wild surmise!—'tis vain—'tis vain—
 The summer flowers in beauty blow,
 And sighs the wind, and floods the rain,
 O'er some old bones that rot below;
 No other record can we trace
 Of fame, or fortune, rank, or race!

Then what is life, when thus we see
 No trace remains of life's career?—
 Mortal! whoe'er thou art, for thee
 A moral lesson gloweth here;
 Put'st thou in aught of earth thy trust?
 'Tis doom'd that dust shall mix with dust.

What doth it matter then, if thus,
 Without a stone, without a name,
 To impotently herald us,

We float not on the breath of fame;
 But, like the dew-drop from the flower,
 Pass, after glittering for an hour?

Since soul decays not; freed from earth
 And earthly coils it bursts away;
 Receiving a celestial birth,
 And spurning off its bonds of clay,
 It soars, and seeks another sphere,
 And blooms through heaven's eternal year!

Do good ; shun evil ; live not thou,
 As if at death thy being died ;
 Nor error's syren voice allow
 To draw thy steps from truth aside ;
 Look to thy journey's end—the grave !
 And trust in Him whose arm can save. Δ

Blackwood's Magazine.

STANZAS.

THERE may be poetry without nature, and nature without poetry; that is, a thought may be expressed poetically though it is false, and a thought may be true though not expressed poetically. In the following lines, we believe every sentiment is at once natural and poetic at the same time. There is always great danger in attempting to throw a diviner charm over the beauty of woman, by images drawn from sensible, or inanimate nature; at least few poets have succeeded in the application of such images; but we think the comparison in the last lines, between the "lights gleaming around the brow" of the fair and the summer sky, is both happy and natural.

1.

I knew not that the world contain'd
 A form so lovely as thine own ;
 Nor deem'd that where such beauty reign'd
 Humility would fix her throne.
 For I had mark'd where eyes were bright,
 Too well their owners knew their pow'r,
 And arm'd them with that dazzling light
 The sun emits at noon-tide's hour :

Too proud to veil a single ray,
Or one effulgent glance surrender,
And glittering with the blaze of day,
A scorning twilight's softer splendor.

2

I knew not where the form display'd
Such symmetry and grace as thine,
That intellect would lend its aid,
For I had marked where form and face
Had beauty's varied charms combined ;
There oft was wanting feeling's grace,—
The beam of soul—the ray of mind.
And vain has been each studied art,
And futile every cold endeavour—
The light that comes not from the heart,
A moment shines—then fades for ever.
But I, at last, have turned from those
Whom once I knew, to gaze on thee,—
On thee, whose cheek's divinest glows
Reveal thy bosom's purity.
The summer sky is calm—serene—
The summer ocean mildly fair,
As if some bright—some heavenly scene
In beauty were reflected there ;
And thus when on thy brow I gaze,
And view the lights around it gleaming,
They seem to be the living rays
From heart, and soul, and spirit beaming.

London Magazine.

SONG

FROM "QUENTIN DURWARD."

It would be difficult to point out a fault in the following piece, while the harmony and contrast of images are inimitably beautiful.

ED.

" Ah ! County Guy, the hour is nigh,
The sun has left the lea,
The orange flower perfumes the bower,
The breeze is on the sea.
The lark his lay who trill'd all day,
Sits hush'd his partner nigh ;
Breeze, bird, and flower, they know the hour,
But where is County Guy ?

" The village maid steals through the shade,
Her shepherd's suit to hear ;
To beauty shy, by lattice high,
Sings high-born cavalier.
The star of love, all stars above,
Now reigns o'er earth and sky ;
And high and low its influence know,
But where is County Guy ?"

FROM THE
FABLES FOR THE HOLY ALLIANCE.

THE humour of these lines is not the humour of a Scythian philosopher. It is all over Irish, and we doubt whether it would have been surpassed, had it been genuine Scythian.—ED.

The wise men of Egypt were secret as dummies ;
And e'en when they most condescended to teach,
They pack'd up their meaning, as they did their mummies,
In so many wrappers, 'twas out of one's reach.

They were also, good people, much given to kings,
Fond of monarchs and crocodiles, monkeys and mystery,

Bats, hierophants, blue-bottle flies, and such things,
As will partly appear in this very short history.

A Scythian philosopher, (nephew, they say,
To that other great traveller, young Anacharsis,)
Stept into a temple at Memphis one day,
To have a short peep at their mystical farces.

He saw* a brisk blue-bottle fly on an altar,
Made much of, and worshipp'd, as something divine ;
While a large handsome bullock, led there in a halter,
Before it lay stabb'd at the foot of the shrine.

* According to Elian, it was in the island of Lencadia they practised this ceremony,—*ὅθεν ἔστιν τὰς μυαγ.*—*De Animal.* Lib. ii. cap. 8.

Surpris'd at such doings, he whisper'd his teacher—

“ If 't isn't impertinent, may I ask, why
Should a bullock, that useful and powerful creature,
Be thus offer'd up to a blue-bottle fly?”

“ No wonder,” said t'other, “ you stare at the sight,
But we, as a symbol of monarchy view it;
That fly on the shrine is legitimate right,
And that bullock, the people, that's sacrificed to it.”

I HAVE selected the following Poetic Epistle, from its breathing a feeling at once natural and chaste, a feeling which betrays neither the levity of the coquette, the formality of the prude, the coldness and stiltedness of her whose love is founded in interested motives, nor the unblushing lasciviousness of her who yields to a more unholy passion. Though the feeling, however, is just, the thought, in the second line of the second stanza, is neither true, nor founded in experience. To reflect upon “ past delight,” is never sorrowful, unless attended with the reflection, that it was a delight purchased at the expense of virtue.—Ed.

TO * * * * *

Whene'er we part from those we love,
And, faint with sorrow, languish,
How may the troubled heart remove
The pressure of such anguish?

Reflection can no comfort bring,
For past delight is sorrow;
And hope will close her weary wing,
Long ere the promised morrow.

But joy, you tell me, still is left :
The moment of returning
Will heal the heart, at parting cleft,
And recompense its mourning.

Ah ! ne'er did joy and grief with me
Keep such convenient measure ;
If I must lose the sight of thee,
I pay too dear for pleasure.

London Magazine.

THE SKELETON DANCE.

THE Skeleton Dance is an obvious imitation of "Alonzo the Brave, and the Fair Imogene," and inculcates the same moral. There is a romantic wildness and awfulness in the scene, that impart feelings of a kindred nature with those of which we are conscious in our youth, when ghosts and hobgoblins are made the subject of a winter evening's fire-side. "The anthem is chanting," with which the poet properly commences, prepares us for those fearful emotions, which it was his intention to excite. There is an inimitable beauty in the application of "gay" to grave-stones, for as no juncture of circumstances can make these memorials of the dead assume a gay aspect, and as the mind has already anticipated something of evil, this fearful gaiety serves only to increase our apprehensions. Grave-stones looking gay, resemble the lights that precede a storm. We do not give this piece, however, as possessing any original merit, for both the story, the style, the imagery, and the sentiments, are borrowed. We give it, merely because the deep impression which it makes has a moral tendency, and is calculated to pro-

duce that religious fear which, however unnecessarily exercised, where the mind is naturally pure and virtuous, frequently deters grosser spirits from the walks of impious revelry and profane delight.

It belongs, however, to some of the modern schools of poetry; to which school we cannot say, for we have not discrimination enough to distinguish between them, but that it belongs to some of them we are certain, from the license which the author takes in the structure of his verse, a privilege which all the modern schools arrogate to themselves, though it is contrary not only to all classical models, but to all principles deduced from the laws of melody and harmony, which is saying, in other words, that it is contrary to nature. What prose can be more prosaic than such lines as these:—

As the last anthem peal was dying away,

* * * * *

Let us to the green. But now as they went,

* * * * *

Dear Matilda, cried he, Oh ! quit, love, this place,

* * * * *

Go, coward, she said ; go pray, if you will.

The author seems, also, to think himself entitled to write bad grammar, because Shenstone did so, in similar phrases:—"The moon *she* shone bright."—"The moon *she* shone mildly."—Ed.

The anthem is chanting, the priests kneel around,
 No unlistening ear in the village is found,
 The loud-swelling chorus flies upward to heaven,
 To the organ's full peal a fresh volume is given ;
 The day is now waning, declining the sun,
 And the Lord's-day bless'd matins are over and done.
 A troop of young villagers outward are pressing,
 All greeting, and laughing, and joyful caressing ;

Young Roger de Tracy, and Ralph Bornaville,
Robert Wivel was there, and young Amourduille.
All gay-blooded Normans, in tourney or court,
Could none match the youths of fair Rix-à-la-Port.

The moon she shone mildly, the stars twinkled bright,
And flooded the chapel with silvery light ;
The spires and grave-stones look'd gay ; and the trees
Seem'd tipped with fair splendour, and waved in the
breeze ;

And out rush'd the band of the villagers gay,
As the last anthem-peal was dying away.

"Ho ! ho !" cried young Roger, "a night such as this,
Is sacred to lovers, and kisses, and bliss ;
What say'st, sweet Sibylla ? what, comrades ? what, ho !
Shall we creep to our couches, demurely and slow ?
Let us hail you, fair goddess,—ay, now, ere we rest,
Let us hail her with revel, with dance, and with jest."

Then loud laugh'd his comrades, and shouted assent,
"Let us to the green ;" but now, as they went,
The holy monk Francis besought them to stay ;
"Oh ! sin not," he cried, "oh ! think on the day—
Oh ! think that God hallowed this day out of seven—
Oh ! think that to pleasure six days hath he given !"

"Away with thy priestcraft," cried Roger, with scorn,
"We will dance, we will jest, we will revel till morn !
Nay, to punish thy pride, and throw shame on thy face,
Instead of the green, we will dance in this place !
Over the grave-stones, and over the dead !"
"Ay, ay," all his revelling company said.

All but one ; and he was the young Amourville ;
The rest of the band could not hear—could not feel.
“ Dear Matilda,” cried he, “ oh ! quit, love, this place !”
But she jeer’d at his fears, and laugh’d in his face,
“ Go, coward,” she said, “ go, pray if you will,
Give me dance, and high revel, the sun-beams until.”

And now each brave youth has a fair partner led,
To dance o’er the grave-stones, and over the dead ;
And loud shouted Roger, and Sibyl laugh’d high,
As over the tombs, and the flesh-grass they fly.
And holy St. Francis went mutt’ring away,
“ Ay,—dance on for ever, for ever, for aye !”

Then revell’d they on, and the moon she shone bright,
And still they dance on, as departed the night ;
And, then, fathers and mothers, and elders so grey,
Pray’d in vain that they’d stop, in vain that they’d stay.
They laugh’d at their fathers, they jeer’d at the grey,
And all went with jokes, or profaneness away.

Still they danc’d,—still they danc’d, but now nothing
said !

As they rush’d over the grave-stones, and over the dead.
No laughter’s now heard, no revel, no jeer,
They seem’d not to see, or to feel, or to hear !
The maidens look’d pale, and no cheek there was red,
As they flew o’er the grave-stones, and over the dead.

The morning-blush now, had just dappled the sky,
Still, o’er the church-yard,—ah ! fastly they fly !
The villagers gaz’d on the horrible band,
And speechless, and motionless,—spiritless stand.

Some pray, some lament, some weep, and some kneel,
When rush'd from the village the young Amourduille.

“Matilda ! Matilda, oh ! stop thee,” he cried ;
Oh ! quit soon this horrible motion, my bride ;
She stopp'd not a moment, and nothing she said,
But flew o'er the grave-stones, and over the dead ;
And on rush'd the band, with the swiftness of light,
And whirl'd round and round in the villagers' sight.

In young Amourduille rush'd--the band soon came
round,

He flew to Matilda, and caught her fast round.
She was icy,--his blood thrill'd--but still he held fast,
And on rush'd the horrible company past,
And on swept Matilda--with fright and alarm,
He found he clasp'd still but a skeleton arm !

Then vanish'd the band, though that night every year
Their dance you may see, their shrieks you may hear ;
There, lash'd by fierce spirits, they sweep on till morn,
Who treated God's day, and his servants with scorn.
There the skeleton dance may be seen, it is said,
Dance over the tomb-stones, and over the dead.

L.

New Monthly Magazine.

SURNAMES.

THE entire merit of the following *jeu d'esprit*, consists in the original thought which suggested it. Throughout the whole, there is no variation in the thought, but the contrast of the name and character is so happily imagined, that it deserves a place in this selection. The versification is smooth, and the manner possesses the *curiosa felicitas* of genius.—ED.

Men once were surnamed from their shape or estate,
 (You all may from history worm it,)
There was Lewis the Bulky, and Henry the Great,
 John Lackland, and Peter the Hermit.
But now, when the door-plates of misters and dames
 Are read, each so constantly varies
From the owner's trade, figure, and calling, surnames,
 Seem given by the rule of contraries.

Mr. Box, though provoked, never doubles his fist,
 Mr. Burns in his grate has no fuel,
Mr. Playfair won't catch me at hazard or whist,
 Mr. Coward was winged in a duel.
Mr. Wise is a dunce, Mr. King is a whig,
 Mr. Coffin's uncommonly sprightly,
And huge Mr. Little broke down in a gig,
 While driving fat Mrs. Golightly.

Mrs. Drinkwater's apt to indulge in a dram,
 Mrs. Angel's an absolute fury,
And meek Mr. Lion let fierce Mr. Lamb
 Tweak his nose in the lobby of Drury.

At Bath, where the feeble go more than the stout,
(A conduct well worthy of Nero,)

Over poor Mr. Lightfoot, confined with the goat,
Mr. Heaviside danced a Bolero.

Miss Joy, wretched maid, when she chose Mr. Love,
Found nothing but sorrow await her :

She now holds in wedlock, as true as a dove,
That fondest of mates Mr. Hayter.

Mr. Oldcastle dwells in a modern-built hut,
Miss Sage is of madcaps the archest ;

Of all the queer bachelors Cupid e'er cut,
Old Mr. Younghusband's the starchest.

Mr. Child, in a passion, knock'd down Mr. Rock,
Mr. Stone like an aspen-leaf shivers,

Miss Poole used to dance, but she stands like a stock,
Ever since she became Mrs. Rivers.

Mr. Swift hobbles onward, no mortal knows how,
He moves as though cords had entwin'd him ;

Mr. Metcalfe ran off, upon meeting a cow,
With pale Mr. Turnbull behind him.

Mr. Barker's as mute as a fish in the sea,
Mr. Miles never moves on a journey,

Mr. Gotobed sits up till half-after-three,
Mr. Makepeace was bred an attorney.

Mr. Gardner can't tell a flower from a root,
Mr. Wild with timidity draws back,

Mr. Ryder performs all his journeys on foot,
Mr. Foot all his journeys on horseback.

Mr. Penny, whose father was rolling in wealth,
Kick'd down all the fortune his dad won ;

Large Mr. Le Fever's the picture of health,
Mr. Goodenough is but a bad one.

Mr. Cruikshank stept into three thousand a year,
 By shewing his leg to an heiress.
 Now, I hope you'll acknowledge I've made it quite clear,
 Surnames ever go by contraries.

New Monthly Magazine.

THE
 FEMALE CONVICT TO HER INFANT.

SYMPATHY is always a pleasing emotion, and therefore whatever excites it must necessarily impart pleasure. It requires a stubbornness of nerve which, if we ourselves possessed, we should blush to acknowledge, to read the female convict without sympathizing with her situation. As this sympathy is pleasing, however mournful, and as the primary object of poetry is to please, we think the Female Convict worthy a place in our selection. Ed.

Oh, sleep not my babe, for the morn of to-morrow
 Will hush me to slumbers more tranquil than thine;
 The dark grave will shield me from shame and from
 sorrow,
 Though the deeds and the doom of the guilty are mine.
 Not long shall the arm of affection enfold thee,
 Not long shalt thou hang on thy mother's fond breast;
 And who with the eye of delight shall behold thee,
 Who watch thee, and guard thee, when I am at rest?
 And yet doth it grieve me to wake thee, my dearest,
 The pangs of thy desolate parent to see;
 Thou wilt weep when the clank of my fetters thou hearest,
 And none but the guilty should mourn over me.

And yet must I wake thee,—for while thou art weeping,
 To calm thee, I stifle my tears for awhile ;
 But thou smil'st in thy dreams, while thus placidly
 sleeping,
 And, oh ! how it wounds me to gaze on thy smile !

Alas, my sweet babe ! with what pride had I press'd thee,
 To the bosom that now throbs with terror and shame ;
 If the pure tie of virtuous affection had bless'd thee,
 And hail'd thee the heir of thy father's high name !

But now, with remorse that avails not, I mourn thee,
 Forsaken and friendless as soon thou wilt be ;
 In a world, if it cannot betray, that will scorn thee,
 Avenging the guilt of thy mother on thee.

And when the dark thought of thy fate shall awaken
 The deep blush of shame on thine innocent cheek ;
 When by all, but the God of the orphan, forsaken,
 A home and a father in vain thou shalt seek.

I know that the base world will strive to deceive thee,
 With falsehood like that which thy mother beguil'd ;
 Deserted and helpless,—to whom can I leave thee ?
 O, God of the fatherless ! pity my child !

New European Magazine.

THE DREAMS OF LIFE.

THEODORE is an evident imitation of Moore, at least in this and some other of his poetic effusions, and yet in calling him an imitator, we would by no means imply that he evinces either an absence of original powers, or original genius, for we believe no imitation can be perfect, without possessing both. A poet only can translate a poet, and genius only can imitate genius perfectly. It is true that some men possess a talent of imitating, but they possess it only in a certain degree, for in no instance whatever can they seize on the finer shades, and uncompounded beauties of their original. A writer of genius and true taste will, therefore, have no difficulty in detecting the grossness of the imitation, and proving it to be a caricature instead of an imitation. Whatever is of a superior order in poetry, painting, music, and the fine arts in general, are incapable of being taught. "*Ea quæ in oratore maxima sunt, imitabilia non sunt. Ingenium, inventio, vis, facilitas, et quid-quid arte non traditur.*" Hence they can only be imitated by genius, because it is only genius that can operate without instruction. Genius seizes at once by an indescribable and incommunicable feeling, the spirit of the original, the "soul of soul" by which it is animated; but talent can only grasp those tangible and grosser elements which present themselves to the eye of the senses, and are only the clothing of that spirit which he can neither feel nor perceive. Theodore, in this, and his other imitations of Moore, has happily seized upon his spirit, though we doubt whether he is capable of entering into all its depth and intensity. The following lines want the richness, luxuriance, and versatility of Moore, that plastic feeling, which vibrates to all the finer impulses and harmonies of nature, and in which, we think Moore has never been excelled,

we could almost say equalled ; but Theodore partly makes amends for it, by the truth and philosophy of his sentiments.

All men are dreamers ; from the hour
When reason first exerts its power,
Unmindful of its bitter sting,
To some deceiving hope we cling,—
That hope's a dream !

The brazen trumpet's clangour gives
The joy on which the warrior lives ;
And at his injured country's call,
He leaves his home, his friends, his all—
For glory's dream !

The lover hangs on some bright eye,
And dreams of bliss in every sigh ?
But brightest eyes are deep in guile,
And he who trusts their fickle smile,
Trusts in a dream !

The poet, nature's darling child,
By fame's all-dazzling star beguiled ;
Sings love's alternate hope and fear,
Paints visions which his heart holds dear,—
And thus he dreams !

And there are those who build their joys,
On proud ambition's gilded toys,
Who feign would climb the craggy height,
Whose power displays its splendid light,—
But dreaming fall !

Whilst others 'midst the giddy throng
 Of pleasure's victims, sweep along ;
 Till feelings damp'd and satiate hearts,
 Too worn to feel when bliss departs,—
 Prove all a dream !

And when that chilly call of fear,
 Death's mandate hurtles in the ear ;
 We find, would we retrace the past,
 E'en life at best now fading fast,—
 Is all a dream !

THEODORE.

From the New European Magazine.

SAINT VALERIE.

THE following is a tender and melancholy picture of unfortunate love withdrawing from the world, and terminating all its hopes and desires in religious solitude.—ED.

Raised on the rocky barriers of the sea,
 Stands thy dark convent, fair St. Valerie !
 Lone like an eagle's nest, the pine trees tall
 Throw their long shadows on the heavy wall,
 Where never sound is heard, save the wild sweep
 Of mountain-waters rushing to the deep,
 The tempest's midnight song, the battle-cry
 Of warring winds, like armies met on high,
 And in the silent hour the convent chime,
 And sometimes, at the quiet evening time,

A vesper song—those tones, so pure, so sweet,
When airs of earth and words of heaven do meet ;
Sad is the legend of that young saint's doom !
When the spring rose was in its May of bloom,
The storm was darkening ; at that sweet hour,
When hands beloved had reared her nuptial bower,
The pestilence came o'er the land, and he
 With whom her heart was, died that very morn—
Her bridal morn ! alas ! that there should be
 Such evils ever for affection born !
She shrank away from earth, and solitude
 Is the sole refuge for the heart's worst pain ;
Life had no ties,—she twined her into heaven,
 And on the steep rock reared her holy fane.
It has an air of sadness, as just meet
For the so broken heart's last lone retreat !—
A portrait here has still preserved each charm :
I saw it one bright evening when the warm
Last glow of sun-set shed its crimson ray
O'er the lovely image. She was fair
As the most radiant spirits of the air,
Whose life is amid flowers ; like the day,
The golden summer day, her glossy hair
Fell o'er a brow of Indian ivory ;
Her cheek was pale, and in her large, dark eye
There was a thought of sorrow, and her brow
Upon one small, snow hand leant pensively,
As if to hide her tears—the other prest
A silver crucifix upon her breast.
I ne'er saw sadness touching as in thee
And thy lorn look, oh fair St. VALERIE !

Literary Gazette.

F

SPIRITS OF HEAVEN.

THE fickleness and restlessness of mind which father Francis betrays in the following lines, depict, we believe, naturally enough, the revolutions of desire and mutability of feeling peculiar to those who seclude themselves from the world, and devote their lives to religious exercises. If we have any fault to find with the poet, it is for not making the suppliant invoke a few more of the ethereal visitants, for we believe that even those who mix with the world, and who, consequently, are less exposed to the influence of mental impressions than Father Francis, experience more alternations in their antipathies and desires, and, consequently, invoke a greater number of spirits, or, in other words, seek to gratify a greater number of restless cravings, than he did. The solitary recluse, however, is more subject to this fever of the mind than he who mingles and jostles with the world.

Ed.

SPIRITS OF HEAVEN.

Spirit of Joy ! I will call upon thee !
With thy bounding step and thy radiant smile ;
Thou shalt teach me thy mirth and thy revelry,
For thou can'st the cares of life beguile.
Yet leave me, ah, leave me ! all gay as thou art,
I love not thy vain and idle folly ;
Thy laughter oppresses the weary heart,
And leaves it to languor and melancholy.

Spirit of Peace ! descend from the sky,
With thy calm, pure look, and thy promise of rest ;
And let the beam of thy dove-like eye
Still the throbs of this troubled breast :
Yet daughter of heaven ! thy pinion fold,
My restless soul will not bend to thy sway ;
For thy smile, tho' sweet, is strangely cold,
And it chills my spirit—away ! away !

Spirit of Love ! obey my voice !
And lead my steps to thy fairy bowers,
And let my heart in thy smile rejoice,
And crown my brow with thy brightest flowers.
Ah, traitor ! thy roses too swiftly fade,
Too soon the captive shall feel thy chain ;
And many a heart by thy smile betrayed,
Shall sigh for its freedom—but sigh in vain.

Spirit of Hope ! from thy bright cloud bend,
No power can thy endless charm destroy ;
If thou wilt ever my steps attend,
My life shall be one bright round of joy.
Angel of Beauty ! thy guardian wing
Shall shield me from every earth-born sorrow !
I feel not the anguish to-day may bring,
If still thou wilt promise a blissful morrow !

Netley Abbey.

FATHER FRANCIS.

Literary Gazette.—No. 312.

LINES OF MADAME D'HAUTELOT.

WE could never admire that species of love which is purely and unmingledly sentimental, nor yet that in which there is no mixture of sentiment. The one appears of too mental, the other of too sensual a character; and we find ourselves so mysteriously composed, that our pleasures run highest when they are excited by mixed influences, that is, influences partly sensitive and partly intellectual. Where all is mental, the influence is too refined for us: we cannot grasp it, or identify ourselves with its nature. Hence, though we admire the "Paradise Lost," we cannot love it. Its characters are beings with whom we possess no common sympathies. Even Adam and Eve, who might be supposed beings of the same nature with ourselves, have not a particle of nature in them as they are described by Milton. Like all other sinners, they have nothing but religion and morality in their mouths, and we heartily hate all those who make a trade of moralizing. They are too evangelical for us. "There is a time to laugh, and a time to cry;" but these gentlemen are always crying over the sins of others. We like to laugh when the time for laughing comes, and therefore we cannot relish those who are always in a contrary mood. On the other hand, where all is sensual, the influence is too gross for us; and we cannot feel satisfied with ourselves in either loving or admiring any thing proceeding from the pen of a writer professedly sensual. Thus do we find ourselves "fearfully and wonderfully made," incapable of relishing any thing that is purely intellectual or purely sensual. We give, therefore, the following lines of Madame D' Houtelot not because they express any feelings congenial with our own, but because they will be pleasing to such readers as are fond of sentimental poetry. They of-

fend, at the same time, no rule of good taste or criticism which we can at this moment recollect. We agree indeed with Catullus, that

Difficile est longum subito deponere amorem ;

and therefore think it very natural that this good lady should continue to love in her old age ; but she does not tell us who she is in love with ;—on the contrary, so far from appearing to be in love with any person, she appears only to be in love with the idea of being in love ; or, as Bruyere expresses it, she appears to be one of those “ who wish to be in love but find they cannot.” This is not love, but a chimera of the mind in which real passion has no part whatever, and whoever can relish it, much good may it do to him ; but for our own part, we can never sympathize with such unreal, unsubstantial, and visionary affections, or rather phantasies, of the understanding ; or, indeed, with affections of any sort that have not their original residence in the heart. We therefore admire the following sentiment, which the reader will find in one of our poetical extracts.

And vain has been each studied art,
 And futile every cold endeavour,
 The light that comes not from the heart ;
 A moment shines then fades for ever.

Ed.

Jeune J'aimai. Le temps de mon bel age,
 Ce temps si court, l'amour seul le remplit :
 Quand j'atteignis la saison d'être sage,
 Toujours j'aimai, la raison me le dit,
 Mais l'age vient, et le plaisir s'envole ;
 Mais mon bonheur ne s'envole aujourd' hui,
 Car j'aime encore, et l'amour me console ;
 Rien n'aurait pu me consoler de lui,

When young, I loved, at that delicious age
So sweet, so short, love was my sole delight ;
And when I reached the season to be sage,
Still I loved on, for reason gave me right.

Age comes at length, and livelier joys depart,
Yet gentle ones still kiss these eyelids dim ;
For still I love, and love consoles my heart ;
What could console me for the loss of him ?

THE LIBERAL.

ROUSSEAU'S RETREAT.

Moore's damning sin, according to the critics, is levity ; but surely if he were even cursed or blessed with greater frailties and weaknesses than other men, the following lines should be more than a sufficient atonement for all his transgressions. We have no hesitation to say, that the sentiments are conceived with a delicacy of feeling and a chastity of imagination, and that the terms of the language in which they are expressed, are selected with a nicety and accuracy of discrimination, which not only places the poet beyond the vulgar bounds of the critic, but to the beauties, of which no critic can do adequate justice. There is a beauty in sentiment and fine feeling, which can neither be analysed nor explained, while the faults of writers lie always on the surface, and consequently can be laid hold on, and held, up to public derision. Deformity is always a protuberance which lies on the exterior of bodies, but beauty is a gem which retires from the public gaze, and modestly conceals itself from the stupid stare of those who can neither discriminate its perceptions, nor become sensible of its charms. No wonder, then, that critics should eternally dwell on the faults of writers, and be eternally blind to their re-

deeming beauties, because the former are gross and palpable, the latter visible only to the eye of genius. The Edinburgh Review professed, at its commencement, to review only works of merit; and yet who could imagine from its system of reviewing, that a work of merit ever fell into the hands of its conductor?—*Ed.*

“ I may be cold—may want that glow
Of high romance, which bards should know,
That holy homage, which is felt
In treading where the great have dwelt—
This reverence, whatsoe’er it be,
 I fear, I feel, I have it not,
For here, at this still hour, to me
 The charms of this delightful spot--
Its calm seclusion from the throng,
 From all the heart would fain forget,
This narrow valley, and the song,
 Of its small murmuring rivulet--
The flitting, to and fro, of birds,
 Tranquil and tame as they were once
In Eden, ere the startling words
 Of man disturbed their orisons !
Those little, shadowy paths that wind
Up the hill side, with fruit trees lined,
And lighted only by the breaks
The gay wind in the foliage makes,
Or vistas, here and there, that ope
 Through weeping willows like the snatches
Of far off scenes of light, which hope
 Ev’n through the shade of sadness catches !—

All this, which could I once but lose
The memory of those vulgar ties,
Whose grossness, all the heavenliest hues
Of genius, can no more disguise,
Than the sun's beams can do away
With filth of fens o'er which they play—
This scene which would have filled my heart
With thoughts of all that happiest is—
Of love, where self hath only part,
As echoing back another's bliss,
Of solitude, secure and sweet,
Beneath whose shade the virtues meet ;
Which while it shelters, never chills
Our sympathies with human woe,
But keeps them, like sequestered rills,
Purer and fresher in their flow—
Of happy days, that share their beams
Twixt quiet mirth and wise employ—
Of tranquil nights, that give, in dreams,
The moonlight of the morning's joy !
All this my heart could dwell on here,
But for those hateful memories near,
Those sordid truths, that cross the track
Of each sweet thought, and drive them back
Full into all the mire and strife,
And vanities of that man's life,
Who more than all that e'er have glow'd,
With fancy's flame (and it was *his*,
If ever given to mortal) show'd
What an imposter genius is—

How, with that strong, mimetic art,
Which is its life and soul, it takes
All shapes of thought, all hues of heart,
Nor feels, itself, one throb it wakes—
How like a gem its light may smile
O'er the dark path, by mortals trod,
Itself as mean a worm, the while,
As crawls along the sullyng sod—
What sensibility may fall
From its false lip, what plans to bless,
While home, friends, kindred, country, all,
Lie waste beneath its selfishness.
How, with the pencil hardly dry
From colouring up such scenes of love
And beauty, as make young hearts sigh,
And dream, and think through heaven they rove,
They who can thus describe and move,
The very workers of these charms,
Nor seek, nor ask a heaven above,
Some Maman's or Theresa's arms !
“ How all, in short, that makes the boast
Of their false tongues they want the most ;
And, while with freedom on their lips,
Sounding her timbrels to set free
This bright world, labouring in the eclipse
Of priestcraft and of slavery,
They may, themselves, be slaves as low
As ever Lord or Patron made,
To blossom in his smile, or grow,
Like stunted brushwood, in his shade !
Out on the craft !—I'd rather be
One of those hinds that round me tread,

With just enough of sense to see
 The noon-day sun that's o'er my head,
 Than thus with high-built genius curst,
 That hath no heart for its foundation,
 Be all at once, that's brightest—worst—
 Sublimest—meanest in creation!"

THOS. MOORE.

THE ENCHANTED FLUTE,

With other Poems, and Fables from La Fontaine.

By E. P. Wolferstan.

A CRITIC, commenting on the following beautiful lines, professes to admire the image conveyed by

——— The play
 Of moonlight on the wave.

We should admire it also if we did not know it to be a copy of a still more beautiful image.

How sweet the moonbeam sleeps on yonder bank.
 The imitation is so obvious that we could not profess to admire it without becoming imitators ourselves, for this image has been admired over and over by the critics. At the same time, we do not find fault with its introduction here in a new dress, and we consider the entire passage exceedingly tender and poetic.

ED.

Beats there a heart no care is near
 No sorrow dare invade ?
 Glows there a cheek where never tear
 Has taught the rose to fade ?

Lives one in all this scene below,
Where troubles stalk around,
Who from the very touch of woe
Has strange exemption found.

With spirits lighter than the play
Of moonlight on the wave,
A frame where health with even sway
Maintains the law she gave.

A mind in whose gigantic grasp
All science lives enrolled ;
A memory whose tenacious clasp
Can all the past unfold.

A soul where blazing genius breaks
In visions from on high,
And ever thinking fancy wakes
Her world of ecstasy ?

No ! such exuberance of bliss
Was never in a world like this !
'Tis all a dream, a *beau ideal*---
Seldom imagined, never real ;
By reason crushed, as when you stir
You break the filmy gossamer.

THE MANIAC.

MORAL reflections are not easily clothed in the smiling robes of poetry, because they possess neither the levity of its lighter graces, nor the pathos of its deeper tones. When they are grafted, however, upon a pathetic subject, they are capable of producing an admirable effect. The piety that arises from sympathy is of a much higher order than that which emanates from a cold sense of duty. We have seldom met with moral reflections so happily introduced, or which leave a more pleasing impression on the mind, than those which occur in the following lines. They render us pious, and so far from resisting the hallowed emotion, we yield to it with pleasure, an effect entirely arising from our sympathy with the Maniac, or rather from our fears of that mental anarchy to which our nature is exposed. The effect, however, would have been stronger had the reflections been grafted on the story of some particular maniac.—ED.

To see the human mind o'erturn'd,--
Its loftiest heights in ruin laid,
And reason's lamp, which brightly burn'd,
Obscur'd or quench'd in frenzy's shade;
A sight like this may well awake
Our grief, our fear,---for nature's sake.

It is a painful, humbling thought
To know the empire of the mind,
With wit endow'd, with science fraught,
Is fleeting as the passing wind;
And that the richest boon of Heaven
To man is rather LENT than GIVEN.

To-day he sits on Reason's throne,
 And bids his subject powers obey;
 Thought, memory, will,—all seem his own,
 Come at his bidding, list his sway;—
 To-morrow from dominion hurl'd,
 Madness pervades the mental world!

Yet think not, though forlorn and drear
 The Maniac's doom,---his lot the worst;
 There is a suffering more severe
 Than these sad records have rehears'd:
 'Tis his---whose virtue struggles still
 In hopeless conflict with his will.

There are before whose mental eye
 Truth has her chastest charms display'd,
 But gaudier phantoms, fluttering by,
 The erring mind have still betray'd;
 'Till gathering clouds, in awful might,
 Have quench'd each beam of heavenly light.

There are whose mental ear has heard
 The "*still small voice!*" yet, prone to wrong,
 Have proudly, foolishly preferr'd
 The sophist's creed, the syren's song;---
 And staked, upon a desperate throw,
 Their hopes above,---their peace below.

There are, in short, whose days present
 One constant scene of painful strife;
 Who hourly for themselves invent
 Fresh conflicts;---'till this dream of Life
 Has made their throbbing bosoms ache,
 And yet, alas! they fear to wake.

With theirs compared, the Maniac's doom,
 Though abject, must be counted blest ;
 His mind, though often veil'd in gloom,
 At times may know a vacant rest :---
 Not so while thought and conscience prey
 Upon the heart which slights their sway.

O THOU ! whose cause they both espouse,
 In mercy bid such conflict cease ;
 Strengthen the wakening sinner's vows,
 And grant him penitence and peace :---
 Or else, in pity, o'er the soul
 The dark'ning clouds of madness roll.

London Magazine.

SONNET

By a Person who never could write one,

THIS person could have written a sonnet had he recollected these two lines in the Dunciad ;—

“ How here he sipped, how there he plundered snug,
 And sucked all o'er like an industrious bug.”—ED.

Sonnets are things I never yet could write :
 And yet can give no reason. Why the deuce
 Should not I—such a *genius*—write a spruce,
 Neat, pretty, little, tender sonnet? Try't.
 Well : how shall I begin? Hem ! now for a flight !
 ‘ O silver-shafted maid ! bright Luna’---Truce,
 Good pen ! with this ; sure every scribbling wight
 Writes sonnets *at* the moon : I'll no excuse.—

Come, try another. Scritch-scratch---Poh! you're making,

Truly, a pretty piece of business of it; scrawling, Blotting, and Oh's, and Ah's, and zig-zag drawling Over my beautiful gilt sheet. If the king Gave me his crown I could not do it. Tut! man. Well, here goes! now!---A..... *Dam'me if I can.*

London Magazine.

SONNET.

THE RHINE VISITED.*

THIS sonnet is beautifully picturesque, but we must say that, for our own parts, we could never relish this prosaic, tame, monotonous, and creeping structure of verse. It may have charms, however, for other ears, particularly those who find a charm in every thing that is in fashion and request.—ED.

'Twas yet a dream!—The golden light of day
Shone with so tranquil loveliness around,
O'er the blue waters, cliffs, and ruins grey,
There reign'd a thoughtful stillness so profound,
All seem'd a vision that might fade away,
A fleeting spell that magic art had wound;
No sunlight,—'twas the moon whose lustre lay,
So sweet and silent on that fairy ground!

* Vide Wordsworth's "Yarrow Unvisited."

Then, if a breeze came floating through the vale,
'Twas but the inspiring odorous balm to bring
From groves now blooming in the pride of spring ;
And if a voice rose, 'twas the nightingale,
Even ere the twilight hour, her cherish'd theme
Of love reviving.--ALL WAS YET A DREAM !

Blackwood's Magazine.

EVENING.

THIS would be a delightful picture of an evening in autumn, were it unaccompanied by the moral reflection that reminds us of life's decline. This reflection gives, invariably, an appearance of delusion to all the bright realities of nature.--ED.

It is the stilly hour of eve,
When all the blossoms seem to grieve ;
And mourn in tears the day's decline,
While on their petals dew-drops shine :
Each setting sun, that fades away,
But warns them of their own decay ;
Alas ! when some few suns are o'er,
They'll revel in the beam no more,
But wither on their lowly bed,
Like some lone maid, whose beauty's fled.
The breeze that slumber'd through the day,
Now whispering kisses every spray,
In yonder fragrant jasmine bower,
And fans to health each languid flower.

The nightingale is warbling now
Responses to the lover's vow.
There's music in the grove, the brake,
Nay, music in the sleeping lake ;
For every zephyr's wanton sigh
Fills the air with melody ;
And every sound,
At eve like this,
That floats around,
Breathes balmy bliss.

European Magazine.

I THINK ON THEE.

IN all Theodore's poetical effusions he seems to be an imitator of Moore. We have no comment to make, but that these lines are in the manner of Moore, and worthy of him.—ED.

When the fair sun his smile displays,
And gilds the earth with gladd'ning rays :
When Nature wakes, and sweet birds sing
Their softest praises to the spring,
I think on thee !

Or, standing 'midst the glitt'ring crowd,
Where mirth and revelry are loud ;
And hearts are lost in pleasure's maze,
Or, 'midst the spell of beauty's gaze,
I think on thee !

G

Or, when the pensive moon's pale beam
Show's silver lustre o'er the stream ;
And thoughts of former days arise
Beneath the silent, starry skies,
I think on thee !

When music bids her witching note
From some lone harp in sadness float,
And wakes the soul's soft pulses then
To bliss, no tongue can tell again,
I think on thee

Or, in the gloom of midnight's hour,
When all is hush'd, and fancy's power,
Whose dictates we can ne'er controul,
Sheds thoughts of terror o'er the soul,
I think on thee !

That blessed thought, where'er I go,
'Midst bale or bliss, or joy or woe,
Pursues me still, and soothes the smart
That passing sorrow will impart,
To think on thee !

THEODORE.

From the New European Magazine.

THE CONTENTED LOVER.

WE have selected the following lines, not for their merit, but from their possessing an appearance of merit that does not belong to them, and, consequently, being a dangerous model for imitation. What is it the poet describes? Not passion, surely, though it affects to beso; for it is evident, from his coldness of sentiment, that he is satiated with enjoyment. If he had, at any time, felt a passion for his fair one, it is obviously at an end, or, at least, has subsided into what he calls "*quiet love*." We apprehend, the ladies are no great admirers of "quiet" lovers; and to talk of a heart formed for quiet love, is to talk of a something which, poetically considered, appears to verge on the borders of indifference, though, philosophically considered, perhaps it may be allowed to possess some degree of warmth. In poetry, however, this warmth appears all coldness. The entire consists of a common-place thought, tediously spun out; and, when properly examined, instead of paying the lady any compliment, he leads us to believe that she is only a very inoffensive harmless woman, but will endure no comparison with the brighter stars of her own sex. *Comparaison n'est pas raison*; and no comparison is more absurd than that of comparing the object which we wish to praise with some other, confessedly superior to it. Cæsar preferred being the first man in a village to that of being the second in Rome; and a beautiful woman will at any time prefer the same.—ED.

I ask not if the world enfold
A fairer form than thine,
Tresses more rich in flowing gold,
And eyes of sweeter shine.

It is enough for me to know
That thou art fair to sight,
That thou hast locks of golden flow,
And eyes of playful light.

I ask not if there beat on earth
A warmer heart than thine,
A soul more rich in simple worth,
A genius more divine.

It is enough for me to prove,
Thou hast a soul sincere,
A heart well made for quiet love,
A fancy rich and clear.

Already by kind heav'n, so far
Beyond my wishes blest,
I would not, with presumptuous pray'r,
Petition for the best.

While thou art wise, and good, and fair,
Thou art that best to me ;
Nor would I, might I choose, prefer
A lovelier still to thee.

THE ETONIAN.

HARK ! UPON THE PASSING GALE.

THIS is not good enough to praise, nor bad enough to find fault with. The writer, no doubt, is an amiable young man, fit to please the ladies, and speak soft things. We insert it merely because there is nothing studied or affected in it. It is the language of a young man who occasionally mixes in the fashionable world, and can talk nonsense naturally, we mean, with a natural air, for he believes it to be the best sense in the world. The last stanza, however, is pure and unmixed nonsense, not conveying a particle of meaning.—Ed.

Hark ! upon the passing gale
Philomela's plaintive wail !
Feelings how serene and tender
Does the lonely music render !
Lady, lift thy downcast eye,
Leila, love, and tell me why ?
Mark the tints of silver made
By the moon on yon cascade ;
How those fleeting tints impart
Consolation to the heart !
Why can nature thus controul ;
Leila, say, my secret soul ?
'Tis, that in the trembling notes,
Love's pure spirit softly floats ;
'Tis, that in the moonbeam's ray,
Love delights to hold his play ;
'Tis, that in the world I see,
Leila, nought but love and thee.

THE ETONIAN.

YAMOYDEN.

THE following beautiful extracts are from an American poem, called *Yamoyden*; a tale of the wars of King Philip, by the late R. James Wallis Eastburn, M. A. and his friend. Mr. Eastburn, who was the original suggestor of it, died before its completion, which devolved on his friend, who, in several parts of the work, expresses, in the most impassioned and poetic language, the sorrows of a heart still feelingly alive to his memory. The passages we shall quote are taken from Dr. Drake's "Evenings in Autumn," a work of considerable merit, and written in a chaste and elegant style. A copy of the "*Yamoyden*" was sent to him from New York, by Mr. Eastburn's father, with a short account of his son's life. Of the young gentleman who assisted him, and completed the work after his death, we are only told that he was his friend at college, that he was but twenty years old,* that he was considered the best scholar in New York, and that he was then entering upon the practice of the law, a circumstance which the writer regrets, but hopes, at the same time, he will be induced to quit it and "follow his natural bent for polite literature." The first extract we shall make is from the *proem* to the *Yamoyden*, the production of this extraordinary young man. It is one of those passages in which he laments the loss of his departed associate, and is exquisitely beautiful and pathetic.

Go forth, sad fragments of a broken strain,
The last that either bard shall e'er assay!
The hand can ne'er attempt the chords again,
That first awoke them in a happier day:
Where sweeps the Ocean's breeze its desert way,

* The letter was written in 1821.

His requiem murmurs o'er the moaning wave ;
And he who feebly now prolongs the lay,
Shall ne'er the minstrel's hallowed honors crave ;
His harp lies buried deep, in that untimely grave.

Friend of my youth ! with thee began the love
Of sacred song ! the wont, in golden dreams,
Mid classic realms of splendors past to rove,
O'er haunted steeps, and by immortal streams ;
Where the blue wave, with sparkling bosom gleams
Round shores, the mind's eternal heritage,
For ever lit by memory's twilight beams ;
Where the proud dead that live in storied page,
Beckon, with awful port, to glory's earlier age.

Towards the close of the *proem*, after a description of the aboriginal inhabitants of America, he reverts to this favorite part of his theme, in the following beautiful stanzas.

Friend of my youth ! with thee began my song,
And o'er thy bier its latest accents die ;
Mialed in phantom-peopled realms too long,—
Though not to me the Muse averse deny,
Sometimes perhaps her visions to descry,—
Such trifless pastime should with youth be o'er ;
And he who loved with thee his notes to try,
But for thy sake such idlesse would deplore,—
And swears to meditate the thankless muse no more.

But no ! the freshings of that past shall still
Sacred to memory's holiest musings be ;
When through the ideal fields of song, at will,
He rov'd, and gathered chaplets wild with thee ;
When, reckless of the world, alone and free,
Like two proud barks, we kept our careless way,

That sail by moonlight o'er the tranquil sea ;
 Their white apparel and their streamers gay
 Bright gleaming o'er the main beneath the ghostly ray :—

And downward, far, reflected in the clear
 Blue depths, the eye their fairy tackling sees ;
 So buoyant, they do seem to float in air
 And silently obey the noiseless breeze ;—
 Till, all too soon, as the rude winds may please,
 They part for distant ports : Thee, gales benign
 Swift wafting, bore, by Heaven's all-wise decrees,
 To its own harbour sure, where each divine
 And joyous vision, seen before in dreams, is thine.

The second Canto commences with the following description of Evening.

Hail ! sober Evening ! thee the harassed brain
 And aching heart with fond orisons greet :
 The respite thou of toil ; the balm of pain ;
 To thoughtful mind the hour for musing meet :
 'Tis then the sage, from forth his low retreat,
 The rolling universe around espies ;
 'Tis then the bard may hold communion sweet,
 With lovely shapes, unkennd by grosser eyes,
 And quick perception comes of finer mysteries.

The silent hour of bliss ! when in the west
 Her argent crescent lights the star of love :
 The spiritual hour ! when creatures blest
 Unseen return o'er former haunts to rove ;
 While sleep his shadowy mantle spreads above,
 Sleep, brother of forgetfulness and death,
 Round well-known couch with noiseless tread they rove.

In tones of heavenly music comfort breathe,
And tell what weal or bale shall chance the moon beneath.

Let others hail the oriflamme of morn,
O'er kindling hills unfurled with gorgeous dyes !
O mild, blue evening ! still to thee I turn,
With holier thought, and with undazzled eyes ;—
Where wealth and power with glare and splendour rise,
Let fools and slaves disgustful incense burn !
Still memory's moonlight lustre let me prize ;
The great, the good, whose course is o'er, discern,
And, from their glorious past times, nightly lessons learn !

It would be difficult to find sublimity and imagination more happily combined with the picturesque, than in the following Night scene.

'Tis night ; the loud wind through the forest wakes,
With sound like ocean's roaring, wild and deep,
And in yon gloomy pines strange music makes,
Like symphonies unearthly, heard in sleep ;
The sobbing waters dash their waves and weep ;
Where moans the blast its dreary path along,
The bending firs a mournful cadence keep ;
And mountain rocks re-echo to the song,
As fitful raves the storm, the hills and woods among.

The first Canto of Yamoyden opens with a description of Rhode Island, or Aquetnet, and the opposite shore of Pocasset. This description alone would be sufficient to redeem America from the Abbe Raynal's charge, that "it has not as yet produced a good poet, an able mathematician, or a man of genius in any individual art or science;" at least it shews that the assertion no longer holds good.

1.

The morning air was freshly breathing,
The morning mists were wildly wreathing ;
Day's earliest beams were kindling o'er
The wood-crown'd hills and murmuring shore.
'Twas summer, and the forests threw
Their chequered shapes of varying hue,
In mingling, changeful shadows seen,
O'er hill and bank, and headland green ;
Blithe birds were carolling on high
Their matin music to the sky,
As glanced their brilliant hues along,
Filling the groves with life and song ;
All innocent and wild and free
Their sweet, ethereal minstrelsy.
The dew drop sparkled on the spray,
Danced on the wave the inconstant ray ;
And moody grief, with dark control,
There only swayed the human soul !

2.

With equal swell above the flood,
The forest-cinctured mountain stood ;
Its eastward cliffs, a rampart wild,
Rock above rock sublimely piled.
What scenes of beauty meet his eye,
The watchful sentinel on high !
With all its isles and inlets lay,
Beneath the calm, majestic bay,
Like molten gold all glittering spread,
Where the clear sun his influence shed ;
In wreathy-crisped brilliance shone,
While laughed the radiance of the moon.

Round rocks, that from the head-land far
Their barriers reared with murmuring war,
The chaffing stream, in eddying play,
Fretted and dashed its foamy spray;
Along the shelving sands its swell
With hushed and equal cadence fell;
And here, beneath the whispering grove,
Ran rippling in the shadowy cove.
Thy thickets with their liveliest hue,
Aquetnet green ! were fair to view ;*
Far curved the winding shore, where rose
Pocasset's hills in calm repose ;
Or where descending rivers gave
Their tribute to the ampler wave.
Emerging frequent from the tide,
Scarce noticed mid the waters wide,
Lay flushed with morning's roseate smile,
The gay bank of some little isle ;
Where the lone heron plumed his wing,
Or spread it as in act to spring,
Yet paused, as if delight it gave
To bend above the glorious wave.

The following lines allude to a superstition cherished
by the present race of Indians called Creeks.

1.

They say that afar in the land of the west,
Where the bright golden sun sinks in glory to rest,
Mid fens where the hunter ne'er ventured to tread,
A fair lake unruffled and sparkling is spread,

* " Aquetnet Green, or Rhode Island, has always been celebrated
for its picturesque beauty, and the salubrity of its climate. Its
surface is delightfully varied into hill and dale, wood and field."

Where, lost in his course, the wrapt Indian discovers
In distance seen dimly the green Isle of lovers.

2.

There verdure fades never, immortal in bloom,
Soft waves the magnolia its groves of perfume ;
And low bends the branch with rich fruitage deprest,
All glowing like gems in the crowns of the east ;
There the bright eye of nature in mild glory hovers :
'Tis the land of the sun-beam,—the green Isle of lovers !

3.

Sweet strains wildly float on the breezes that kiss
The calm flowing lake round that region of bliss ;
Where wreathing their garlands of amaranth, fair choirs
Glad measures still weave, to the sound that inspires
The dance and the revel, mid forests that cover
On high with their shade the green Isle of the lover.

4.

But fierce as the snake with his eye-balls of fire,
When his scales are all brilliant and glowing with ire,
Are the warriors to all, save the maids of their Isle,
Whose law is their will, and whose life is their smile ;
From beauty there valour and strength are not rovers,
And peace reigns supreme in the green Isle of lovers.

5.

And he who has sought to set foot on its shore,
In mazes perplexed, has beheld it no more ;
It fleets on the vision, deluding the view,
Its banks still retire as the hunters pursue ;
O ! who in this vain world of woe shall discover,
The home undisturbed, the green Isle of the lover !

The following lyrical specimen is a prophecy, put into the mouth of an Indian priest, while under the supposed influence of inspiration. "In grandeur of imagery," says Dr. Drake, "and sublimity of sentiment, in a rich and sonorous flow of versification, it exhibits much which has a claim to very distinguished, and almost unqualified approbation."

1.

O, heard ye around the sad moan of the gale,
As it sigh'd o'er the mountain, and shriek'd in the vale;
'Tis the voice of the Spirit prophetic, who past;
His mantle of darkness around him is cast;
Wild flutters his robe, and the light of his plume
Faint glimmers along through the mist and the gloom;
Where the moon-beam is hidden, the shadow hath gone,
It has flitted in darkness that morrow has none;
But my ear drank the sound, and I feel in my breast
What the voice of the spirit prophetic imprest.
O saw ye that gleaming unearthly of light? *
Behold where it winds o'er the moor from our sight!
'Tis the soul of a warrior who sleeps with the slain,
How long shall the slaughtered thus wander in vain?
It has past through the gloom of the forest, it flies,—
But I feel in my bosom its murmurs arise.

2.

Say, what are the races of perishing men?
They darken earth's surface, and vanish again;

* Among their various superstitions, they (the Algonquins) believe that the vapour which is seen to hover over moist and swampy places, is the spirit of some person lately dead.—*M'Kenzie, quoted by Mr. Eastburn.*

As the shade o'er the lake's gleaming bosom that flies
 With the stir of their wings, where the wild fowls arise,
 That has past,—and the sun-beam plays bright as be-
 fore,—

So speed generations, remember'd no more ;
 Since earth from the deep, at the voice of the spirit,
 Rose green from the waters, with all that inherit
 Its nature, its changes. The oaks that had stood
 For ages, lie crumbling at length in the wood.
 Where, now, are the race in their might who came forth
 To destroy and to waste, from the plains of the north ?
 As the deer through the brake, 'mid the forests they sped,
 The tall trees crash'd around them, earth groaned with
 their tread ;

He perish'd, the Mammoth,*—in power and in pride,
 And defying the wrath of YOHNEWAH,† he died !

3.

And say, what is man, that his race should endure,
 Alone, through the changes of nature secure ?

* An Indian chief, of the Delaware tribe, who visited the Governor of Virginia, during the revolution, informed him, 'that it was a tradition handed down from their fathers, that, in ancient times, a herd of these tremendous animals came to the Backbone Licks, and began an universal destruction of the bear, deer, elk, buffalo, and other animals, which had been created for the use of the Indians. That the great man above, looking down and seeing this, was so enraged, that he seized his lightning, descended on the earth, seated himself on a neighbouring mountain, on a rock, (on which his seat, and the prints of his feet are still to be seen) and hurled his bolts among them, till the whole were slaughtered, except the big bull, who, presenting his forehead to the shafts, shook them off as they fell, but missing one at length, it wounded him in the side, whereon, springing round, he bounded over the Ohio, the Wabash, the Illinois, and finally over the great lakes, where he is living at this day.'—*Jefferson's Notes*.

† "I have retained this word (YOHNEWAH) in the text, because it sounds well ; and, for the purpose of poetry, it is of little consequence whether it be a significant word, or a mere series of guttural noises."—*Note by the Editor*.

Where now are the giants, the soil who possess,*
 When our fathers came down from the land of the west
 The grass o'er the mounds, and their fortresses waves,
 And choak'd amid weeds are the stones on their graves;
 The hunter yet lingers in wonder, where keeps
 The rock on the mountains, the track of their steps;
 Nor other memorial remains there, nor trace,
 Of the proud ALLEGHWI's invincible race.
 As their nation was slain by the hands of our sires,
 Our race, in our turn, from our country expires!
 Lo! even like some tree, where a spirit before†
 Had dwelt, when rich garlands and offerings it bore,
 But now, half uprooted from its bed in the sands,
 By the wild waves encroaching, that desolate stands,
 Despoil'd of the pride of its foliage and fruit,
 While its branches are naked, and bare is its root;
 And each surge that returns still is wearing its bed,
 Till it falls, and the ocean rolls on overhead;

* The tradition of the Lenapé is, that when their fathers crossed the Mississippi, they met, on this side of it, with a nation called Alligewi, from whom the Alleghany river and mountain received their name. 'Many wonderful things,' says Hickewelder, 'are told of this famous people. They are said to be remarkably stout and tall, and there is a tradition that there were giants among them,—people of a much larger size than the tallest of the Lenapé. It is related that they had built to themselves regular fortifications, or entrenchments, from whence they would sally out, but were generally repulsed.' The traces of gigantic feet, in different parts of the country, mentioned in several books, are ascribed to this people in the text."

† "Autrefois les sauvages voisins de l'Acadie avoient dans leur pays, sur le bord de la mer, un arbre extrêmement vieux, dont ils racontaient bien des merveilles, et qu'on voyoit toujours chargé d'offrandes. La mer ayant découvert toute sa racine, il se soû tint encore longtems presque en l'air contre la violence des vents et des flots, ce qui confirme ces sauvages dans la pensée qu'il étoit la siege de quelque grand esprit; sa chute ne fut pas même capable de le détromper, et tant qu'il en parut quelque tout de branches hors de l'eau, en lui rendit les mêmes honneurs, qu'avoit reçûs tout l'arbre, lorsqu'il étoit sur pied."

Charlevoix, p. 349.

Nor a wreck on the shore, nor a track on the flood,
Tells ought of the trunk that so gloriously stood ;
Even so shall our nations, the children of earth,
Return to that bosom that yielded them birth.
Ye tribes of the EAGLE, the PANTHER, and WOLF !
Deep sunk lie your names in a fathomless gulf !
Your war-whoop's last echo has died on the shore ;
The smoke of your wigwams is curling no more.
Mourn, land of my fathers ! thy children are dead,
Like the mists in the sun-beam, thy warriors have fled !

4:

But a spirit there is, who his presence enshrouds,
Enthroned on our hills in his mantle of clouds.
He speaks in the whirlwind ; the river outpours
Its tribute to him, where the cataract roars ;
His breath is the air we inhale ; and his reign
Shall endure till the waters have triumph'd again ;
Till the earth's deep foundation convulsions shall heave,
And the bosom of darkness its fabric receive !
'Tis THE SPIRIT OF FREEDOM ! and ne'er shall our grave
Be trod by the recreant, or spurn'd by the slave !
And lo ! as the vision of years rolls away,
When our tribes shall have past, and the victor hath
sway.

That spirit I mark o'er the war-cloud presiding,
The storm that rolls upward sublime he is guiding ;
It is bursting in terror ; and choak'd is the path
Of peace, by the ruins it whelms in its wrath.
The rivers run blood ; and the war caldron boils,
By the flame of their cities, the blaze of their spoils.
Bend, bend, from your clouds, and rejoice in the sight,
Ye ghosts of the red men ! for freedom they fight !

5.

Dim visions, why crowd ye so fast o'er my eyes,
 In the twilight of days that are yet to arise ?
 Undefin'd are the shapes, and the masses that sweep,
 Like the hurricane clouds, o'er the face of the deep ;
 They rise like the waves on the surf-beaten shore,
 But recede ere they form, or be gaz'd on no more.
 Like the swarms of the doves o'er the meads that descend,*
 From the north's frozen regions, their course when they bend,
 So quick o'er our plains, is the multitude's motion,
 Still the white sails gleam thick o'er the bosom of ocean ;
 As the foam of their furrows is lost in the sea,
 So they melt in one nation, united and free !

6.

Mourn, land of my father ! the red men have past,
 Like the strown leaves of autumn, dispers'd by the blast !
 Moura, land of the victor ! a curse shall remain,
 Till appeas'd in their clime are the ghosts of the slain !
 Like the plants that by pure hands of virgins alone
 Must be pluck'd, † or their charm and their virtue is gone,
 So the fair fruits of freedom, souls only can taste
 That are stain'd by no crime, by no passion debas'd.

* " We embarked, and made towards a meadow, in the neighbourhood of which, the trees were covered with that sort of fowl, more than with leaves ; for, just then 'twas the season in which they retire from the north countries, and repair to the southern climates ; and one would have thought that all the turtle-doves upon earth had chose to pass through this place. For the eighteen or twenty days that we stayed there, I firmly believe, that a thousand men might have fed upon them heartily, without putting themselves to any trouble."

La Hontan, I. p. 62.

† " L'on montre certaines plantes fort salutaires, qui n'ont point de vertu, disent les sauvages, si elles ne sont employées par de mains vierges."—*Charlevoix*, p. 350.

His nest, where the foul bird of avarice* hath made
 The songsters, in terror, take wing from the shade;
 And man, if unclean in his bosom the fire,
 No holier spirits descend to inspire.
 Mourn, land of the victor! our curse shall remain,
 Till appeas'd for their wrongs be the souls of the slain!

MIDNIGHT,

THE LAPLAND SACRIFICE,

AND

THE ISLE OF FOUNTS.

It may appear doubtful to some, whether the poetry of feeling, or the poetry of imagination, is of the highest order. Mr. Butler, in his reminiscences, says that Gray's Poems rank higher than those of Goldsmith; but Goldsmith is the bard of feeling, Gray of imagination. It would seem, then, that the preference is given to the poetry of imagination; but of this there is much reason to doubt, though Mr. Butler says that "If all the printed copies of the poems of Gray were annihilated, there is not a county in England, or parish in London, in which all his English and all his Latin Odes, and his incomparable Elegy, might not be supplied by the recollections of some of their inhabitants;" and adds "how very little of Goldsmith is known by heart." We must confess, with all due respect to Mr. Butler's age, long experience, and judgment, we are quite of a contrary opinion. We never knew many who had any pretensions to learning, or even to that "little learning" which Pope thinks "a dangerous thing," who could not repeat a considerable part of Goldsmith; and we never knew any who

* The hawk.

seemed to have any knowledge of Gray except professed scholars, who, in general, are more desirous of knowing what is admirable than what is affecting. When we read Gray we are led into the ideal world: every thing is new to us, and novelty is always a source of admiration. What can be more admirable, when philosophically considered, than the structure of the universe, the revolution of the celestial bodies, the splendor and glory of the starry heavens, and yet from their being always presented to our view, we never admire them, except when we abstract from our feelings, and make them a source of philosophic contemplation. It is so with Goldsmith: he only describes the feelings, sympathies, and emotions of our own hearts, and we love him for doing so, though we cannot admire him. We feel he is one of ourselves,—subject to the same influences; capable of the same affections; and therefore we cling to him, we love to associate with him, as all kindred natures love to associate with each other. *Pares cum paribus facile congregantur*. It is different with Gray: he writes nothing dictated by his feelings, or by his heart. He appeals to the understanding and the imagination alone. Even in his celebrated elegy he expresses only those sentiments which naturally occur to a philosophic mind in contemplating the final destiny of beings whose existence is limited to a contracted span. Whatever incidental remarks arise from this contemplation in his Elegy, have no reference to the heart, or its affections. He looked only to the intellectual part of our nature, for he wrote not what his feelings, but what his understanding dictated: witness his celebrated Stanza on the destiny of genius.

Full many a gem, of purest ray serene,
The dark, unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness in the desert air.

Gray, then, by describing only the higher characters of mind, by leading us perpetually into the ideal world, is always presenting something to us placed

above the low condition of mortality, and which, not only on this account, but on account of its novelty, we are disposed to admire. But Goldsmith describes nothing but what strikes us at once; for even when he describes feelings which, perhaps, we never felt before, we are so constituted by nature, that the moment they are described, they appear feelings with which we are long and intimately conversant. The heart recognizes at once, as something belonging to itself, whatever is congenial to it, whatever it would feel if placed in the same situation with him by whom it is felt. Hence it is, that Goldsmith is a favourite with all men, while Gray is only admired by the learned few, because it is the business of a scholar to know and be able to talk of whatever is considered admirable, and of a superior order. For the same reason, Milton is read only by scholars, while Homer pleases the bulk of mankind. We doubt not, therefore, if Mr. Butler drew his information from a more general acquaintance with society, and rested not his opinion on the learned by profession, he would find that Goldsmith is more generally known, and more generally quoted, than Gray, though we doubt not that those who become, like Gray himself, more fastidious than natural in subjects of literature, study only what they consider placed above the ordinary grasp of mankind.

These observations have been suggested by the three following Poems. As the offspring of imagination, we think they possess considerable merit, but, like all other productions of mere imagination, they are more calculated to create our admiration than to secure our esteem, or gain upon our sympathies. We make the observations, however, not to find fault with them, but to draw a distinction between works of feeling and those of imagination. We must add, at the same time, that the latter should always be short, for the imagination will not endure to be exercised long, unless occasionally relieved by those tender and affecting scenes which appeal only to the heart, and on which, consequently, we could dwell for ever. However highly we admire, or profess to admire Milton, we soon tire of

reading him, but we can give our days and nights to works of feeling and sensibility.

The structure and cadence of the versification in the *MIDNIGHT* is an evident imitation of the *Allegro* and *Penseroso* ; but there is an obscurity in the diction, which can never impart the pleasure arising from the perspicuity and distinct individuality of the images with which Milton has peopled the creations of his joyous and melancholy feelings. We do not mean to say there is any real obscurity in the *Midnight* ; we only mean to say that the sense does not strike us as fast as we read, the images being mingled rather confusedly with each other.—Ed.

MIDNIGHT,

Written on the sea-shore, in Norfolk, near a Light-house. By the Rev. GEORGE CROLY, A. M.

It is the witching hour ! The Night
Sits on her cold, meridian height,
And the starry troops are seen,
Many a cloudy rift between,
Camping round her matron throne,
Till the silent pomp is gone ;
And Lucifer, her youngest born,
From his high watch sees the morn.

Now the hamlet sounds are o'er,
Peasants' laugh, and closing door ;
Ebbing far away, the tide
Silent leaves the sea-beach wide ;
Yet ever and anon, the ear,
Pondering with no displeased fear,

Feeds on echoes dim and deep,
Of the night's mysterious sleep,
That upon the senses die,
As if a spirit bore them by :
Drowsy sheep-bells, and the chime,
Where the distant turrets climb ;
Voice of lonely waggoner
Singing, his slow team to cheer ;
Mingled with the watch-dog's bark,
Warning rovers of the dark ;
Or the stroke of midnight, toll'd
Dreary o'er the church-yard mould.
But from my cottage casement, wound
With every flower that's sweetest found
On heathy hill, or blossom'd mead,
By the virgin's May-morn tread ;
I see one sleepless, earthly star,
Shoot its wild splendors free and far,
Defying night, and cloud and shower,
The meteor of yon sea-shore tower.
The gale is up, and as the haze
Round the burning circle strays,
Rainbow'd, through its curtain stream
Dazzling hues of cloud and gem,
Till the deeper volumes low'r
And the tall and lonely tower
Looks a giant in his shroud ;
Or an Indian idol proud,
With his eye of smother'd fire,
Like a half-burnt funeral pyre,
Glaring, in his midnight cave,
Over prostrate prince and slave.

Then afar the beam is thrown,
 Binding with an azure zone,
 Hill and vale, and dusky sea,
 A lovely, earth-born galaxy !
 Where, along the slumbering tide,
 The anchor'd ships like dolphins ride,
 Touching into woofs of light,
 Sail and shroud, and pennant alight ;
 O'er the trees, the village spire,
 Shoots a shaft of azure fire ;
 Sweeping thence, a transient gleam
 Lights the solitary stream,
 Through the flower'd hawthorn brake
 Glist'ning, like a summer snake,
 To where my lowly cottage roof
 Hides from the worldly din aloof,
 Nestled in the fragrant twine
 Of bushy rose and jessamine,

Now around me, and beneath,
 All is slumber, still as death ;
 In my hand some pale, proud page,
 Of the mind's heroic age,¹
 By divinest Virgil sung,
 On his Mantuan lilies flung :
 Or the love-born poet,—he
 Who pined by the Propontis' sea ;
 Or that Sappho on her steep
 Wept, as love and madness weep ;
 Or th' Olympian eagle wing,
 Shook from Pindar's stormy string,
 Then, in fancy's wayward fit,
 I turn to Chaucer's mystic wit,

And see in his enchanted glass,
Pilgrim, nun, and warrior pass ;
Rosy smiles beneath the hood,
Steel-clad bosoms love subdued,
Tonsured crowns, with roving eye,
Thronging the rich pageantry.
Or the blacken'd tome unhasp,
Shrined in many a brazen chasp,
Where in kindred darkness lie
Tales of hoary alchemy,
Tomb'd in bold, bewilder'd rhyme,
Oracles of elder time !
How the mighty Sigel tamed
The Spirit, while he raved and flamed ;
Round the guarded circle wan,
Winging still with feebler ban,
As within the crucible,
Star-bright rose the golden spell,
And symphonies of earth and air,
Told the gem of gems was there !

Oft with curious vision mazed,
I trace the monkish scroll, emblazed
With gorgeous hues and emblems high,
Alike of church and chivalry,
Kneeling saints, and prelates old,
Monarchs, silk and ermine stol'd,
Cup and crosier, helm and targe,
Cluster'd on the dazzling marge !

Thus bewitch'd the moments sweep,
Till the honey-pinion'd sleep,

With his pleasant murmuring,
Seems in my drowzed ear to ring ;
And round my old romantic nook
I cast a superstitious look,
As the woodbine's breezy train
Waves across my rustic pane,
And to Fancy's clouded gaze,
Bluer winks the taper's blaze:
Nurse-taught things, that stamp the brain,
Though solemn Reason calls them vain !
Then, shook off my ghostly fear,
I watch the beacon's flaming sphere ;
Or with cool'd brow, and lifted eye,
Traverse the blue Infinity ;
Where, before he treads the tomb,
Man beholds the WORLD to come !

Thus charm'd dizziness, unchid,
Alights upon my drooping lid ;
And with due, accustom'd prayer,
Is closed the daily count of care ;
And the heart is lapp'd in dreams,
Fann'd by fresh, rose-breathing steams,
Through the open casement sent ;
Till Aurora's eastern tent
Flames with checquer'd rose and gold,
And the radiant clouds are roll'd
Before the solar chariot-yoke,
Like a Persian army broke ;
And their vanquish'd king, afar,
Wanes and dies,—the twilight star !

A LAPLAND SACRIFICE.

I.

'Twas silence all—the glorious sun
His daily race of life had run ;
The moon her silver lamp had spread
Refulgent over Hanga's head,
And o'er each hut and lordly tower,
Soft sleep had spread his balmy power :
But when at morn, with giant stride,
~~The sun~~ repaired his golden tide,
The rising winds impetuous bore
Loud shouts along the winding shore,
And Lapland hills return the sound,
And dale and grot re-echo'd round ;
In flinty splendor Hanga's rock
Received with joy the mighty shock,
And heaven itself, with arch serene,
Gaz'd eager on the wondrous scene.

II.

No steeds in gorgeous trappings prance,
Nor warrior points his feather'd lance,
It is not war's new kindled sound
That rushes o'er the groaning ground,
No hatchet glittering in the way,
No trumpet shrill,—no opening bay
Of dogs impatient for the chase,
Proclaims the panting courser's race.
But Lapland's sons, and Lapland's dames,
Stand gazing o'er the rising flames,

And watch, with pious ken, the fire
To heaven's blue-vaulted arch aspire ;
For woe to him whose impious breast
Shall scorn great ODIN's hallow'd feast ;
Who shall not hear his country's call,
To hail the mighty Festival !

III.

The flames rise high—the trembling sod
Scarce bears the hosts unnumber'd tread,
And hearts invoke the guardian God
To watch above each suppliant's head :
But still each breast with chiefest zeal
Burns anxious for its country's weal,
And calls the Arbiter of Fate
To spread his wings o'er Lapland's State ;
For each with patriotic eye,
Can mark his son—his father—die ;
And praise the spirit that flits away
Amid the heart-drop's purple flood,
And glory that he prized the day
Of life below his country's good.
Such Lapland's sons. Each bosom pray'd
To Odin's ever-watchful shade.—
Odin—who, living, ever saw
Whole armies quail beneath his nod ;
Dying, became a nation's awe,
His country's friend—his country's God.

THE ETONIAN.

THE ISLE OF FOUNTS.

An Indian Tradition.

Son of the Stranger! would'st thou take
O'er yon blue hills thy lonely way,
To reach the still and shining Lake,
Along whose banks the west winds play;
Let no vain dreams thy heart beguile,
Oh seek thou not the Fountain Isle!

Lull but the mighty Serpent-King,
Midst the great rocks, his old domain;
Ward but the Congar's deadly spring
—Thy step that Lake's green shore may gain;
And the bright Isle, when all is past,
Shall vainly meet thy eye at last!

Yes! there, with all its rainbow streams,
Clear, as within thine arrow's flight,
The Isle of Founts, the isle of dreams,
Floats on the wave in golden light;
And lovely will the shadows be
Of groves whose fruit is not for thee!

And breathings from their sunny flowers,
Which are not of the things that die,
And singing voices from their bowers,
Shall greet thee in the purple sky;
Soft voices, e'en like those that dwell
Far in the green reed's hollow cell.

Oh, hast thou heard the sounds that rise
 From the deep chambers of the earth ?
 The wild and wondrous melodies,
 To which the ancient rocks give birth ?
 Like that sweet song of hidden caves,
 Shall swell those Isle- notes o'er the waves.

The emerald waves ! they take their hue
 And image from that summer-shore ;
 But wouldst thou launch thy light canoe,
 And wouldst thou ply thy rapid oar,
 Before thee, hadst thou morning's speed,
 The sun-bright land should still recede !

Yet on the breeze thou still shalt hear
 The music of its flowering shades,
 And ever shall the sound be near,
 Of founts that ripple through its glades ;
 The sound and sight, and flashing ray,
 Of joyous waters in their play.

But woe to him who sees them burst
 With their bright spray-showers to the Lake !
 Earth has no spring to quench the thirst
 That semblance in his soul shall wake,
 For ever pouring through his dreams,
 The gush of those untasted streams !

Bright, bright in many a rocky urn,
 The waters of our deserts lie,
 Yet at their source his lips shall burn,
 Parch'd with the fever's agony !
 From the blue mountains to the main,
 Our thousand floods may roll in vain.

E'en thus our hunters came of yore
Back from their vain and weary quest.
Had they not seen th'untrodden shore,—
And could they midst our wilds find rest?
The lightning of their glance was fled,
They dwelt amongst us as the dead!

They lay beside our glancing rills,
With visions in their darken'd eye ;
Their joy was not amidst the hills,
Where elk and deer before us fly ;
Their spears upon the cedar hung,
Their javelins to the wind were flung.

They bent no more the forest bow,
They arm'd not with the warrior band,
The moons waned o'er them dim and slow—
They left us for the Spirits' land!
Beneath our pines yon greensward heap
Shows where the restless found their sleep.

Son of the Stranger ! if at eve
Silence be midst us in thy place,
Yet go not where the mighty leave
The strength of battle and of chase !
Let no vain dreams thy heart beguile,
Oh ! seek thou not the Fountain Isle !

F. H.

New Monthly Magazine.

ANACREON.

THE reader will exercise his own judgment in determining the relative merits of the following translations, of one of Anacreon's Odes. For our parts, we think the best of them, compared to Moore's, is like Cooper's translation of the Iliad compared to Pope's.—ED.

I subjoin different translations of an ode of Anacreon, because I consider it one of the few genuine relics of this poet, and a chef-d'œuvre in the art of contrast. These verses would suggest to any painter the picture of an old man seated upon the turf, amidst myrtles and roses, rising under the weight of years by his buoyant gaiety, forgetting past sorrows, and dreaming of pleasures to come. The contrasts in this single personage are further heightened by the figure of love, who, with the levity and curiosity of youth, hastens forward to pour out wine for the old man, and listens to his song. But to pourtray the still greater contrast which is produced by the solemnity of the old man's song, is beyond the painter's art. For, instead of the praises of pleasure, his theme is the shortness of life, and the long and inevitable sleep of death; whence he deduces the conclusive argument, that we must hasten to enjoy the present hour.—It appears to me that translators have not sufficiently availed themselves of these sudden transitions. The ancients were rather intemperate in their use of them; the moderns are too cautious in avoiding them.

COWLEY'S TRANSLATION.

Underneath the myrtle shade,
On flowery beds supinely laid,
Odorous oils my head overflowing,
And around it roses growing;

What shall I do, but drink away
 The heat and troubles of the day ?
 In this more than kingly state,
 Love himself shall on me wait.

Fill to me, Love ! nay, fill it up !
 And mingled cast into the cup
 Wit and mirth, and noble fires,
 Vigorous health and gay desires :
 The wheel of life no less doth stay,
 On a smooth than rugged way ;
 Since it equally doth flee,
 Let the motion pleasant be !

MOORE'S TRANSLATION.

Strew me a breathing bed of leaves,
 Where Lotus with the myrtle weaves,
 And while in Luxury's dream I sink,
 Let me the balm of Bacchus drink !
 In this delicious hour of joy,
 Young Love shall be my goblet-boy ;
 Folding his little golden vest,
 With cinctures round his snowy breast,
 Himself shall hover by my side
 And minister the racy tide !
 Swift as the wheels that rundling roll,
 Our life is hurrying to the goal :
 A scanty dust to feed the wind,
 Is all the trace 'twill leave behind.
 Why do we shed the roses bloom,
 Upon the cold, insensate tomb ?

Can flowery breeze or odour's breath,
Affect the slumbering chill of death ?
No, no ; I ask no balm to steep,
With fragrant tears, my bed of sleep ;
But now, while every pulse is glowing,
Now let me breathe the balsam flowing ;
Now let the rose, with blush of fire,
Upon my brow its scent expire ;
And bring the nymph with floating eye,
Oh ! she will teach me how to die.
Yes, Cupid ! ere my soul retire
To join the blest Elysian choir,
With wine, and love, and blisses dear,
I'll make my own Elysium here !

ELTON'S TRANSLATION.

On beds of tender myrtle leaves,
Where trefoil grass its carpet weaves,
'Tis the passion of my soul
To quaff the health-provoking bowl.

Love, his mantle thrown behind,
With the flag of Nile confined,
Shall near me, ministering, stand,
The heady goblet in his hand.

As the chariot-wheel rolls on,
Life runs, and, as it runs, is gone :
Soon to dust our bodies turn ;—
Our bones are crumbled, in an urn,

What avails the perfume thrown
On cold earth, or on a stone?
While I live, let odours flow ;
Thick round my brows let roses blow.

Call the mistress of my heart :
Love ! ere yet I hence depart,
To join the dance of ghosts below,
I would scatter every woe.

AN ITALIAN TRANSLATION.

Sovra i mirti e fra le rose,
Sovra molli erbe odorose,
Adagiato io voglio ber.
Deh t' annoda al collo il manto,
Bell' Amore ! e mentr' io canto,
Corri a farmi da coppier.

Ahi ! l' umana vita fugge
Come ruota che si strugge
Più che gira e sempre va.
Sonno eterno in poca ossa
Su la polvere e fra l' ossa
Il mio corpo dormirà
Ache i balsami e i conforti
Su le tombe ? Ache su' morti
Tanto vino e tanti fior ;
A me il nappo, e la corona
Or ch' io spiro, or che risuona.
La mia lira e m' arde il cor.
Vieni e meco ti trastulla ;
Qui m' invita la fanciulla

Che sa ridere e tresscar.
Ah, cupido ! è meglio innanzi
Che fra morti ignudo io danzi
Dar gli affanni ai venti e al mar.

Foscolo's Essays on Petrarch.

THE DEATH OF LEONIDAS.

BY THE REV. GEORGE CROLY, A. M.

THE imagery in the following lines is highly poetic ; but the antiquated style in which it is written, and the spirit of imitation that characterizes its author, cannot be too much censured. The poet who cannot rise to fame by following the impulse of his own genius, will never become immortal by serving a servile apprenticeship to the Muses.—ED.

It was the wild midnight—
A storm was on the sky ;
The lightning gave its light,
And the thunder echoed by.

The torrent swept the glen,
The ocean lashed the shore ;
Then rose the Spartan men,
To make their bed in gore !

Swift from the deluged ground
Three hundred took the shield ;
Then, in silence, gathered round
The leader of the field !

He spoke no warrior word,
He bade no trumpet blow ;
But the signal thunder roar'd,
And they rush'd upon the foe.

The fiery element
Show'd with one mighty gleam,
Rampart, and flag, and tent,
Like the spectres of a dream.

All up the mountain's side,
All down the woody vale,
All by the rolling tide
Waved the Persian banners pale.

And foremost from the pass,
Among the slumbering band,
Sprang King Leonidas,
Like the lightning's living brand.

Then double darkness fell,
And the forest ceased its moan :
But there came a clash of steel,
And a distant dying groan.

Anon, a trumpet blew,
And a fiery sheet burst high,
That o'er the midnight threw,
A blood-red canopy.

A host glared on the hill ;
A host glared by the bay ;
But the Greeks rush'd onwards still,
Like leopards in their play.

The air was all a yell,
And the earth was all a flame,
Where the Spartan's bloody steel
On the silken turbans came.

And still the Greek rush'd on,
Where the fiery torrent roll'd,
Till, like a rising sun,
Shone Xerxes' tent of gold.

They found a royal feast,
His midnight banquet there ;
And the treasures of the East
Lay beneath the Doric spear.

Then sat to the repast
The bravest of the brave !
That feast must be their last,
That spot must be their grave.

They pledged old Sparta's name
In cups of Syrian wine,
And the warriors deathless fame
Was sung in strains divine.

They took the rose-wreathed lyres
From eunuch and from slave,
And taught the languid wires
The sounds that freedom gave.

But now the morning star
Crown'd Ceta's twilight brow ;
And the Persian horn of war
From the hills began to blow.

Up rose the glorious rank,
To Greece one cup pour'd high—
Then, hand in hand they drank
“To immortality!”

Fear on King Xerxes fell,
When, like spirits from the tomb,
With shout and trumpet knell,
He saw the warriors come.

But down swept all his power,
With chariot and with charge;
Down pour'd the arrowy show'r,
Till sank the Dorian's targe.

They gather'd round the tent,
With all their strength unstrung;
To Greece one look they sent,
Then on high their torches flung.

Their king sat on the throne,
His captains by his side,
While the flame rush'd roaring on,
And their Pæan loud replied;

Thus fought the Greek of old!
Thus will he fight again!
Shall not the self-same mould
Bring forth the self-same men?

ONE MOMENT MORE.

WE are pleased with the following lines, but we should fear to recommend them to imitation. The warrior seems to have no great delicacy of feeling in declaring his passion so abruptly to his companion; and we feel disappointed by the poet totally concealing from us the tender scene that is supposed to have taken place between the lovers. We are only told abruptly, and rather unceremoniously, that "the struggle's past." In this there is a want of tenderness.—ED.

One moment more, ere fast and far,
 The battle-field I press;
 That past, I grasp my cymetar,
 And glory's form caress.
 Those bright blue eyes,—how tearful now
 That face,—ah! pale indeed;—
 To clasp that hand, to kiss that brow,—
 One moment rein thy steed!
 And then, 'midst other scenes,—with thee,—
 I'll drown this bitter agony.

Thou wilt not chide, for thou hast known,
 What 'tis such joy to hold!
 One moment then, few may be flown
 Ere we in death lie cold!
 The struggle's past!—Her golden hair
 Waves on my helmet's crest;
 Her angel face, all pictur'd fair,
 Sleeps on a soldier's breast:
 And to this faithful heart I strain
 The form I ne'er may clasp again.

Now follow to that charging shout,
 'Midst Honour's eager train ;
There will be conquest, or be rout,
 When next it sounds again.
For bridal crown, or burial wreath,
 Her faith is pledg'd to me ;—
On, then, to glory or to death,
 A grave or victory !
Then, as my heart, be firm my brand
 For Mary and my native land !

S.

New European Magazine.

THE RECLUSE.

WE are not ourselves much disposed for the enjoyment of solitary pleasures, if pleasures we may call those modes of feeling in which others delight, but which we are incapable of feeling ourselves, and which, consequently, with regard to us, have no existence. We should wish, however, to possess a portion of the piety which the Recluse breathes in the following lines, and "that first led to the vows which" he "made ;" and no doubt some of our contemporaries would be gainers by it also.—ED.

'Twas not the wild fancy of youth's giddy day,
 Nor the pangs of fond hope once betray'd,
Nor the frenzy of zealots, which oft leads astray,
 That first led to the vows which I've made.

Oh, no ! 'twas the choice,—the fond choice of my heart,
 In those cloisters to fix my abode,
 Where my soul may her transports of feeling impart,
 Link'd in love (yet in fear) with her God.

At midnight's still hour, when all nature's at rest,
 When all motion, all life, make a pause,
 Save night's silver queen, who, from east to the west,
 In her course still proclaims a first cause.
 Ah ! then while the moon's sober beams chace the
 gloom,
 From my cell, be my heart not less pure,
 Till my soul, wing'd with hopes of choice blessings to
 come,
 Takes her flight, no more ills to endure.

European Magazine.

VERSES

ON THE DEATH OF BLOOMFIELD, THE SUFFOLK POET.

BY BERNARD BARTON.

We were never admirers of Bloomfield's poetry.
 Simplicity seems to be its only virtue, but what is simplicity, in the absence of that fire and imagination without which there can be no genuine, poetic enthusiasm, no poetry that either Gods or men can tolerate.

*Mediocribus esse poetis,
 Non Dii, non homines, non concessere columnæ.*

The following, however, is a beautiful tribute to his memory, admitting him to possess all the merit which Mr. Barton attributes to him.—ED.

That shouldst not to the grave descend
 Unmourn'd, unhonour'd, or unsung ;
 Could harp of mine record thy end,
 For thee that rude harp should be strung,—
 And plaintive sounds as ever rung
 Should all its simple notes employ,
 Lamenting unto old and young,
 The Bard who sang THE FARMER'S BOY.

Could Eastern Anglia boast a lyre
 Like that which gave thee modest fame,
 How justly might its every wire
 Thy minstrel honours loud proclaim :
 And many a stream of humble name,
 And village-green, and common wild—
 Should witness tears that knew not shame,
 By Nature won for Nature's child.

The merry HORKEY's passing cup
 Should pause—when that sad note was heard
 The WIDOW turn HER HOUR-GLASS up,
 With tenderest feelings newly stirr'd ;
 And many a pity-waken'd word,
 And sighs that speak when language fails,
 Should prove thy simple strains preferr'd
 To prouder Poet's lofty tales.

Circling the OLD OAK TABLE round,
 Whose moral worth thy measure owns,
 Heroes and heroines yet are found
 Like ABNER AND THE WIDOW JONES ;
 There GILBERT MELDRUM's sterner tones
 In Virtue's cause are bold and free ;
 And e'en the patient sufferer's moans,
 In pain and sorrow—plead for thee.

Nor thus beneath the straw-roof'd cot,
 Alone—should thoughts of thee pervade
 Hearts which confess thee unforgot,
 On heathy hill, in grassy glade :
 In many a spot by thee array'd
 With hues of thought, with fancy's gleam,
 Thy memory lives !—in EUSTON'S shade,
 By BARNHAM WATER'S shadeless stream !

And long may guileless hearts preserve
 The memory of thy song, and thee :—
 While Nature's healthful feelings nerve
 The arm of labour toiling free ;
 While Childhood's innocence and glee
 With green Old Age enjoyment share ;—
 RICHARDS and KATES shall tell of thee,
 WALTERS and JAMES thy name declare.

On themes like these, if yet there breath'd
 A Doric Lay so sweet as thine,
 Might artless flowers of verse be wreath'd
 Around thy modest name to twine :—
 And though nor lute nor lyre be mine
 To bid thy minstrel honours live,
 The praise my humbers can assign,
 It still is soothing thus to give.

There needs, in truth, no lofty lyre
 To yield thy Muse her homage due ;
 The praise her loveliest charms inspire
 Should be as artless, simple too ;
 Her eulogist should keep in view
 Thy meek and unassuming worth,
 And inspiration should renew
 At springs which gave thine own its birth.

Those springs may boast no classic name
To win the smile of letter'd pride,
Yet is their noblest charm the same
As that by CASTALY supplied ;
From AGANIPPE's crystal tide
No brighter, fairer waves can start,
Than Nature's quiet teachings guide
From feeling's fountain o'er the heart.
'Tis to THE HEART Song's noblest power—
Taste's purest precepts must refer ;
And *Nature's tact*, not *Art's* proud dower,
Remains its best interpreter :
He who shall trust, without demur,
What his own better feelings teach,
Although unlearn'd, shall seldom err,
But to the hearts of others reach.
It is not quaint and local terms
Besprinkled o'er thy rustic lay,
Though well such dialect confirms
Its power unletter'd minds to sway,
But 'tis not these that most display
Thy sweetest charms, thy gentlest thrall,—
Words, phrases, fashions pass away,
But TRUTH and NATURE live through all.
These, these have given thy rustic lyre
Its truest, and its tenderest spell ;
These amid Britain's tuneful choir
Shall give thy honour'd name to dwell :
And when Death's shadowy curtain fell
Upon thy toilsome earthly lot,
With grateful joy thy heart might swell
To feel that these reproach'd thee not,

To feel that thou hadst not incurr'd
The deep compunction, bitter shame,
Of prostituting gifts conferr'd
To strengthen Virtue's hallow'd claim.
How much more glorious is the name,
The humble name which thou hast won,
Than—"damn'd with everlasting fame,"
To be for fame itself undone.

Better, and nobler was thy choice
To be the Bard of simple swains,—
In all their pleasures to rejoice,
And soothe with sympathy their pains ;
To paint with feeling in thy strains
The themes their thoughts and tongues discuss,
And be, though free from classic chains,
Our own more chaste THEOCRITUS.

For this should SUFFOLK proudly own
Her grateful, and her lasting debt ;—
How much more proudly—had she known
That pining care, and keen regret,—
Thoughts which the fever'd spirits fret,
And slow disease,—'twas thine to bear ;—
And, ere thy sun of life was set,
Had won her Poet's grateful prayer.

'Tis NOW TOO LATE ! the scene is clos'd,
Thy conflicts borne,—thy trials o'er ;—
And in the peaceful grave repos'd
That frame which pain shall rack no more ;—
Peace to the Bard whose artless store
Was spread for Nature's lowliest child ;
Whose song, well meet for peasant lore,
Was lowly, simple, undefil'd.

Yet long may guileless hearts preserve
 The memory of thy verse and thee ;—
 While nature's healthful feelings nerve
 The arm of labour toiling free.
 While SUFFOLK PEASANTRY may be
 Such as thy sweetest tales make known,—
 By cottage-hearth, by greenwood tree,
 Be BLOOMFIELD call'd with pride *their own* !

London Magazine.

ELEGIAC STANZAS,

Written by an Officer long resident in India, on his return to England.

THE following Stanzas are worthy of being committed to memory by young and old. They paint life and the fallacy of human expectations in their true colours, remove the veil which fancy had thrown over them, and shew how different are the mellowed and subdued feelings of declining age from the ardour of youth, and its vivid imaginings of undying bliss.—ED.

I.

I came, but they had pass'd away,—
 The fair in form, the pure in mind,—
 And, like a stricken deer, I stray,
 Where all are strange, and none are kind ;
 Kind to the worn, the wearied soul,
 That pants, that struggles for repose :
 O that my steps had reached the goal
 Where earthly sighs and sorrows close.

2.

Years have past o'er me like a dream,
 That leaves no trace on memory's page:
 I look around me, and I seem
 Some relic of a former age.
 Alone, as in a stranger-clime,
 Where stranger-voices mock my ear;
 I mark the lagging course of time,
 Without a wish,—a hope,—a fear!

3.

Yet I had hopes,—and they have fled;
 And I had fears were all too true:
 My wishes too!—but they are dead,
 And what have I with life to do!
 'Tis but to bear a weary load,
 I may not, dare not, cast away;
 To sigh for one small, still, abode,
 Where I may sleep as sweet as they:—

4.

As they, the loveliest of their race,
 Whose grassy tombs my sorrows steep;
 Whose worth my soul delights to trace,—
 Whose very loss 'tis sweet to weep;
 To weep beneath the silent moon,
 With none to chide, to hear, to see:
 Life can bestow no dearer boon
 On one whom death disdains to free.

5.

I leave a world that knows me not,
 To hold communion with the dead;
 And fancy consecrates the spot
 Where fancy's softest dreams are shed.

I see each shade, all silvery white,
 I hear each spirit's melting sigh;
 I turn to clasp those forms of light,
 And the pale morning chills my eye.

6.

But soon the last dim morn shall rise,
 The lamp of life burns feebly now,—
 When stranger-hands shall close my eyes,
 And smooth my cold and dewy brow.
 Unknown I lived,—so let me die;
 Nor stone, nor monumental cross,
 Tell where his nameless ashes lie,
 Who sigh'd for gold, and found it dross.

London Magazine.

THE LAST MAN.

WRITTEN BY T. CAMPBELL.

OUR observations on the Last Man will be found in
 our preliminary view of Modern Literature.

ALL worldly shapes shall melt in gloom,
 The Sun himself must die,
 Before this mortal shall assume
 Its immortality!
 I saw a vision in my sleep,
 That gave my spirit strength to sweep
 Adown the gulf of Time!
 I saw the last of human mould,
 That shall Creation's death behold
 As Adam saw her prime!

The Sun's eye had a sickly glare,
The Earth with age was wan,
The skeletons of nations were
Around that lonely man !
Some had expir'd in fight—the brands
Still rusted in their bony hands ;
In plague and famine some !
Earth's cities had no sound nor tread ;
And ships were drifting with the dead
To shores where all was dumb !

Yet prophet like, that lone one stood,
With dauntless words and high,
That shook the sere leaves from the wood
As if a storm pass'd by.
Saying we are twins in death, proud Sun,
Thy face is cold, thy race is run,
'Tis mercy bids thee go ;
For thou ten thousand, thousand years
Hast seen the tide of human tears,
That shall no longer flow.

What though beneath thee man put forth
His pomp, his pride, his skill ;
And arts that made fire, flood, and earth,
The vassals of his will ;—
Yet mourn I not thy parted sway,
Thou dim, discrowned king of day :
For all those trophied arts
And triumphs that beneath thee sprang,
Heal'd not a passion or a pang
Entail'd on human hearts.

K

Go, let oblivion's curtain fall
 Upon the stage of men,
Nor with thy rising beams recall
 Life's tragedy again.
Its piteous pageants bring not back
Nor waken flesh, upon the rack
 Of pain anew to writhe;
Stretch'd in disease's shapes abhorr'd,
Or moan in battle by the sword,
 Like grass beneath the scythe.

E'en I am weary in yon skies
 To watch thy fading fire;
Test of all sunless agonies,
 Behold not me expire.
My lips that speak thy dirge of death—
Their rounded gasp and gurgling breath
 To see thou shalt not boast.
The eclipse of Nature spreads my pall,—
The majesty of darkness shall
 Receive my parting ghost!

This spirit shall return to Him
 That gave its heavenly spark;
Yet think not, Sun, it shall be dim
 When thou thyself art dark!
No! it shall live again, and shine
In bliss unknown to beams of thine,
 By him recall'd to breath,
Who captive led captivity,
Who robb'd the grave of Victory,—
 And took the sting from Death

Go sun, while mercy holds me up
 On Nature's awful waste
 To drink this last and bitter cup
 Of grief that man shall taste—
 Go, tell the night that hides thy face,
 Thou saw'st the last of Adam's race,
 On Earth's sepulchral clod,
 The dark'ning universe defy
 To quench his Immortality,
 Or shake his trust in God!

THE DAUGHTER OF MEATH.

WHETHER the story of Melachlin's daughter be true or not, it is related in the History of Ireland almost literally as the poet describes it here; and it is not a little remarkable that stories founded in history, even when they are originally mere fictions of the itinerant bard, or historical Senachee, are still more interesting to all readers, than those which the poet himself immediately invents. The fact is, that we are always more willing to sympathize with *real* than with *imaginary* characters, and all historical characters, descriptions, and events, appear real to us, whether they be so or not.—ED.

TURGESIUS, the chief of a turbulent band,
 Came over from Norway and conquer'd the land;
 Rebellion hath smooth'd the invader's career,
 The natives shrank from him, in hate, or in fear;
 While Erin's proud spirit seemed slumbering in peace,
 In secret it panted for death—or release.

The tumult of battle was hush'd for a while,—
 Turgesius was monarch of Erin's fair isle;

The sword of the conqueror slept in its sheath,
His triumphs were honour'd with trophy and wreath;
The princes of Erin despair'd of relief,
And knelt to the lawless Norwegian Chief.

His heart knew the charm of a woman's sweet smile,
But ne'er, till he came to this beautiful Isle,
Did he know with what mild, yet resistless controul,
That sweet smile can conquer a conqueror's soul—
And oh! 'mid the sweet smiles most sure to enthrall,
He soon met *one*—whom he thought sweetest of all.

The brave prince of Meath had a daughter as fair
As the pearls from Loch Neagh, which encircled her hair;
The Tyrant beheld her, and cried, "She shall come
To reign as the Queen of my gay mountain home;
Ere sunset to-morrow hath crimson'd the sea
Melachlin, send forth thy young daughter to me!"

Awhile paused the prince—too indignant to speak,
There burn'd a reply in his glance—on his cheek;
But quickly that hurried expression was gone,
And calm was his manner, and mild was his tone,
He answer'd—"Ere sunset has crimson'd the sea,
To-morrow—I'll send my young daughter to thee!"

"At sunset to-morrow your palace forsake,
With twenty young chiefs seek the Isle on yon lake;
And there, in its coolest and pleasantest shades,
My child shall await you with twenty fair maids;
Yes—bright as my armour the damsels shall be,
Whom I send with my daughter, Turgesius, to thee."

Turgesius return'd to his palace;—to him
The sports of that evening seem'd languid and dim;

And tediously long was the darkness of night,
And slowly the morning unfolded its light;
The sun seem'd to linger—as if it would be
An age ere his setting would crimson the sea.

At length came the moment—the King and his band
With rapture push'd off their light boat from the land;
And bright shone the gems on their armour, and bright
Flash'd their fast-moving oars in the setting sun's light;
And long ere they landed, they saw through the trees,
The maidens' white garments that waved in the breeze.

More strong in the lake was the dash of each oar,
More swift the gay vessel flew on to the shore,
Its keel touch'd the pebbles—but over the surf
The youths in a moment had leap'd to the turf,
And rush'd to a shady retreat in the wood,
Where many veil'd forms mute and motionless stood.

“ Say, which is Melachlin's fair daughter?—away
With these veils,” cried Turgesius, “ no longer delay;
Resistance is vain, we will quickly behold
Which robe hides the loveliest face in its fold;
These clouds shall no longer o'ershadow our bliss,
Let each seize a veil—and *my* trophy be *this* !”

He seized a white veil, and before him appear'd
No fearful weak girl—but a foe to be fear'd!
A youth—who sprang forth from his female disguise,
Like lightning that flashes from calm summer skies;
His hand grasp'd a weapon, and wild was the joy
That shone in the glance of the Warrior-Boy.
And under each white robe a youth was conceal'd,
Who met his opponent with sword and with shield.

Turgesius was slain—and the maidens were blest,
 Melachlin's fair daughter more blithe than the rest;
 And ere the last sunbeam had crimson'd the sea,
 They hail'd the Boy-Victors—and Erin was free!

T.

BIRTH-DAY VERSES.

TRANSLATED FROM THE DUTCH OF TOLLENS.

WITHOUT being super-critical, we can perceive only three faults in the following lines. They are called "Birth-day Verses," though they do not contain even an allusion to such a day. They would more properly take their title from the last than from the first day of our existence. The second is, that they are spoken by a young man of twenty-five. Would not the solemn character of the observations which he makes, and the wishes in which he indulges, be better suited to him at forty-five? The last line is prosaic and unworthy of all its predecessors. If the expression "in God's name," be poetry, we know not what is prose.—ED.

RESTLESS Time! who ne'er abidest,
 Driver! who life's chariot guidest
 O'er dark hills and vales that smile,
 Let me, let me breath awhile:
 Whither dost thou hasten? say!
 Driver! but an instant stay.
 What a viewless distance thou,
 Still untired, hast travell'd now;
 Never tarrying—rest unheeding—
 Over thorns and roses speeding,
 Through lone places unforeseen—
 Cliff and vast abyss between.

Five and twenty years thou'st pass'd,
Thundering on uncheck'd, and fast,
And, though tempests burst around,
Stall nor stay thy coursers found :
I am dizzy—faint—oppress'd—
Driver ! for one moment rest.

Swifter than the lightning flies
All things vanish from my eyes ;
All that rise so brightly o'er me
Like pale mist-wreaths fade before me ;
Every spot my glance can find
Thy impatience leaves behind.

Yesterday thy wild steeds flew
O'er a spot where roses grew ;
Thesè I sought to gather blindly,
But thou hurried'st on unkindly :
Fairest buds I trampled, lorn,
And but grasp'd the naked thorn.

Driver ! turn thee quickly back
On the self-same beaten track ;
I, of late, so much neglected,
~~Lost—forgot—contemn'd—rejected—~~
That I still each scene would trace :—
Slacken thy bewildering pace !

Dost thou thus impetuous drive,
That thou sooner may'st arrive
Safe within the hallow'd fences
Where delight—where rest commences ?
Where then dost thou respite crave ?—
All makes answer : “ At the Grave.”

There, alas! and only there,
 Through the storms that rend the air,
 Doth the rugged pathway bend:
 There all pains and sorrows end;
 There repose's goal is won—
 Driver! ride, in God's name, on. V. D.

London Magazine.

A CHIT CHAT LETTER

ON MEN AND OTHER THINGS.

*From Ned Ward, Jun. a Fellow in London, to Anthony Wood, Jun. a
 Fellow at Oxford.*

WE like the wit and rambling manner of Ned Ward. It is not, indeed, in the highest strain of poetry, but neither should it be; for "wit and judgment ever are at strife," and he who is too ambitious of excellence, must be willing to sacrifice a great portion of his wit. Swift was a great wit but not a great poet: Ned is not so witty, but his associations are more poetical.—ED.

DEAR Anthony! thy old friend Ned
 Is at his desk, and not a-bed.
 'Tis twelve o'clock,—a chilly night,—
 My chamber fire is full and bright;
 And my sinumbra, like the moon
 Upon a summer afternoon,

Smiles with a pale and cloudless ray
In tiny mimicry of day,—
Shedding thin light, assail'd from gloom,
O'er the horizon of my room.
'Tis twelve o'clock,—the watchman goes
Lulling the hour into a doze,—
Leading Time *by*, and *through* the nose;—
Wrapping his voice in his great coat,
And 'plaining in a woollen note,
Of weather cold, and falling showers,
And cloudy skies (for ever ours !)
And the decay of drowsy hours.
In gusts of wind, down comes the rain,
Swooping like peas upon the pane ;
Loud is the music of the sashes,—
And through the solitary splashes,
Dull hackneys waddle from the play,
A rugged eighteen-penny way,—
The driver wriggling on his seat,
With haybands round his head and feet.

I, slipper footed, sit and send
These nothings to my college friend,
Who now perchance,—a counterpart
To me in idleness of heart,—
Leans at his books,—with toasted knees
Against the grate,—and hears the breeze
Ransack the midnight college trees—
Hears bell to bell, from tower to tower,
Sullenly murmur "the damn'd hour ;"*

* One of the old dramatists says, "If there is any thing damned on earth, it is twelve o'clock at night." Some of our modern Farce writers think the same.

And who (so dreaming thought will be !)
May now be tilting pens with me.

Oh Anthony,—as Brutus said,—
How idle 'tis to be well read !
What stults are men to screw their looks
Into the musty wood of books,—
To pass their days on dry dry-land,
In studying things at second hand.
Of what avail is learning ?—What ?
But to *unparadise* man's lot !
A book, that apple worse than Eve's,
Comes with its bitter fruit in leaves,
And tempts each college Adamite
To cut his learned tooth, and bite !
What is the scholar's gain, for fooling
His time with a perpetual schooling ?
For parting with all kith and kind ?—
A dusty, cabinetted mind,
A forehead scored like pork,—a pair
Of legs that stutter every where—
Nerves, ever trembling,—as one sees
Bell-wires at public offices,—
A black dress browner than the berries,
And fit but to befriend the cherries ;
A gait that offers food for candour,—
Two eyes for Mr. Alexander ;*
And, to complete this thing inhuman,
The devil a bit of love from woman.
Up ! from thy books !—come—come—be idle !
Up ! up !—as saith the sage of Rydal !

* The great oculist. *Alexander the Great*, in the eyes of men.

The sage alone—no poor abuse!
By adding to the sage, the goose.

Oh Tony! Tony! if thou thus
Strugglest with tragic Æschylus,
If thus thine eye by night-light sees
The page but of Euripides—
The leaves of Plato, dry as those
Which Autumn withers as she throws
With her burnt hands on Isis' marge:—
By heavens! man, thou wilt ne'er enlarge
Experience of the gallant world,
Through which life, when 'tis life, is hurl'd;
A sense of breathing joy—a heart
To take thine own and others' part.
Leave books and learn a wiser plan,
Read that strange work; thy fellow man!

Awake!—thou art awake in eyes,—
Well then, poor fallen spirit, arise!
Shake off this mustiness of nature,
Book thyself in the Regulator—
And hither come to brighter ease
Than slugs in fret-work colleges!
Come to thy friend—oh! come to all
That makes this London magical!

Oxford I know is dear to thee,
(As thou hast often said to me,)
For all its aged imagery,—
Its sainted carvings of old stone,—
Its air so learned and so lone,—
Its fretted windows and calm men,
And antique wealth of press and pen,

Its pleasant Isis, sweet to see,
So reeded and so watery !
Its bosky banks, enriching well
With green, old Learning's citadel !
Yet, after all, 'tis solitude
Of stone, of water, and of wood,
Of leaf, of river, and of brook,
Of trencher-hat, and gown, and book :—
Oh ! life at Oxford is but death
Allow'd a little,—little breath !

Come up to town !—come up to me—
I have a knife and fork for thee,—
A little room,—a sofa bed,—
A platter, and a crumb of bread,—
An easy chair,—a merry fire,—
And say,—What more can heart desire ?—
Beneath my stairs in snug repose,
Immured in sawdust, lie two rows
Of those dark gentry, who inherit
Long heads of cork, and hearts of spirit.
They shall our moralizers be,
And hold the glass to thee and me !
And we will see ourselves, as free as
Ourselves should see, not others see us.
The postman's knock each morn shall shake
Thy married eyelids wide awake :
And if a little bilious (bottles
Will raise the bile in lazy throttles),
A taste of soda shall *uniyellow*
The eye-light of my Oxford Fellow.
Then for a breakfast, slow and sure,
(A hasty one I can't endure,)

A chat on Britain's own Fitzgerald,
A lounge upon the Morning Herald,
Where Mr. White the fancy courts
In his divine Police Reports.
—The cloth removed—the cups from *the* board
(You know, we now expel the tea-board)
A turn or two about the room ;
Or if perchance the morning's gloom
Be prevalent—a game of draughts
To exercise each other's crafts.
We'll none of chess !—I hate the name
Of that old Tabernacle game,
That “ intellectual amusement,”
Meant half for fun, and half for use meant,
That odious tedious mode of *slothing*,
O'er which you hang and play for nothing—
That bitter patience-teazing food—
That sober gambling for the good.
We'll have a hock of ham for lunching—
A pair of muffled gloves for punching—
Two sticks to play at *single stick*—
To try if heads be thin or thick,
A pair of foils for button pinking—
All things in short that lead *from* thinking !

Dinner shall come—and we will beat
Two aldermen in what we eat :
Not in our quantity,—but in
The dainties slid'd o'er the chin—
The little lamb, the bright slim bean,
The thin wine in the glass of green,—
The cherry tart full of the fruit,
The Stilton, with the ale to suit,

And the cool crimson store that keeps
Its steady flow, till either sleeps !

Brief, and yet pleasant be our slumber,
For tinkling cups, just two in number,
And steaming kettle,—singing long
And whisperingly its vesper song,
Shall call us to our sweet bohea,
And freshen us o'er fragrant tea !
You shall tell tales of sober college,
And libel old and gowned knowledge ;
And I'll beguile the Chinese hour
With English stories, bright in flower !

What for the night ?—My friend inquires :—
Two candles and the best of fires—
A pleasant game of double dummy,
With cards not new, nor yet too *thumby* ;
Spicy the points—a stirring bet
Our spirit in the game to whet ;
Then hey ! for thrifty play, and care,
Shuffling and sorting—here and there—
The cautious spade led through the king,
The sniff'd revoke—the “ No such thing,”—
The powers of candid dummy scann'd,
The playing up to the weak hand—
The gentle heart—the thundering club—
There, double, single, and the rub !

Put by the cards, my gallant Tony,
(Let me conclude you've paid the money,)
The supper's here, quick at the call had,
Stale bread—old beer—a lobster—salad.

These set the appetite a-raving,
Yet satisfy the fiercest craving :—
And let me tell you—when you've pass'd
An idle day from first to last,
And labour'd hard at doing little,—
The stomach hungereth after victual.

'Tis getting late :—Oh, that's no matter—
Here ! stay—there's brandy—there's the water—
The sugar,—mix, yourself !—no doubt
(Some drink “ warm with,” some “ cold without,”
You'll take what best your taste delights :—
But something must be had a-nights !

Then sitting, lad, behind the glass,
While the late moments mutely pass,—
We whiff the fragrant mild cigar,
And mount upon the silver car
Of its bright clouds, in spirits then,—
And dream into ethereal men !
—To bed—to bed—as Macbeth's wife
Whisper'd in sleep : the springs of life
Are gone down with the sunken day ;—
And, we must rest.—To bed—away !

Such be your in-door pastime :—can
A tidier be contrived for man ?—
If you *would* read ;—Ned Ward (not I)
The wit ;—Tom Brown—Arbuthnot—lie
In a recess mahogany ;—
With Swift—and Congreve—Vanbrugh—all
That made our language magical !—
The less of reading, though, the better—
This is the burden of my letter.

No more—now write, and say you come,
 Change your book cell for a warm room ;—
 With London spirits all about you,
 And one with you,—who's nought without you !

NED WARD, Jun.

P. S.—Should you not “stir at this,” I'll write
 More wonders on another night ;—
 And show you “London Town” outright !

London Magazine.

“POURQUOI EXISTONS-NOUS ?”—VOLTAIRE.

Doctors, though skill'd in Nature's laws,
 Are posed to find a final cause
 Why first she breathed upon man's clay,
 And call'd him forth to light and day.
 To man, they ask, can it be given,
 Poor worm, to glorify high Heaven ?
 Or can Omnipotence require
 The nasal praise of earthly quire ?
 And, more presumptuous still, they task
 The fountain of their breath, and ask,
 Can Providence its business further
 By wars and famine, lust, and murder,—
 In tears, in sighs, and blood delighting,
 The equal fruits of love and fighting ?
 Such are the knotty points and curious
 Which men, by too much love made furious,
 Turn on all sides,—as dogs an urchin,—
 Yet gain no truth by all their searching.

Their reasoning, like the tread-mill's round,
Covers the same eternal ground,
And all their steps repeated o'er
Leave them—just where they were before.
Some old man born to live alone,
To fast and prey, to sigh and moan ;
Others as sapiently suppose
Life's end is seated on the nose,*
All virtue and perfection stinting
Within the narrow bounds of squinting.
So Western sages make it vicious
When men grow thinking and suspicious ;
And deem it not a venial slip,
To look beyond the nose's tip ;
Some recommend a spiritual purging
Of sin, by means of corporal scourging ;
While some would spend our prime's best age
In vagabonding pilgrimage.
Of strange opinions there's no dearth—
Some think our business here on earth
Is to consume the night's still noon
In closest conference with the moon ;
To fly upon the visual wing
And pick up news from Saturn's ring.
There are, and surely these have reason,
Who life with mirth and pleasure season.
There are who hold, most indiscreet,
That life is one perpetual treat,
A feast, a mere debauch, a revel,
And in hard drinking seek their level.

* The Indian Fakeers sit for days with their eyes fixed on the point of their nose.

The wiser deem the task of man
On earth is but himself to scan,
To help a brother in distress,
To the great goal of knowledge press,
T' enlarge the narrow bounds of mind,
New remedies for evils find,
Firmly to guard his country's laws,
And bravely bleed in Freedom's cause.
When the great cause of life I'd know,
To such philosophers I'd go :
With them I'd laugh at all those blockheads,
Who for opinion's sake would knock heads,
And limit every Christian brain
To hold, just what their own contain :
With them I'd think, with them I'd doubt,
And hope I'd made the puzzle out.
But, since the Fates degree to twine,
—— — thy thread of life with mine,
The sceptic sinks into the lover ;
Nor care I longer to discover
A better cause why man should be,
Than simply to exist with thee.
Reposing on thy faithful breast,
All doubts for ever sink to rest.
On thee I gaze, and the bless'd sight
Proves that "whatever is, is right ;"
While, pleased, I own, howe'er life tend,
The means must sanctify the end.

New Monthly Magazine.

SONNET.

WRITTEN ON SEEING A GREEK AT VAUXHALL.

THE author of the following beautiful lines has, if we mistake not, erred, in placing the scene at Vauxhall, as the Greek could not have happened to enter the gardens by chance, and ; if he went purposely, his purpose must be to enjoy, like others, the festivities of the place. How, then, could he be said to

“Gaze around” him “with unquiet eye,
As if the music and light revelry
But stamp’d a deeper sadness in” his “mind?”

ED.

Still he beheld nor mingled with the throng,
But view’d them not with misanthropic hate.

Childe Harold.

Thy soul is o’er the waters—there is not
For scenes like these a sympathy within;
And thou dost turn thee from the restless din
Of pleasure’s many voices, to the spot
Where all thy soul’s affections are enshrined;
And gaze around thee with unquiet eye,
As if the music and light revelry
But stamp a deeper sadness in thy mind.
Thou think’st of those firm hearts and trusty hands
Which throb and strive for liberty and right,
And every tranquil vale and giant height,
Which lies or rises in that “land of lands,”
Where the blue sky hangs smilingly above
The rushing Hellespont, with looks of love.

London Magazine.

ALFAIMA'S LAMENT.*

To the lovers of romantic poetry, the following lines will be acceptable. We shall only observe, that the measure seems neither suited to the dignity of the queen, nor to the magnitude of her misfortunes.—Ed.

Is a dungeon fit home for a queen,
Where the day-spring ne'er pours its light !
Must she, in Grenada once seen
In the splendour and pomp of a diadem bright—
In the purple of power and bathed in delight,
Be captived, forsaken, forlorn,
An object of pity and scorn !

Beauty, royalty, innocence, now
Alas ! ye can serve me no more ;
To the cruel Boabdil I bow,
To the rage of a husband and tyrant, before
Youth's time is gone by or the minutes are o'er,
When life is all hope, and we think
Rich draughts without limit to drink.

Ye Zegris, perfidious and base,
Ye slaughter'd my friends unaware ;
Not enough was the blood of their race,
But with them ye dared pierce with the shaft of despair,
With calumny's arrow a heart that must bear
To be victim, in fullness of woes,
To the virtue and worth of your foes.

* See the history of Boabdil, the last Moorish king of Grenada.

Ye say I'm not true to the bed
Of a monster of jealousy;
That love's flame for another I've fed ;
But the love of my honour is first love with me ;
And if in the depths of my soul there should be
One blush of ill passion concealed,
It shall ever be kept unreveal'd.

O Grenada ! O my sad home !
Do there none of thy warriors remain ?
Not one that to save me will come
And enter the list for his queen, and regain
Her freedom once more ? Are they all with the slain ?
O Muça, haste thou to my aid,
Lest I perish belied and betray'd !

My country, my parents, my throne,
Is the morn, the sweet morn of my days,
Not its hopes and its wishes alone,
But its mantle of grandeur, its incense of praise,
To be trod in the earth ? are its glorious rays
To be shorn from my royalty's brow,
Polluted and darken'd as now ?

The wolf keeps his haunt and his lair,
The eagle his mountain-nest free,
The peasant his home, and in air
The birds soar in sunshine and liberty—
But the queen of Grenada is captive, and she
Must in sorrow and misery lie,
Or dare, 'reft of honour, to die.

O Mahomet ! weak is thy power
When innocence suffers in vain ;
When evil the good may devour—

When thou canst not the strong from oppression restrain!
 I abjure thy religion, I own not thy reign,
 I will worship a God I can trust,
 To avenge me the cause of the just.

New Monthly Magazine.

ALI.

OF *Ali*, we have spoken in our "Preliminary View."

CANTO I.

It was as beautiful a night
 As ever shadow'd earth and sky,
 To make the dim remains of light
 More loved in that obscurity.
 The sea slept stirless on the shore,
 Save haply when the dripping oar
 Its purple robe with gems besprinkled,
 Round which the circling eddies wrinkled.
 Young Selim's bark across the flood
 Its lone and silent way pursued,
 Now broke across the widening gleam
 Of pale Phingari's ocean-beam,
 Then swiftly o'er the darkling blue,
 Awhile invisible, it flew,
 Save by the shining track that swept
 The wave, and still its lustre kept,
 E'en when the boat had reach'd the strand,
 And grated on the sloping sand.

You might have traced from Hermon's hill,
As clearly as the sunny rill
Through Emerald vales is seen to wind,
The silvery course that keel had taken ;—
The line, though thin, was yet unshaken ;
It seem'd a cable of moon-beams twin'd,
Some spirit's fairy prow to bind.—
Are those the whispers of Autumn's breeze,
As it lures the ripe leaves from the citron trees,
Or is it the hum of the clustering bees,
Thus breaking the silence of midnight's hour
With murmuring music from yon grey tower,
Whence gleams through the lattice a flickering ray,
Like the beacon expiring at break of day ?
Oh ! no, 'tis the voice of empassioned greeting,
Oft silenced awhile by their soft lips meeting,
For Selim has gain'd the turret's height,
By none but Zella's eye discern'd,
And now e'en the night lamp is hid from the sight
In the shadow of him for whom it burn'd.
Though the way was far, and the crag was steep,
And the bower of his beauty the fort of his foe,
And his path lay o'er the faithless deep,
Lest a footstep awaken the warder's sleep,
Yet whither did love ever fear to go ?
His foot is as fleet as the bounding roe,
And wherever the mountain-goat can climb,
Regardless of the abyss below,
There seems an easy way for him.
And lives there one of Moslem faith
Who would not brave e'en more than death
To win the warm yet pure caresses

Of those fond arms that now are thrown
Around his neck, whose ebon tresses
Flow darkly mingling with his own,
While still his lip her smooth cheek presses
In rapture but to lovers known ?
Yes, theirs was joy, but not unmix'd
With untold fears of coming sorrow,
For on the dread eventful morrow
The weal or woe of both was fix'd ;—
Long ere another sun shall set,

That youthful warrior's meteor-sword
Must with the bosom-stream be wet

Of those high turrets hoary lord :—
Yon battlements, whose friendly shade
Hath ne'er his nightly haunt betray'd,
When, bounding to his beauteous maid,
Their walls were dear to Selim's eyes
As the blest bounds of Paradise,—

The first bright glimpse of opening heaven,
That greets the Peri as he flies

To his lost home, with sins forgiven,—
His brand shall give to blackening flame,
While crackling beam, and crashing tower,
Shall echo through the blissful bower
Where late his noiseless foot-step came
To love away the moonlight hour.

Yet ere that work of dread is over,
The grave may close on Zella's lover,
And quench the blaze of that full eye

The maiden now is gazing at,
As if the countless lights on high
Were all concentrated in that.

But, Oh ! should Selim live no more,
Thy pangs, fond girl, would soon be o'er :
Thou ne'er couldst linger on an earth

Where not a bosom beat to love thee,
But still wouldst feel affection's dearth,

If Eden's fruits bloom'd fresh above thee.
Though thou wert nurs'd in war's red lap,
And scared by death in every shape,
Yet meekest eyes can easier brook
On thousand mangled forms to look,
Of strangers in the death-grasp writhing,
Than *one* loved face no longer breathing.
Though (like the bud of Zeilan's palm

When first its veil is rent asunder,
Trembling beneath the deep ton'd thunder,
That shakes the forest with alarm,
And with loud prophet voice is heard

Greeting with omens dire the birth
Of that proud flower too highly rear'd

Above each neighbouring child of earth)
Thy cradled slumbers had been broken
By the harsh trumpet's deadly clangor,—
Though none but words of hate and anger
E'en to thine infant ears were spoken,
Though thy first sighs inhaled the air,
The tainted breath of reeking war,
Though pent within a fortress gloom,
Like the steel helmet's quivering plume,—
Thy soul was not less mild than theirs,

Who never felt the spicy grove

Where from the din thy youth would rove,
Who never felt the wildering cares,
Alike extreme of hate or love,

And thou no more couldst bear to see
The death-gloom shadowing o'er the face
Of him whose love was all to thee,
Than the calm ocean's printless glass
Can view the fragments of the rock,
That thunder down to its floating base,
And lie unruffled by the shock.

"Yes, Selim, yes!—I know it now,—
Thou comest to bid adieu for ever;
That quivering lip and that swollen brow
Too well proclaim that we must sever.
How different were thy looks when first,
At the soft noon of midnight's hour,
The radiance of thy bright eye burst
Through the dark bars of this lonely tower,
And, while thy Zella trembling stood,
A burning blush on her pale cheek threw
As the red flame of India's wood
Sheds over all its crimson hue.
Oh! better far hadst thou return'd,
While my green kerchief still was waving,
Soon as thy pinnace I discern'd
On the wild tide these turrets laving.
Far better hadst thou ta'en my warning,
Than come and leave me now to weep
Over a bright and transient dawning
Of joy, like the light which gilds the steep,
When the dull eye of drowsy morning
Opes and again is closed in sleep."

"My bird of beauty say not so ;
I might have shunn'd the beacon-blaze,

But when that lovely arm of snow,
And silken streamer, met my gaze,
Had this been Eblis' dread abode,
My bark would still have onward row'd,—
If more than death had yawn'd between
My boat and yonder surf-worn strand,
The black abyss I ne'er had seen,
While o'er the waters thy white hand
So sweetly waved to warn me thither,
To me it seem'd—forgive the thought
By passion's flattering frenzy wrought—
With its light motion beckoning hither.
And would'st thou joy if all the bliss
That hour and many since have brought,—
All the fond transport, too, of this,
Had never been, or now were nought?
Oh! Zella, Zella! could I deem
Thy spirit e'er can wish to wake
From love's unearthly, trancing, dream,
Why let the thirsty war-hound slake
His raving lip in Selim's gore,
Which ne'er shall glow when not for thee,—
Since all that sweeten'd life is o'er,
What terror has the grave for me?"
"Alla forbid!—oh! be not rash,
Trust me, my heart and soul are thine,
True as the thunder to the flash—
But, hark! I hear the hurrying dash
Of oars across the rippling brine!
A boat!"

"I know the purple sign
That decks their prow,—I must to mine.

Adieu; my life! nay, cling not thus,—
Thou know'st not half the peril near,
What ruin would alight on us,
If my fierce comrades found me here,
Thus ink'd within thy dear embrace,
At such a time, at such a place,—
When all are arming for the fight,
And waiting but the morrow's light,—
Thus absent from the battle-call,
And,—what to them were worse than all,—
Within the foe's detested wall,
By *them* detested, not by *me*,
While yet its round encircles thee.
But morning's dawn shall break the tie
Of thy harsh kinsman's tyranny,
For he, if Selim live, must die.
Yet if no more that face I see,
Oh! may the memory of our love
A fount of endless pleasure prove,
As the rich burden of the bee
Becomes more precious every hour
Than when first gather'd from the flower.”
She wildly pressed his throbbing hand,
And then his manly figure scann'd,
Bidding a long and mute farewell
To every feature's heavenly spell.
Never are blossoms more sweet and rare
Than just before their beauties die,
And never are forms more lovely fair
Than when they are about to fly.
Young Zella's look, though sad and fix'd,
With admiration's fire was mix'd,

While pondering on the noblest frame
That ever Crishna lent to men,
To light and feed a virgin's flame,
And which was ne'er so prized as then.
'Twas such a motionless regard,
As though she hoped if ne'er they met,
But in those realms heaven's high reward,
She then might recollect him yet.—
As though she deem'd there was an art
Each worshipp'd feature's form to trace;
In lines that from her deathless heart
Eternity could not efface.
But then the dread of losing him,
Her only hope of bliss below,
Made even Paradise look dim,
To think it must be purchas'd so.
A thousand horrors darkly roll'd
Across her brain, yet all untold,
And the first words her white lips wrought
Were but the sequel of her thought.
"Remember, I have none but thou
To cherish and to love me now:
My sire and she who gave me birth,
Are slumbering in their bed of earth;
And he who owns this gloomy pile,
Although I am his brother's child,
Did never yet upon me smile,
Or smooth mine ear with accents mild.
Yes, though a stranger were the foe,
Prepared to strike his mortal blow,
His weal could ask no tear from me;
Then think how friendless I should be,

Were aught of ill to light on thee!
Not the wild rosemary that blows,
Unheeded, on the desert sands,
Where not a cooling rivulet flows,
Unrear'd by any fostering hands,
Is half so desolate and lorn
As I, if thou wert from me torn.
Bethink thee, then, amid the strife,
'Tis thine to guard a twofold life;
The hand that crops the javelin-blossom
Will rend the verdant curls that bound it,
And the wound that pierces thy manly bosom,
Will reach the maiden who clings around it."

One kiss—another!—he was flown,
And Zella look'd on heaven alone,
While down the beetling crags he wound,
And his light shallop's prow unbound;
Then like a spectre o'er the tide,
So swift and pale, she saw him glide,
And as the dash more faintly broke
Upon her ear at every stroke,
Her heart's pulsation died away,
Till cold and motionless she lay,
Nor ever raised her drooping head,
Until the early dawn of day
Brought sounds so clamorous and dread,
As would have roused the trance of death,—
The tymbaton's unceasing clang,
The clash of zel, and boisterous breath
Of trumpet through the castle rang,—
The snorting steed, the rattling spear,
The yell of pain, the shriek of fear.

Yet these, which made a hell of earth
Were notes of harmony and mirth,
Compared with what she soon must hear.
Oh ! who can tell the deafening din,
That shakes the massy battlement,
When leaguering foes come pouring in
From chasms in every quarter rent?—
When stifling smoke and flame arise,
What awful peals ascend the skies !
While mix'd with women's shriller tones,
The wounded vent their dismal moans,
Till agony's convulsive groans
Are silenced only by the crash,
Of topling towers that downward dash
Their headlong weight of thundering stones
Upon a thousand writhing bones,
And which around a crimson splash,
Where'er the crumbling ruins gape,
Like that express'd from juicy grape.
But where was she, that helpless maid,
By hands unknown, unseen, convey'd ?
She passed the battling ranks along,
Nor heard the din, nor view'd the throng ;
And, when her terror pass'd away,
Within the hostile camp she lay,
Stretch'd on a rough and martial bed,
By blood-stain'd hands in fury spread,
Of banners captured from the flying,
And garments torn from dead and dying.
Oh ! what her feelings were when lifting
From that rude couch her deathly cheek
Pale as the snow o'er the mountain drifting,

She saw the pillow she had prest
With red and glowing moisture reek,
The blood—perhaps of Selim's breast!
Yet had she not the power to fly
From the fell sight that met her eye.
But lay with such chill horror there
As the lost wretch is doom'd to bear
Who, faint and bleeding on the plain,
Whence, whence he ne'er shall rise again,
Beholds around his festering form
The carcase-loving vultures swarm,
And every moment perch more near,
Losing *their own*, doubling *his* fear;
And when the feeblest cry—a wave,
The lightest of his hand—would save
From the fell prey-bird's famish'd beak,
Nor arm can stir, nor tongue can speak.
She felt upon that gory couch
Her soul beneath its horrors crouch,
As sinks the heart of him who lies,
Escaped from shipwreck, on the strand,—
Alas! without the strength to rise!—
And sees the encroaching wave dash o'er
A wider portion of the shore,
And sweep from off the shelving sand
The nearest pebbles to the brim,
Knowing 'twill next return for him.
Her wilder'd glance in vain was wandering
Amongst the crowd that round her drew;
On every warlike visage pondering,
It could not fix on one she knew.

BEAUTIES OF MODERN LITERATURE.

"Oh, Alla!" then she inly said,
"Has the bolt fall'n on Selim's head?—
"It has, it has, for well I know
"His sire was chieftain of the foe;
"And he must sure have sunk in fight;
"Or never would this sickening sight
"His loved one here disgust and fright;—
"Oh! long ere this his step had sped
"To bear me from this place of dread,
"Which, dreary as it is, were heaven
"If his loved presence here was given."

But no; not yet was Selim's fate
So dreadful as her terrors painted,—
Nor yet his soul had past the gate

That opes to the Moslem by sin untainted;
But half on heaven's bright way had flown
To claim its high and star-gemm'd throne,
When as it cast one fond glance back
On her it left so sad and lone

It straight resumed its earthward track.
Yes—nought but she could render life
Endurable, nay, wish'd for too,

When crawling from the scene of strife,
Bathed in the blood of those he slew,
Mix'd with his own breast's crimson dew,
He long lay lingering on the plain,
Grasp'd in the demon-clutch of pain.
His was a maddening agony
That bids all thought, all reason, fly;
And the strong consciousness of one
Who breathed for him, and him alone,

M

Whose life with his was intertwined,
Had more of instinct than of mind ;
As midst the phantasms of a dream,
View'd but by Fancy's wildering gleam,
One well-known form is brightly spied,
When all are dark and strange beside.
Yet Selim dreamt not ;—ne'er could sleep
The suffering in oblivion steep.
His rest unnumber'd blades had pierc'd,
But miss'd his life, and well, in sooth,
Was every thrust with gain amerc'd
By the swift arm of that bold youth.
But he was bent on nobler prey,
And ever since the light of day
First broke on shining lance and mail,
Whose whiteness made the morn look pale ;
There where the bickering blade flash'd quickest,
Where the dark shower of death fell thickest,
Onward he prest, with all the zeal
A bridegroom's throbbing heart can feel,
Rushing to clasp his passion's prize,
The cause and soother of his sighs ;
With such an ecstasy of wrath
He flies to cross dread Osman's path,
And, as each mouldering fragment falls,
Fears lest the rent and rocking walls
Entomb within a grave of stone
Their lord, whose head he counts his own.
He knew the bower where Zella pined
Hung o'er the verge of the dark sea,
And, were all else to flame consign'd,
Would still unscorch'd, unshaken be.

Like one small nest on a topmost bough,
 When ev'ry branch is lopp'd below.
 So nought of fear for her loved sake
 Could then his thirst for vengeance slake,
 And on he burst through foeman's rank,
 And as the giant torrets sank,
 And roll'd across his bloody track
 Their crushing fragments huge and black ;
 He o'er the vain obstruction sprang,
 And through the domes his loud voice rang,
 On Osman's hated name still calling,
 Nor heard the ruins round him falling,
 That seem'd to wait but till he past.
 " Bismillah ! he is found at last ! "

Yes, it was Osman with a brow
 That never look'd so stern as now ;
 Though smear'd with many a gory soil,
 Unwearied with the murderous toil,
 It lower'd on Selim such a scowl
 As hungry wolves, who nightly prowl
 For human prey, with startling howl,
 Fix on the traveller struggling near,
 And kill him, basilisk-like, with fear.

'Twas such a dark and envious frown
 As Eblis wore, when looking down

From Eden's wall, he saw the first
 Fair shape of man, and deem'd his own

Then doubly hideous and accurst ;

For if a face in anger seen

Can aught of beauty still retain,

If the far west with evening sheen

Beams lovely through the darkening rain,

Young Selim's form was *then* as bright
As e'er was given to mortal sight.
He knew not that, nor paused to eye
The visage of his enemy,
But with a whirl which, like the blast
That on the desert's leafless way
Holds over all its withering sway,—
No force could turn aside, or stay
One mortal stroke, the first, the last,
He clove stern Osman's turban head,
Who, ere he lay among the dead,
From his broad belt a pistol drew,
And dying half avenged his fall,
For Selim's breast received the ball,
And down he sank in darkness too,
And weltering on the cold earth lay
Till the first swoon had pass'd away ;
Then faintly dragg'd his wounded form
O'er mangled heaps yet moist and warm,
And though 'neath many tottering arch
The next tophaik's resounding breath
May topple down on all beneath,
He needs must bend his bleeding march ;
Oft would he pause awhile to trace
The features of some well-known face
That late was flush'd with health's red hue,
But now o'erspread with livid blue,
Until that open spot he gain'd
Where now his stiffening frame remain'd,
In torment few have e'er sustain'd.
But when the battle's din was o'er,—
The craven shriek, the cannon's roar,
And crash of columns; heard no more,—

When all was still, save the faint cry
Of some crush'd wretch, who, ere he die,
Wishing one look upon the sky,
With strength which is not of the world,
A burning mass aside has hurl'd,
And breathes the freshening air again,—
Alas! 'tis but to breathe in pain!—
A band of stragglers roving round
The field, the bleeding Selim found,
And, when they knew him for their chief,
They bore him to the Pasha's tent,
Who soon, to give his son relief,
A leach of skill unrivall'd sent,
And piteous 'twas to see him vent
O'er his fond boy a father's grief.
But ere had set the blushing sun,
That this foul scene had look'd upon,
One litter slowly took the road
Towards many a gilded minaret
Whereon his last effulgence glow'd,
As on the green-sea wave he set;
And ere the night breeze had blown o'er
Full many a prostrate arch and tower
That erst his liberal course had stay'd,
Ere Osman fell by Selim's blade,
That youth had reach'd his father's home,
The conquering Ali's princely dome.
Hark! to the notes of the lute and the timbrel,
And fairy footfall of Almas dancing,
Where late was the clang of the trumpet and cymbal,
And thundering tramp of the war-steed prancing!

Red flow the goblets in Ali's hall,
And the lamps hanging over are wond'rous bright,
But oh! far redder and brighter than all
Are the lips that they moisten,—the eyes that
they light!

For won in the battle where thousands died,—
Like gems upthrown by the stormy tide,—
With cheeks that youth and passion dyed

Deep as the hue of recent slaughters,
Saved for the victor's love or pride,
Each blooming as the Bulbul's bride,
Like ivory note-keys side by side,

Were ranged the fairest of Asia's daughters.
The splendid scene had awhile removed
The grief of many for those they loved,—
For kindred slain, and fortune lost,—
For blighted hopes, and wishes crost.
The crystal fountains were sparkling around,
And leapt to the roof with exulting bound,—
As if eager to bask in the silvery light
Which broke from the latticed window's height
On the spice-lamp's luminous, fragrant, breath,—
Then murmuring sank to their prisons beneath,
Where in basins of marble they darkening lie,
Still charming with coolness, though veil'd from
the eye.

The board with richest fruits was spread
That glow beneath an eastern sky,—
The sweet pomegranate's living red,
And golden grapes whose hue may vie
With that bright orb which gave their dye:—
It seem'd as if each ripening ray

Of summer light which on them fell,
 Had lov'd the resting-place too well
 To wing again its heaven-ward way,
 But there, in rebel brightness stood,
 To emulate its parent-god.

But glistens no eye with a tearful beam,
 Like the tremulous rays on the midnight wave?—
 Which, awaken'd from pleasure's surreal dream,
 Would willingly close in the sleep of the grave?

Oh! Zella, though now thy beauteous face
 Beams out amidst the admiring throng,

Though now with that unearthly grace

Among the crowd thou mov'st along,

The fairest in that festal place,

Thy heart, alas! is far away;

And when the thoughts are bent to stray,

However dear and sad their way,

Not all the charms of wine and song

Can lure the wanderers back again,

Such fascination is in pain:

Or if, perchance, the tearful eye

Light on some object passing lay,

Whate'er it be, it makes but food

To nourish on that joyless mood;

For melancholy throws o'er all,

Alike her black funereal pall,

Bidding the darken'd soul despond

'Mid scenes as bright as eye e'er saw;

And as the bees of Trebizond

From purest flowers can venom draw,

So from the sparkling ore of joy

Can grief extract a dark alloy.

And thus it proved, when from behind
The sacred Harem's curtain'd shades,
A blooming group was seen to wind,
Of Iran's and of Yemen's maids,
Footing it on the marble floor
With step so delicately light,
As would not crush the tenderest flower
That fears to ope its leaves till night.
There was likeness in that sight
To scenes she oft had view'd before,
When in her own dear native land
Among the comrades of her youth
Through the gay valleys hand in hand,
At eve she led the laughing band
Over the green sward cool and smooth ;
And o'er her cheek that mindfulness,
Midst all the mirth and revel here,
Dash'd the salt spray of many a tear.—
Could it from any eyelid less,
That oped not on one object dear ;—
On one the heart could wish to bless,—
On one it loved with soul sincere?
For Zella breathed a warmer sigh
Than that for childhood's hour gone by.
“ Oh ! Selim, Selim ! where art thou ? ”
She inly cried,—“ I'd rather gaze
“ A moment on the dark eye now
“ That flashes from under thy manly brow,
“ Than all these bright-lamps' dazzling blaze ;—
“ I'd rather hear one angel tone
“ Of thy loved voice in desert lone,
“ Than all the notes now gaily ringing

"Through this high and princely hall,
 "Where pleasure seems to shine on all,
 "From yonder virgin-minstrel singing."
 And yet it was a thrilling strain
 That Zella deem'd so lowly of,
 And might have lighten'd any pain
 But from the rankling wound of love,
 Which, like the flower-fed insect, brings
 At once life's sweetness and its stings.
 And lovely was the maid who swept
 With magic touch the silver strings,
 Whilst all such deep attention kept
 As when the Soul of Music sings,
 Where none but angels whose eyes are glistening,
 Like their own high towers of gems are listening,
 From her own Yemen's happy vales
 The girl was borne by hostile sails;
 Wild as the goats that clamber o'er
 Her native crags so steep and hoar,
 Yet graceful as the antelope
 That springs along the mountain slope,
 And here her dulcet minstrelsy,
 Which o'er her fellows raised her high
 Oft soothed her long captivity.
 She paused a moment, still the tone
 Of that preluding strain had died
 Away, while rising murmurs own
 The tuneful power on every side,—
 Then playfully off the mask she drew
 With which Arabian maids are shaded,
 And blushing disclosed to view
 A face where not a rose had faded;

And with a voice, whose every note
Was heavenly as the sounds that float
On the charm'd lake of Chindara,
She warbled forth this joyous lay.

“Ye children of pleasure, come hasten away,—
Yet how shall we roam o'er an Eden like ours,
Where a charm at each footstep invites us to stay,
And each moment is fraught with the pleasures
of hours?

Here all sunny hearts one emotion pervades;
It heaves the smooth bosom, and lights the
dark eye,
While the whisper'd consent of the bashfullest
maid,

Like the airy lute's music is won by a sigh.
Then let spirit and senses one rapture employ,
And melt in delight ere its ardour be cold,
Till our souls are o'erwhelm'd by the fullness of joy,
As the camel bends under his burden of gold.”

Applauding clamors rose around,
And broke the tenor of her song;
The tapers trembled at the sound
That swept the vaulted roof along;
And e'en the lovely minstrel maid
Was at the tumult half dismay'd,
And round the group her large eye strays,
In doubt whereon to fix its gaze,
And seek a refuge from the fire,
She saw her magic strains inspire
In every face she look'd upon,
Too boldly bent upon her own.

She had not learnt the fearless look
 That beams on all as none were by,
 Nor could she yet, unblushing, brook
 The stare of wild impurity;
 But turn'd an instant to the sky
 Which through the casement still was bright,
 Then seem'd to mete the chamber's height,
 Now, restless, on the floor she bent,—
 With pictured forms and gold besprent,—
 That hurried glance, half-pleased, half-righted,
 Which now on Zella's wan cheek lighted.
 Her soul was pure as new-sprung fountain,
 And like the calm wave at the base
 Of frowning rock on flowery mountain,
 Whose colours tint the watery glass,
 Her floating eye would instant catch
 What'er expression lit another,
 And all its own emotions smother,
 So kindly would she ever watch,
 And many a smile she oft repressed,
 In fear to mock the aching breast,
 By mirth in hour unmeet exprest.
 And thus it was when, 'midst the gladness
 The time, her youth, and praise, inspired,
 She look'd upon a sister's sadness,
 For each ecstatic thought retired;
 And when she struck the lyre again,
 'Twas not in that exulting measure,
 But the sad softness of the strain
 Flow'd rather like the balm of pain,
 Than the rich maddening draught of pleasure;
 Yet still it had the fading glow,

Like the last hue of Autumn-leaves,
 Ere ice-drops gem the sparkling eaves,
 In climes that wear the veil of snow.

European Magazine.

SUPPOSED TO BE

SUNG BY THE WIFE OF A JAPANESE,

Who had accompanied the Russians to their Country.

The following lines breathe more of imagination and romance than of real passion, which would seem not to be in good taste, as the heart, when it is deeply sunk with grief and affliction, seldom chooses to wander into the wizard retreats of fancy. Here, however, it is justifiable, for when the original intensity of passion is subdued by long disappointment, and softened by some faint glimpses of distant hope, imagination resumes her sway, and soothes affliction by her airy images.

I look through the mist and I see thee not—
 Are thy home and thy love so soon forgot?
 Sadly closes the weary day,
 And still thy bark is far away!
 The tents are ready, the mats are spread,
 The Saranna is plucked for thee.
 Alas! what fate has thy baidare led
 So far from thy home and me?

Has my bower no longer charms for thee?
 Where the purple jessamines twine
 Round the stately, spreading, cedar tree,
 And rest in its arms so tenderly,
 As I have reposed in thine.

In vain have I found the Sea-parrot's* nest,
 And robbed of its plumes her glittering breast,
 The mantle with varied hues to adorn :—
 Thou hast left me watchful and forlorn.

Dost thou roam amid the eagle flocks,
 Whose eirie is in the highest rocks?
 Dost thou seek the fox in its lurking place,
 Or old the beaver in weary chase?
 Dost thou search beneath the foaming tide,
 Wherein the precious red pearls† hide?

Return! the evening mist is chill,
 And sad is my watch on the lonely hill.
 Return!—the night wind is cold on my brow,
 And my heart is as cold and desolate now.
 Alas! I await thee, and hope in vain,
 I ne'er shall behold thy return again!

* * * * *

She stood on the beach all the starless night,
 But nought appeared to her eager sight;
 No mark on its bosom the ocean bore,
 And he whom she loved returned no more:
 For the strangers came from the icy north,
 And their words and their gifts had won him forth.
 Their ship sailed far from his native bay
 And it bore him to other regions away.

New Monthly Magazine.

* They ornament their *parkis*, mantles, and all their dresses, with the feathers of the Sea-parrot, Storm-fin ch, and Mauridor.

† Japan produces red pearls, which are not less esteemed than white.

TO THE LAST LEAF OF AUTUMN.

WE would recommend the "Last Leaf in Autumn," and the moral deduced from it, to the attention of youth, for the old need hardly be reminded of either. From the moment man begins to descend the vale of life, his last day is always obtruding itself upon him—always lessening the enjoyment of the moment, always mingling with his lighter reflections,

"Day and night"
Hovering, unseen, around" his "wings,"
And mid" his "loneliest musings near."

But giddy youth always feel as if this day were never to arrive, and it is to be regretted, that the picture generally given of it from the pulpit, is clothed in such terrific and fearful drapery, that, instead of dwelling upon it as we ought, we endeavour to chace it entirely from our memory. There is a sober and pensive sweetness, a holy resignation, in the following allusion to it, that strips it of all its terrors, and makes it almost a pleasure to think of it. Such is the witchery of true poetry.—Ed.

FRAIL child of Spring, that summer's sun
Hath warm'd, thy race is nearly run ;
O'er thee with cutting chillness blow
Brown Autumn's blasts, to lay thee low ;
On the storm's wing thou soon must fly,
And hurl'd to earth, decaying lie,
All one to thee, now, sun or shade,—
'Tis night, thy last damp bed is made !
Once thou could'st flout thy sire the Spring,
In pride of green youth glorying ;
Once thy fresh verdure shaded me
From noontide's glowing sovereignty ;
But now a zephyr makes thee sigh,
And rustle as it passes by ;—
Syllabbling, while it marks thy date ;—
"Fall ! fall ! sear wretch, and meet thy fate,
"Lone relic of the year's past prime—
"Dead nature's scutcheon—wreck of time !"

Forlorn, despised, and quivering,
 A wasted, useless, outcast thing,
 Drop from thy bough—it is not good
 To live alone amid the wood,
 Without a friend to share thy pain,
 Demanding sympathy in vain.
 Who'd bear in solitude the blast,
 And curse of friends, to die the last? *
 Sad, solitary man! what share
 Can'st thou in life or pleasure bear!
 No more wilt thou o'ershade the walk
 Of lovers, in their moonlight talk,
 While happy from the eye of day
 They breathe love's secret witchery:
 Nor spread thy robe, empearl'd with dew,
 In April morn, to glittering view;
 Nor hide the ring-dove's downy nest;
 Nor fan hot summer's panting breast;
 Nor to the painted insect be,
 The shelter of its infancy.
 No suns shall e'er again unfold
 Thy glossy hue with beams of gold;
 For thy dry faded form is clad
 Already in death's livery sad.
 The storm that rages for its prey,
 I hear it howl, is on its way.
 Nature! when will man be wise,
 And read thy book with thinking eyes?
 The bard can view the leafy bier,
 The wintry triumph of the year;
 Snatch lessons from such trivial things,
 Prompting strange thoughts and visitings
 Of man's own darker destiny,
 That vulgar visions never see.

* Ultimus suorum moriatur!

The waving leaf his eyes can mark
Its hues so chang'd,—its tints so dark,—
Apply them to his kindred state,
And see them point him to his fate.
Lone ensign ! last of all the pleasures
The year late marshall'd to its measures.
Sad flag, on a wide ocean tost !
Thou tell'st me summer's pride is lost.
Rent as thou art, and torn, in thee
The Sybil's mystic leaf I see,
Where last, most priz'd, the lines declare
Too legibly what mortals are.
Yet, if I sturdy should remain,
And bide one cruel storm again—
I still must crowd a heap'd up bier,
Nor haply call, like thee, a tear ;
Pass unlamented from my place,
And make room for a greener race.
I'll " bide my time," though small my gain,
A pensive verse, a mournful strain,
And hang a dead leaf, by a thread,
With shrivell'd heart and aching head ;
A wither'd scroll, an useless thing,
That may not see another spring ;
A tired, ragged scrap of life,
With winds, storms, seasons, time, at strife ;
Emblem'd in this poor leaf's decay,
The remnant of a brighter day.
Yes, I'll, too, " bide my time" and dare
The tempests of the wintry year ;
Resign'd, like thee, poor leaf, at last
To fall forgot beneath the blast ;
But fix'd to live my utmost date,
And meet undauntedly my fate !

J.

SKETCHES FROM NATURE.

HE was proceeding with his soliloquy,—“Yet a little while,—and then,”—“and then, what?” continued a plaintive, female voice, from behind the curtain, that concealed her slender, but lovely form. “Is that you, Marianne, my love!” cried the unfortunate invalid, as he stretched forth his thin, white hand to welcome her. His eyes gleamed with unearthly brightness; his cheek was suddenly flushed with the hectic of joy, and then gradually resumed its wonted paleness. “I had quite given you up;—I was endeavouring to persuade myself it was all for the best,—that I should never see you more,—that I must pass into eternity without receiving and imparting the farewell blessing. I know you will forgive me, but I could not help thinking there was something like unkindness in this last neglect, but now”—and his eyes sparkled as he spake, “but now my fears are vanished,—I feel as though a load were removed from my heart,—as if happiness was yet in store for us.”—The tone of tender melancholy, in which he addressed her, had thrown her into tears,—as he pronounced the last sentence, her face was, for a moment, enlivened by a gleam of hope, and she involuntarily exclaimed, “Indeed!” He saw, he heard her not; he was wrapt in his subject; and Marianne’s soft blue eyes were again suffused with tears, as he mournfully concluded, “but not here,—not in this world.”

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He was a young man, apparently, about nineteen, he could not be more than twenty; he had been in the army, abroad,—had undergone the perils and fatigues of a two years' campaign in the Peninsula; he was advancing in his profession, had attained the rank of Lieutenant, when his health declined, his strength gave way, and he returned home with the prospect of recovery.—He hoped, in the caresses of his parents, and the smiles of his Marianne, that his health would be quickly restored;—but, from the hurry of travelling, ere he reached his home, decay had made rapid inroads on his constitution. He arrived, and his parents knew not of it; they thought him on the mountains of Spain, and he was on their threshold.—Overpowered by a multitude of feelings, scarce was he able to throw himself into their arms;—they bore him to his bed, and he had been there ever since;—it was only three days—to him it appeared an age. His sole enquiries were for his Marianne,—they told him she was from home; it evidently prayed upon his spirits, it was, therefore, deemed prudent to deceive him no longer. She had been nigh him, and he saw her not; she had heard him, and he knew it not. This was their first interview since his return from the Peninsula. Marianne endeavoured to cheer him; she spoke of the war, of the hardships he had endured, of the laurels he had reaped, of the prospects before him,—she faltered as she spoke. Every effort to avert his mind from gloomy forebodings was unavailing; he saw through the affectionate little artifice, smiled his thanks, and she was silent; the tide of feeling was at its height,—one word would have told all,—she rose

to retire,—the big tear trembled in her eye, and ere she had closed the door, a convulsive sob burst on the ears of the wretched William, and thrilled through his frame with indescribable anguish. Oh! but there is something in woman's sorrow that insensibly wins the heart, and engages the best feelings of our nature in its behalf. The lamb-like resignation,—the vain attempts to arrest the ebullition of feeling,—the retiring meekness, that seeks to withdraw itself from the public gaze,—the calm despair and the wild throb of agony alternate;—all tend to shew nature loveliest in her weaknesses. It was impossible to witness a scene like this, and not inwardly curse the fiendish monster, War. My soul took an expansive glance over the unknown myriads this single war has swept to an untimely grave, on the tens of thousands it has beggared, and on the millions of hearts it has widowed. I ask myself;—and will it not be asked in another world? “Why should man raise his hand against his fellow?” His faculties, his feelings, his pleasures, and even his pains, bespeak him formed, not for himself alone, but for society, and yet, in this particular, we run counter to nature,—we become lions, we glory in reeking the blood of thousands, and, like Indians o'er their sacrifices, turn midnight into day, with lighted windows, bonfires, loud huzzas: and thus deluded thousands, whilst they mourn a husband, father, brother, shout for the general weal. When falls the conqueror many nations mourn, bards swell the song, and statuaries join to tell posterity his deathless fame; but sons of mercy die, and none regards,—they pass untrouphied to the quiet grave, but not forgotten. Oh,

no ! their tribute is the bounding of the grateful heart, not shouts of multitudes mingled with dying groans,—not widows' tears, but widows' blessings,—not the bereaved orphans' anguished cry, but songs of gratitude,—not dying soldiers' curses, but their prayers,—not the world's fear, but the world's veneration."

I know not how much longer my reverie might have continued, had not the return of Marianne called my attention to what was passing around me. There was a calmness in her aspect that might easily be accounted for ; the full heart had overflowed,—the tide of her feeling had subsided, and she was now sunk into a deep and settled melancholy. During her absence, her lover had fallen into a gentle slumber ; fearful of disturbing his repose, she approached his bed-side on tip-toe, and having seated herself beside him, watched his pale and haggard looks with the most fixed and solicitous regard. He appeared to be dreaming, his lips muttered inarticulate sounds, his face became flushed, his brow bedewed with perspiration, his whole frame seemed agitated ;—she was alarmed ; she took his hand, and gently pressing it, exclaimed, "William, my love !" He raised himself from his couch, and wildly casting his eyes around, cried, as he earnestly seized her arm, "What, Marianne ! here still ? methought we were separated for ever,—death was the divider,—and I was just casting a last glance on this transitory world ;—'twas all a dream,—but shadows of truth,—for I feel my strength rapidly wasting, and, ere long, shall be as though I ne'er had been. Yes, yes, I am verging towards eternity ; each moment bears me, like the boiling billow, farther from the

shores of time ;—my eye is dim,—my hand is feeble,—my frame is relaxed,—but my soul, my immortal soul, is still the same ;—it lives through all, and flourishes in the midst of ruin :—to feel all the agony of parting, and to experience, with more poignant anguish, the sad and solemn reflection, that when I am reposing beneath the grass-green turf, there will be one kind and gentle spirit left, lonely and deserted, who must weep unnoticed, sigh un comforted ;—in the hour of gaiety, joyless ; in the silence of solitude, drear and desolate : these are the thoughts that rack,—these the reflections that harass me :—she who loved me living, must mourn unconsolated o'er my memory when dead. Then, Marianne," continued he, " then, when you shall call for me unanswered, save by the hollow echo from the graves,—then, if parted souls may visit those they love, mine shall hover round you, watch over your destiny, reverberate your sighs, weep over your sorrows, if disembodied spirits weep, and be the first to hail your trembling spirit when it crosses the threshold of eternity." Those, and those only, who have stood beside the couch, where all that is lovely and valued lies struggling with the last enemy, can imagine the devotional fervour, the something more than mortal interest, with which Marianne beheld him. " This," said she, taking a little miniature from her bosom, " this is all that will remain to remind me of a hapless lover, —but my heart needs no remembrance,—none, none ; 'tis withering at the core, and, ere long ——" The door slowly opened, and an aged lady, whose face bespoke a heart ill at ease, gently approached to his bed-side, enquiring, with much anxiety, how he felt himself. He

smiled, and would have reached forth his hand, but the effort was too much, and the willing arm fell heavy and languid by his side. "I am better now," said he, "much better," although his voice and features evidently bespoke him much weaker. Marianne was in tears, and her deep and repeated sobs at length attracted his attention; suddenly raising himself in his bed, he stretched forth his arms, as if to clasp her, and then sunk exhausted with his head upon her lap; she raised him tenderly, and having carefully smoothed his pillow, gently placed his head upon it. "This is the boon, which, through many a wearisome night, I have earnestly prayed,—to have my pillow smoothed by the fostering hand of early affection,—and now I die in peace: let them lay me," continued he, with pathetic softness, "let them lay me beside the little yew tree, in the north corner of the churchyard; there shall I sleep in quiet, as I would have lived, but war forbade. There, when all the human race have forgotten me, and not a trace remains to tell that I have been—there, shall the rising and the setting sun shed his sweetest beams. Oh, Marianne! do you recollect that happy evening when first we made vow of mutual love? We stood upon that spot, and lightly talked of many a future year,—and then you sighed, but not as now you sigh, in deep despair,—'tis past, 'tis past,—all past, and now no more of joy,—of love,—of life,—of hope,—remains for us,—but bitter dregs. No! no! 'tis misery all;—before,—behind,—around;—whither, oh! whither shall the wretched flee, and be at rest!" His breath seemed departing, his bosom heaved with spasmodic agitation, and it was some minutes before

he was able to assure them, with a voice weak and tremulous, that he was recovering. "Heaven is our home," said Marianne, "there shall we experience that plenitude of bliss we fondly, vainly looked for here." It was pleasing to hear the touching tones of her melodious voice, thus breathing the spirit of religious consolation at a moment like this : it had the desired effect,—he ceased repining, and whispered, (it was all he could,) "Yes, there is a Providence that rules and directs all for the best, and to his benevolent protection I can safely commit the dearest and most valued of earthly beings :—the taper of life waxes short,—I am faint and feeble ; give me your hand." He pressed it to his lips, then to his heart. "Mother, your's too." Having done the same with it, he placed them in each other, and said, "My mother—my Marianne ; one of you is about to be childless, the other loveless : be a daughter, be a mother, to each other ; and when all around is cheerless and unpromising, and I am no more, think of futurity, of me, of heaven—where we shall all be united to part no more. I have a blessing for you, but it will die in my ——" His voice faltered, his lip quivered, his eye rolled carelessly round : the last spark of life seemed nearly extinguished. After a short struggle he appeared more composed, but grew gradually weaker and weaker. The convulsive clasp of his hand was still the same ; Marianne pressed it to her lips, and looked upwards, as if, in spirit, to implore heaven to spare him yet a little. His fading eyes were fixed on her ; she again placed his hand to her lips, and wept : he looked his gratitude, and closed

his eyes,—opened them, closed them again,—heaved a gentle sigh, and then, with a faint smile on his countenance, breathed his last.

J. R. W.

European Magazine.

THE CLASSICS AND ROMANTICS.

SINCE the celebrated dispute of Perrault, no subject has been discussed with more earnestness among the French literati, than that at present pending in respect to the relative merits of the classic and romantic schools, or, to be more explicit, respecting the superiority of the style of the age of Louis XIV. which has been denominated the “Classic School” on the one hand; and the followers of a free national style, unshackled by the laws of the ancients, on the other, distinguished by the appellation of “Romantic.” In this war of words, the combatants have called to their aid every auxiliary power, and it may not be amiss to give the reader an idea of a contest which will, in the end, produce an important change, for the better, in the literature of the nation. The despotism of the academy, once so perfect, had frequently of late years received severe shocks upon isolated questions, and the revolution inflicted upon its sovereignty, a blow which it was impossible for it to survive. Its use to the Bourbon government, as an instrument of influence on the literature of the country, has now nearly become inert, not by the conversion of the academy to the

side of truth and nature, but by the rising of a regenerated school of literature, more in harmony with modern civilization and congenial to the national feeling, as is the case in England. The wild and extravagant school of Hardy, was supplanted by the genius of Corneille, modelled upon the ancients, and Racine eclipsed Corneille in the opinion of his countrymen, by the introduction of what may be called, the court style of Louis XIV. Every thing was confined to a servile imitation of the ancients, and so far had the style of Racine, backed by the influence of the court, established itself as the model for French tragic writers to follow, that Corneille himself was thrown into the shade in the opinion of most, by the *ultra* refinements of his successor, or rather cotemporary. The French academy adopted the taste of the court. By so doing, it confined tragedy within very narrow limits, both as respected language and subject; for the natural, it substituted the artificial, excluded national subjects, almost wholly, for foreign, and hampered, by fastidiousness and caprice, the range of genius which, regulated by good sense, should ever be a "chartered libertine."

But there were other reasons than those connected with literature which made the example of Racine, and what is since called in France, the "classic school,"* more agreeable to the Bourbon despotism

* For fear it should be supposed that by the epithet "Classic School," censure is meant upon the unrivalled legacies of the ancients, it is proper to observe, that the term is here applied to their servile imitators only, who follow them in every thing, without regard to the

and its ministers. By confining the labours of literature, particularly those of the theatre, as nearly as possible to an imitation of the ancients, national topics were avoided; and by this compression of subject, national allusions, which might sometimes be disagreeable to an absolute government, were spared to the public ear. Tragedy exhibited Grecian and Roman manners, and Roman and Grecian heroes; and the French audience were diverted by scenes of antiquity, from contemplating those that had passed in their own country. The Richlieus and Mazarines, were men of powerful minds, wary, arbitrary, and unprincipled; and it is not giving them credit for too much penetration, to suppose they saw the advantage of patronizing this school in preference to any new-fangled theory that might offer. They knew that the school of monks and colleges had preserved, from time immemorial, the wrecks of ancient learning, but that ancient learning had no way, in their hands, been an instrument of opposition to the powers that were. In patronizing a school of literature that merely imitated the ancients, they neither endangered power, nor tempted the public to the discussion of novel doctrines and a search after truth. It is curious that the "classic school," as it is termed, has every where been the child of arbi-

trary difference of mythology, nationality, civilization, or language. These imitators can appreciate nothing since the downfall of the Roman empire. They would establish one literature for all nations, and depress the manly freedom of the minds of men of genius, to one insipid level. The beauties of the ancient writers are as much esteemed by the disciples of the "romantic" as of the self-styled "classic school," perhaps, better.

trary power; the "romantic" of patriotism and liberty. The French are beginning now to feel this, as the English and Germans have long felt before them. They have discovered that the test of literary merit is public opinion alone, and that a strict adherence to rules cannot command success. The academy, both at its commencement and long afterwards, by uniting in the interests of the crown, the majority of men of talents in the nation, held the lesser fry of writers in vassalage. The influence of the members of the academy had diminished, when the revolution commenced; yet, even then, few thought of disputing its former decrees, particularly in poetry—there Aristotle and the ancients remained absolute, though in other studies innovations had stolen in, after Locke had made a breach in the metaphysical dogmas of the stagyrite.

Upon a proper consideration of the subject, it appears an absurdity, that forty individuals, most of whom were collected by court favour, should be chosen to fix the literature of a nation, lay down laws which future writers were not to infringe upon, and forbid the toleration of works which did not, in their view, possess particular requisites. To bridle genius in its multiform, was an attempt worthy the instruments and vanity of the Bourbon dynasty, calculated to do irretrievable injury to the cause it professed to support, and to be only of temporary duration. The academy was the tool of the minister, and literature was held back and enchained by the academy. This must ever be the case with literary associations under absolute governments. The empire

of literature is a republic, confesses no temporal authority, and, if enslaved for a time, will ultimately emancipate itself, and bury, under the foundations of a more-splendid edifice, the ruins of its former servitude. On the formation of the institute by Napoleon, almost all the men of distinguished talent in France were included in its list; though the emperor was less eager to encourage literature than the sciences, it was not forgotten; and when it did not include interference with the objects of his ambition, genius was allowed full play. Though little of note was added to French letters during his reign, the seeds of the present contest were no doubt then planted. Talma, under his sway, laboured to overcome the monotonous drone of French verse, and assimilating his acting as much as possible to the romantic school, infused into his delivery and action, a feeling of truth and nature unwitnessed on the French stage before. But it was necessary that the turgid style of the French drama should be altered, before further advances towards what is natural could be made. A feeling favourable to such a change has continued to increase. On the re-establishment of the Bourbons, the academy has been restored to the plenitude of its absurdities; and Trésinois, a bigotted fanatic, destitute of every qualification, but backed by the interest of a priest-ridden government, has been elected one of the forty, to complete which, according to the old joke of Piron, a cypher was necessary; while men who possessed the strongest claims, in respect to talent, have been passed over. All has been calculated after the era of Louis XIV.; the natural result has ensued. Authors of con-

siderable talent, out of the academy, have begun to act for themselves, and have been encouraged by the nation; they have set the academy at defiance, and have become members of a republic of letters, amenable only to the general opinion of the nation. That the French people have made advances in tolerating works which are no better than heresies in the view of their "classic school," the translation and rapid sale of translations of the German and English dramatists clearly prove. The French are sensible, in the present day, when the court is no longer an object of admiration, that the academy is but the thing of power, that it is the servile tool of a government, opposed, in every possible way, to the spirit of the age. This will assist the advocates of the "romantic school" in their innovations, and accelerate the progress of the literary emancipation of France.

The "classic school" of France took its tone from the court, while the bulk of the nation was in a state of slavery and ignorance. Paris furnished the tone to the provinces, and the court to Paris. In fashionable tragedy, none but particular words or phrases were to be tolerated, excluding half the language, as not possessed of sufficient dignity. The Alexandrine was the legitimate measure; inflation was taken for grandeur, and the pomp of the court was infused into the literature, to make it worthy of the *grand Monarque* and his courtizans. How Racine, the father of this still courtly style, and other writers, succeeded so well, under such ignoble restrictions as they burthened themselves with, can only be accounted for by the capacity of genius for surmounting extraordinary ob-

stacles.* Prior to this change, France had a sort of free cycle; she had her Marots, Iodelles, Bellays, Baifs, Rousards, &c. &c. Corneille had refined upon them to excess, but in the judgment of the court he did not go far enough:—thus every thing was forced into artificial greatness; bloatedness of bulk seemed to be mistaken for sublimity, and the glitter of Palais Royal paste, for the pure splendour of the diamond. It was in this spirit that the land was covered with chateaus to imitate Versailles, and that the nobles ruined their fortunes, and ground their tenants in the dust, in imitation of the monarch's waste of the subject's wealth.

The rage for imitating the ancients, it may justly be contended, did little in the way of introduction of a pure taste. Stage costume was as barbarous as ever. Court wigs were worn in the seventeenth century by the Alexanders and Cæsars of the buskin, perhaps to assimilate them to Louis *le grand*. Shepherds wore embroidered silks, Rivers appeared in red stockings, and Alpheus made love in a fair full-bottomed periwig and a plume of feathers. The refinements of that age, either in poetry or the arts, did not arise from genuine taste, they were the accidental result of fashion. True taste can only prevail and influence a nation where the road to excellence is free, and a generous emulation incites all to strive in overtaking it. The freer spirit of latter times, the increase of

* The editor (of the New Monthly Magazine) coincides in general with the sentiments expressed in this article; but he deprecates giving his sanction to the manner in which the writer speaks of Racine, of whose exquisite genius the author of the article seems to be insensible.

knowledge, and the more general habit of thinking and reasoning, have created a standard of opinion and a juster taste upon all subjects ; and France will shortly be little inclined to submit to the dictation of the court of Louis XIV. on subjects of literature. With us pastorals are no longer written in garrets, or treatises on manners by collegians, who have never passed the bonds of *alma mater*. If our poets describe day-break they do not now write about Phœbus harnessing the steeds of day and driving away Nox. Æolus no longer makes our storms, Jupiter our thunder, or Neptune our earthquakes ; nor are we sickened to death, as we once were, by lectures on syllogism, and figure, terms, prepositions, and predicates—these slumber peacefully in our Universities. Our riddance of them we owe to what is called, by Madame de Staël, *le genre romantique*, but which in reality means nothing more than the freedom of adopting what is reconcileable to reason instead of following custom. Monsieur Iony has lately written a tragedy, called “ Sylla,” wholly regardless of precedent, and has met with the most flattering success. The French are eager for works that possess freedom, delineate passion, and create emotion by a close adherence to nature. In short, by an attachment to the “ romantic school ;” not, however, the *litterature romantique* of Madame de Staël, born of chivalry and christianity, but the simple adherence to the most perfect representation of nature. The Germans have long ago entered into definitions of this term, when in France it would have been heresy. But now, in the latter country, the combatants are engaged in the

same argument, and it is no longer heterodox to the people. While the classics follow the rules of Aristotle and the court of Louis, holding that laws made by the ancients should regulate all future writers, cling closely to the unities, reject all words except those that have been legitimized by precedent, severely cut up language, pare every thing to the core, and rob all imagery of its sharpness; they forget that French literature must be identified in time, language, climate, and mythology, with the ancients, before the latter can be arranged side by side with it in the contest. The romantics may attack the French classics and not fire a shot at the ancients through them; the term classic may, therefore, be better understood, as it regards the present dispute, by opposing the style of Dryden's "Tyrannic Love" to the "Macbeth" of Shakspeare.

The romantics insist that their opponents do not paint nature faithfully; that their colours are gaudy, artificial, and forced; that they reject expressions of natural feeling, and substitute the language of the writer instead of that which the supposed speaker naturally use in his circumstances. That they adhere to the unities under the idea of rendering the drama perfect to spectators, when impossible things must still remain in every tragedy, even when the unities are carefully preserved. That a tragedy in which the unity of time is preserved agreeably to rule, will be performed in two hours, though it would have occupied eighteen or twenty in reality. Thus, as great an infringement on the unity of time often takes place when the technical law is preserved, as a change of

scene for a hundred miles, between the acts, would be in the unity of place. Furthermore, no audience has ever been deceived into a belief of the truth of what was represented before it on the stage,—the very house and audience belie such a deception; it only expects to see an approximation to truth, a semblance of what has occurred before. Here the romantics have far the better of the argument. The hero of the romantic tragedy is made to speak, in his situation, all he would naturally utter were he the character he represents. The “classic school” gives only the language of the poet, and sinks nature in high-flown phrase and lofty declamation—in the language of actors and not of those who feel. This arises from the modern classic school, being imitators only, for the ancients kept to the truth of nature as it exhibited itself in their day, and wrote agreeably to their customs. Can it be consistent, then, that modern tragedies should possess no national truth, but be merely the reflection of antiquity! The romantics assert that truth and nature must be followed as closely as possible, and that where this is adhered to, the effect must be more perfect, nature being always the same. In describing her emotions in the passion of love, for example, that writer will be most correct whose delineations impress the greatest number of readers with their force and truth; his judges will then comprehend the greatest number of hearers, because all understand what is natural;—while the poet of the classic school will call in Cupid to his aid, or substitute general phrases, and the fruits of closet learning, for the exquisite developement of the passion

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itself, and a knowledge of its effects on the human heart. Venus and Cupid have no place in our mythology; but the brief language and peculiarities of ancient feelings and habits, have endeavoured to introduce them into nations with opinions, temperaments; and a mythology totally different, cramping genius and tying down a writer to rules, a breach of which consigned him to the anathemas of the court and the academy.* Hence the genius of France seemed incapable of any new flight; it was confined in a narrow space, and no one dared venture into a region of literary novelty. It must be confessed, however, that before the revolution it required transcendent talents to break the thralldom in which genius was entrammelled.

“La nation Française,” says De Staël, “la plus cultivée des nations latines, penche vers la poésie classique, imite des Grecs et des Romains; la nation Anglaise, la plus illustre des nations Germaniques, aime la poésie romantique et chevaleresque, et se glorifie des chefs-d’œuvre qu’elle possède en ce genre.” It may be justly doubted, however, whether this definition has much to do with the present question. The French may lean in style towards the present writers, but the advocates for disenthralldom from the classic school, neither want a literature *romanesque* or *chevaleresque*; they demand a literature which, while the characters and incidents it describes may be modern, and even national, or barbarous, or of remote eras, shall be penned with a fidelity adapted to the universal feeling

* If the French classic school has, in some instances, been more true to nature and feeling than in others, it is because it insensibly leaned, at the time, towards the principles of its opponents.

of truth, in every age and nation. They wish to have tragedy, which shall be neither Greek nor Roman, but French; in short, they desire pictures of nature on the model of Shakspeare, and not of something neither ancient nor modern, a Gallico-Latin medley, to preserve the servility of which, originality and nature must be sacrificed,—they want high-wrought passion and high feeling in simple language. The exclusive character of classic, as an imitation of the ancients, with which the French Academy dignifies such writings, is clearly a misnomer. Those writers alone are the classics of a nation whose works, sanctioned by public approbation, have established a lasting fame. Shakspeare is as much an English classic, in the national sense of the term, as the author of Cato—Burns as Pope. Whether a writer be an imitator of the ancients, or be an original, if the labours of his genius obtain for him lasting celebrity, he is a classic of his country. But the French Academy, adopting the style of literature of countries in which the manners and language were different from their own, in place of fostering a literature adapted to the language and feeling of the people, claim to be exclusively classic, while a national literature must be the expression of society.

Great things arise from small beginnings. He must be blind indeed, who does not perceive, in the present dispute, the dawn of a new era of literature in France. The writers who have come forth in battle order against the Academy (or *Sorbonne*, as it is now dubbed) are men of zeal and genius; they have the public on their side, and the Government and Academy against them,—this alone helps their cause. The mi-

nistry is an object of dislike, and its measures are regarded with just suspicion by the people. The public taste on literary subjects might have been influenced before the revolution, but that time is gone by. Literature is no longer the tool of the government, but belongs to the nation. The present contest will be decided in the theatres; the structure of the drama will be changed, and the innovations first introduced will make the impression irresistible.

MM. Stendhal (Beyle), Soumet, Ancelot, Nodier, &c. &c. have openly appeared as advocates of a free national literature, or on the side of the "Romantics:" they possess talent sufficient to keep the subject alive, and promote the abrogation of the decrees that have enchained French literature, if not by the peculiar excellence of their writings, yet by their novelty, and the interest they excite in the public mind. They are aided by translations from the English and German writers of the "Romantic school;" and other writers will, no doubt, appear in France, who, giving the rein to imagination, and finding themselves free from their former bondage, will give their country a new and more exalted literature than it has ever yet known.

Horace Walpole says of Lord Chatham, that he not only wished to see his country free, but also other nations,—a desire in which he probably stood alone among the statesmen of his country. Let us cherish a similar spirit in regard to French literature: let us rejoice to see it emancipated from the shackles of tyrants and courtiers, and follow the line of truth and nature. In its renovated state it may furnish an object of rivalry to our men of genius, instead of chilling them

with its affectation, fatiguing them with its monotony, and disgusting them with its pompous pretensions, notwithstanding brilliant pens have, heretofore, submitted to its guidance.

Y. J.

New Monthly Magazine.

SENSE AND SENSIBILITY.

“Hæc in re scilicet una
Multum dissimiles.”—HOR.

In a visit which we paid some time ago to our worthy contributor, Morris Gowan, we became acquainted with two characters; upon whom, as they afford a perfect counterpart to Messrs. “Rhyme and Reason,” recorded in No. I., we have bestowed the names of *Sense and Sensibility*.

The Misses Lowrie, of whom we are about to give our readers an account, are both young, both handsome, both amiable: nature made the outline of their characters the same; but education has varied the colouring. Their mother died almost before they were able to profit by her example or instruction. Emily, the eldest of the sisters, was brought up under the immediate care of her father. He was a man of strong and temperate judgment, obliging to his neighbours, and affectionate to his children; but certainly rather calculated to educate a son than a daughter. Emily

profited abundantly by his assistance, as far as moral duties, or literary accomplishments, were concerned ; but for all the lesser *agréments* of society, she had nothing to depend upon but the suggestions of a kind heart, and a quiet temper. Matilda, on the contrary, spent her childhood in England, at the house of a relation ; who, having imbibed her notions of propriety at a fashionable boarding-school, and made a love-match very early in life, was but ill prepared to regulate a warm disposition, and check a natural tendency to romance. The consequence has been such as might have been expected. Matilda pities the distressed, and Emily relieves them : Matilda has more of the love of the neighbourhood, although Emily is more entitled to its gratitude ; Matilda is very agreeable, while Emily is very useful ; and two or three old ladies, who talk scandal over their tea, and murder grammar and reputations together, consider Matilda a practised heroine, and laugh at Emily as an inveterate blue.

The incident which first introduced us to them, afforded us a tolerable specimen of their different qualities. While on a long pedestrian excursion with Morris, we met the two ladies returning from their walk ; and, as our companion had already the privileges of an intimate acquaintance, we became their companions. An accurate observer of human manners, knows well how decisively character is marked by trifles, and how wide is the distinction which is frequently made by circumstances apparently the most insignificant.

In spite, therefore, of the similarity of age and person which existed between the two sisters, the first

glance at their dress and manner, the first tones of their voice, were sufficient to distinguish the one from the other. It was whimsical enough to observe how every object which attracted our attention, exhibited their respective peculiarities in a new and entertaining light. Sense entered into a learned discussion on the nature of a plant, while Sensibility talked enchantingly of the fading of its flower. From Matilda we had a rapturous eulogium upon the surrounding scenery ; from Emily we derived much information relative to the state of its cultivation. When we listened to the one, we seemed to be reading a novel, but a clever and an interesting novel ; when we turned to the other, we found only real life, but real life in its most pleasant and engaging form.

Suddenly one of those rapid storms, which so frequently disturb for a time the tranquillity of the finest weather, appeared to be gathering over our heads. Dark clouds were driven impetuously over the clear sky, and the refreshing coolness of the atmosphere was changed to a close and overpowering heat. Matilda looked up in admiration, Emily in alarm : Sensibility was thinking of a landscape, Sense of a wet pelisse. " This would make a fine sketch," said the first ; " We had better make haste," said the second. The tempest continued to grow gloomier above us : we passed a ruined hut, which had been long deserted by its inhabitants. " Suppose we take refuge here for the evening," said Morris ; " It would be very romantic," said Sensibility ; " It would be very disagreeable," said Sense : " How it would astonish my father !" said the Heroine ; " How it would alarm him !" said her

sister. As yet we had only observed distant prognostics of the tumult of the elements which was about to take place. Now, however, the collected fury of the storm burst at once upon us. A long and bright flash of lightning, together with a continued roll of thunder, accompanied one of the heaviest rains that we have ever experienced. "We shall have an adventure!" cried Matilda; "We shall be very late," observed Emily. "I wish we were a hundred miles off," said the one, hyperbolically; "I wish we were at home," replied the other, soberly. "Alas! we shall never get home to-night," sighed Sensibility, pathetically; "Possibly," returned Sense, drily. The fact was, that the eldest of the sisters was quite calm, although she was aware of all the inconveniences of their situation; and the youngest was terribly frightened, although she began quoting poetry. There was another, and a brighter flash; another, and a louder peal: Sense quickened her steps, Sensibility fainted.

With some difficulty, and not without the aid of a conveyance from a neighbouring farmer, we brought our companions in safety to their father's door. We were, of course, received with an invitation to remain under shelter till the weather should clear up; and, of course, we felt no reluctance to accept the offer. The house was very neatly furnished, principally by the care of the two young ladies, but here again the diversity of their manners shewed itself very plainly. The useful was produced by the labour of Emily; the ornamental was the fruit of the leisure hours of Matilda. The skill of the former was visible in the sofa-covers and the curtains; but the latter had decorated the card-racks,

and painted the roses on the hand-screens. The neat little book-cases too, which contained their respective libraries, suggested a similar remark. In that of the eldest we observed our native English worthies,—Milton, Shakspeare, Dryden, and Pope: on the shelves of her sister reclined the more effeminate Italians,—Tasso, Ariosto, Metastasio, and Petrarch. It was a delightful thing to see two amiable beings with tastes so widely different, yet with hearts so closely united.

It is not to be wondered at, that we paid a longer visit than we had originally intended. The conversation turned, at one time, upon the late revolutions. Matilda was a radical, and spoke most enthusiastically of tyranny and patriotism, the righteous cause, and the Holy Alliance. Emily, however, declined to join in commiseration or invective, and pleaded ignorance in excuse for her indifference. We fancy she was apprehensive of blundering against a stranger's political prejudices. However that may be, Matilda sighed, and talked, and Emily smiled, and held her tongue. We believe the silence was the most judicious; but we are sure the loquacity was most interesting.

We took up the newspaper: there was an account of a young man, who had gone out alone to the rescue of a vessel in distress. The design had been utterly hopeless, and he had lost his life in the attempt. His fate struck our fair friends in very different lights. "He ought to have had a better fortune," murmured Matilda; "or more prudence," added Emily. "He must have been a hero," said the first; "or a madman," rejoined the second.

The storm now died away in the distance, and a

tranquil evening approached. We set out on our return. The old gentleman, with his daughters, accompanied us a small part of the way. The scene around us was beautiful; the birds and the cattle seemed to be rejoicing in the return of the sun-shine, and every herb and leaf had derived a brighter tint from the rain-drops with which it was spangled. As we lingered for a few moments by the side of a beautiful piece of water, the mellowed sound of a flute was conveyed to us, over its clear surface. The instrument was delightfully played: at such an hour, on such a spot, and with such companions, we could have listened to it for ever. "That is George Mervyn," said Morris to us. "How very clever he is!" exclaimed Matilda; "How very imprudent," replied Emily. "He will catch all the hearts in the place," said Sensibility, with a sigh; "He will catch nothing but a cold!" said Sense, with a shiver. We were reminded that our companions were running the same risk, and we parted from them reluctantly.

After this introduction, we had many opportunities of seeing them. We became every day more pleased with the acquaintance, and looked forward with regret to the day on which we were finally to leave so enchanting a neighbourhood. The preceding night, it was discovered that the cottage of Mr. Lowrie was on fire; the destructive element was soon checked, and the alarm quieted, but it produced a circumstance which illustrated, in a very affecting manner, the observations we have been making. As the family were greatly beloved by all who knew them, every one used the most affectionate exertions in their behalf. When

the father had been brought safely from the house, several hastened to the relief of the daughters. They were dressed, and were descending the stairs. The eldest, who had behaved with great presence of mind, was supporting her sister, who trembled with agitation. "Take care of this box," said Emily. It contained her father's title-deeds." "For heaven's sake, preserve this locket!" sobbed Matilda; it was a miniature of her mother!

We have left, but not forgotten you, beautiful creatures! Often, when we are sitting in solitude, with a pen behind our ear, and a proof before our eyes, you come, hand in hand, to our imagination! Some, indeed, enjoin us to prefer esteem to fascination;—to write Sonnets to Sensibility, and to look for a wife in Sense. These are the suggestions of Age, perhaps, of Prudence. We are young, and may be allowed to shake our heads as we listen!

P. C.

The Etonian.

CRITIQUE ON THE LUSIAD OF CAMOENS.

THIS Critique we have extracted from Bouterwek's History of Spanish and Portuguese Literature, as the subject derives an interest from its having been made a subject of controversy among the critics, since Voltaire attacked it. The present critique is rendered still more interesting by its originality, as the critic takes a view of the *Lusiad* different from that of all former commentators. The extract is so long, that

we cannot venture to lengthen it by any observations of our own, except that we agree, in general, with the views of the critic. There are, however, some positions to which we should object, and which we may notice at some future time, in treating on Portuguese literature, as we cannot, without considerably exceeding the limits which we have proposed to each article, treat of it here.—ED.

“The *Lusiad* of Camoens is a heroic poem ; but so essentially different, in the unity of the epic plan, from all other heroic poems, that to avoid falling into the unwarrantable misconception, with which this noble work is every where judged, except in Portugal and Spain, it is necessary, in considering it, to drop the ordinary rules of comparison, and to proceed on the general idea of epic poetry, unmodified by any prepossession for known models.* Camoens struck out a totally new path in the region of epopœia. The style of his poem is formed chiefly on the ancient models, and in his diction he has imitated the elegant stanzas

* Even the apology for Camoens, which precedes Mickle's version of the *Lusiad*, defeats itself, for the English translator makes the Homeric epic his standard, and, in order to justify the *Lusiad*, misconstrues the machinery of the *Iliad*. The remarks on the *Lusiad*, by Voltaire, in his *Discours sur le Poëme Epique*, are beneath criticism ; and the judgment pronounced on this poem, by Von Junk, in the Introduction to his Portuguese Grammar, evinces a total want of poetic taste. No one should attempt a translation of the *Lusiad*, who does not possess an intimate acquaintance with the Portuguese language and poetry for it is otherwise impossible to seize the spirit of Camoens. The English translation by Mickle is, hitherto, the only one in which it can be said that, at least, the elegant dignity of Camoens' style is represented.

of the Italians ; but the epic idea of the work is entirely his own ; and the kind of composition which forms its ground-work, was something entirely new in poetic literature. The object of Camoens was to recount, in epic strains, with pure poetic feeling, the achievements of the heroes and great men of Portugal in general, not of any individual in particular, and consequently not of Vasco da Gama, who is commonly considered the hero of the *Lusiad*. He was not to be satisfied with drawing up a poetically-adorned official report, like the Spanish *Azucana*, written at a latter period by Ercilla.* The title which Camoens gave to his heroic poem, sufficiently denotes the nature of its subject. He named it *Os Lusíadas*, that is to say, the Lusitanians or Portuguese. This choice of a title was doubtless influenced by the prevailing taste of the Portuguese poets of that age, to whom the common name of their nation appeared unpoetic, and also by the popular notion that the favourite term, *Lusitania*, was derived from a certain mythological hero, named *Lusus*, who visited Portugal in company with Ulysses, and who, conjointly with the Greek warrior, built the city of Lisbon (*Ulyssipolis*). Camoens is not to blame if the editors of his poem, wishing to reconcile its somewhat unusual title with the names of other epic compositions, have converted the *Lusiadas* into the *Lusiada*.† But the poem may be designated by its common title,

* See the History of Spanish Literature, p. 408.

† The edition with the Commentaries of Faria e Sousa, published in the year 1656, has the old title of *Lusiadas* ; but in the book itself, the poem is frequently styled the *Lusiada*. The latter title is, therefore, far from being a recent innovation.

without offence to its spirit or its subject. At the same time, it must not be forgotten, that the *Lusiad* is a totally different kind of heroic poem from all those epopees, whether successful or unsuccessful, in which a single hero is the mainspring of the whole epic action. According to the plan which Camoens sketched for his national poem, he was enabled to dispense with the choice of a hero, whose achievements should throw those of all others into the shade, and form the sole source of epic interest. To this plan, however, an essential beauty of epic poetry was necessarily sacrificed. The composition lost the advantage of those little groups of characters, which would otherwise have been assembled around the principal character. From its plan, therefore, the *Lusiad* cannot be accounted such a model of epic perfection as the *Iliad*, or even as the *Æneid*, in which that perfection, more faintly presented, is still to be found. . But as a narrative poem, deriving a total effect from the union of its parts, the *Lusiad* may be considered an epic whole, and consequently, a poem entirely different in kind from the *Metamorphoses* of Ovid, or even the *Divina Comedia* of Dante. A poetic and epic grouping of all the great and most interesting events in the annals of his native country was what Camoens wished to accomplish. He, therefore, very happily selected the event which constitutes the most brilliant epoch in Portuguese history, as a common keeping point for all the different parts of his epic picture. The discovery of the passage to India by Vasco da Gama, was certainly not an heroic achievement, in the usual sense of the term, but in that age, when such adventures bordered on the

incredible, it was a truly heroic enterprize. Camoens made this event the ground-work of the epic unity of his poem. But in that unity, Vasco da Gama is merely the spindle, round which the thread of the narrative is wound. His dignity, as the leader of his intrepid countrymen, renders him, in some degree, conspicuous ; but in other respects he is not distinguished, and the interest of the whole poem depends no more on him than on his companions. The heroes who shine with the greatest lustre in the *Lusiad*, even the constable, Nuna Alvarez Pereira, who is the most remarkable among them, are all introduced, in, what are styled, the episodes. But the *Lusiad* has in reality no episode, except the short story of the giant Adamastor. Another portion of the work, which is commonly called an episode, is a poetic sketch from the ancient history of Portugal, and belongs as essentially to the whole as any of the other principal parts of the great picture. It even occupies near one half of the poem. It is precisely on these parts, called episodes, that the epic grandeur of the whole composition rests, and in them the finest passages in the poem occur. Unless the idea of the plan of the *Lusiad* be rightly seized, the composition will appear in a false light on whatever side it may be viewed.

The *Lusiad*, designated as a whole, may, therefore, be termed an epic national picture of Portuguese glory, something greater than a mere gallery of poetic stories, but less than a perfect epopee. The principles of the composition are exceedingly simple ; but, that they may not be misconceived, it is necessary to understand the epic machinery of the poem, as the poet himself

would have it understood, and as it was understood in the spirit of the age by his contemporaries. Camoens was too truly a poet to exclude from his *Lusiad* the charm of the marvellous, and the co-operation of supernatural beings. But he was either accidentally less happy than Tasso in the choice of epic machinery, for a modern heroic poem, or he purposely preferred the Greek mythology as the most beautiful. Nothing prevented him from assigning the necessary parts in his machinery to the good and bad agents of popular Christian belief; and the subject seems particularly calculated for such an application, as the diffusion of Christianity, by the discoveries and conquests of the Portuguese, is, in the poem itself, made the highest merit of the nation. Camoens, however, appears to be of opinion, that an epic poem, such as he had planned, should be adorned with learning, and particularly mythological learning; and besides, by the introduction of the Greek deities, the whole composition seemed to be raised to the true poetic region of the ancient *epopœia*. Thus there remains the singular incongruity of the Greek mythology, and the achievements of the Portuguese Christians, who, on no occasion, neglect to act and discourse in the true spirit of their faith. But, in the mind of Camoens, this incongruity was removed by the opinion, which he shared in common with his contemporaries, that the machinery in *epopœia* was merely a poetic figure, and that all the heathen deities might be introduced as allegorical characters, in modern narrative poetry, by the same privilege which enables Cupid to keep his place in the lyric compositions of Christian poets, without any theological or

literary offence. Thus Camoens allegorically introduced Olympus into his poem. The erroneous opinion which misled the poet, does not, it is true, redeem this defect in the poem, though it contributes to cast a veil over it. But if the reader admits the opinion, which he must do in order to understand the poet in his own sense, then will even the offence against taste be found to vanish imperceptibly. This compromise once made, the whole poem becomes not only singular, but even wonderful in its singularity, particularly where Vasco da Gama and his companions sport with Thetis and her nymphs allegorically, and yet, in good earnest; and the historical material begins, as if suddenly enabled by magic, to shine in the full light of poetry.

The *Lusiad* assumes a mythological character immediately after the introductory stanzas. Vasco da Gama, with his squadron, has already doubled the Cape of Good Hope; and steering along the eastern coast of Africa, he approaches the Indian Seas. The gods are then assembled on Olympus to deliberate on the fate of India. Venus and Bacchus form two parties; the former in favour of the Portuguese, and the latter against them. In this application of the allegory, the poet, doubtless, gratified his patriotic pride; for Portugal was, even by the Spaniards, styled the native land of love; and temperance in the use of wine was a national virtue of the Portuguese. In order to give a still higher import to this allegory, Venus is made to consider the Portuguese as modern Romans, and to entertain for them the same regard which she formerly extended to the people of ancient Rome: but Bac-

chus recollects his expedition in India, and is indignant at the Portuguese, whose enterprize threatens to eclipse his glory. Among the gods who declare themselves friendly to the Portuguese, Mars is particularly conspicuous. Meanwhile Vasco da Gama's fleet touches at several places on the eastern coast of Africa. Vasco endeavours to enter into amicable relations with the King of Mombaza; but Bacchus transforms himself into a Mahometan priest, and, by treacherous tokens of friendship, plans the destruction of the Portuguese, in Mombaza. Venus, however, discovers the treachery in time to prevent it. She appeals to Jupiter. Her prayers for the Portuguese fleet are heard. Mercury warns Vasco da Gama in a dream, and Vasco escapes the danger that is prepared for him. He sails onward to the African kingdom of Melinda. The king of Melinda, though also a Mahometan, gives a hospitable reception to the Portuguese, whose courage and national glory excite his warmest admiration. Here the poet connects the thread of those narratives which have been erroneously regarded as the episodes of the *Lusiad*. At the request of the king of Melinda, Vasco da Gama relates the most interesting incidents of Portuguese history, and closes his patriotic narrative with a description of his own voyage up to the period of his arrival at Melinda. The king of Melinda now becomes the enthusiastic friend of the Portuguese; and here the second half of the poem commences. Vasco da Gama proceeds on his voyage with the pilots, who are to shew him the nearest course to India. Bacchus, however, descends to the bottom of the sea, and implores the gods and goddesses of Neptune's king-

dom to assist him in destroying the Portuguese fleet before it shall reach India. A dreadful storm arises, and seems to promise the accomplishment of Bacchus's wish ; but at the critical moment, Venus again rescues her favourites, and the Portuguese arrive in safety at the kingdom of Calicut, on the coast of Malabar. Vasco da Gama is at first very favourably received by the Zamorim, or Prince of Calicut. This opportunity is seized by Camoens to supply a sort of supplement to the poetic narrative of the events of Portuguese history ; for he makes Paulo da Gama, the brother of the admiral, explain to the Catual, or Indian Governor of Calicut, the historical tapestries and pictures on board the Portuguese ships. At length Bacchus, who is not yet weary of playing the part of Mussulman for the annoyance of the Portuguese, stirs up such a misunderstanding between Vasco da Gama and Zamorim of Calicut, that the projected commercial treaty between Calicut and Portugal is set aside, and the Portuguese fleet is once more exposed to the risk of destruction. But the grand object of the voyage is now attained, and Vasco da Gama weighs anchor, and directs his course back to Europe. During the homeward voyage, Venus prepares for the enterprising navigators a brilliant festival, on an enchanted island in the great ocean, where goddesses and sea nymphs, wounded by Cupid's darts, become enamoured of the Portuguese, who land on the island. The voluptuous magic festival, at which the goddess Thetis, or Thetys, (for both names denote the same deity,) becomes the bride of Vasco da Gama, affords the poet the last opportunity of completing his pic-

ture of Portuguese national glory; for a prophetic nymph relates the most conspicuous achievements of the Portuguese commander in India. And Thetis, taking Vasco to the top of a high mountain, explains to him, on a magic globe, the geographical descriptions of the different countries.

All the objections which may be urged against an epic composition of this kind, are so very obvious that, from a mere sketch of the contents of the *Lusiad*, it is impossible to conceive how a poet, even of the most uncommon talents, could form a grand and beautiful whole on a plan at once so trivial and so irregular. But the plan of the composition of this poem resembles a scaffolding, which is surrounded and concealed by the beauty and grandeur of the building, and which serves to connect the parts in a singular kind of union, yet has no share in producing the unity of the effect. The unity of effect, and consequently of the poem, rests wholly and solely on the execution of the plan, out of which only a poet like Camoens could have created a *Lusiad*. But the historian of Portuguese poetry, who is not inclined to concede the just claims which this poem possesses on the admiration of all ages, must present to his readers another and a totally different analysis of the work from that which has just been given. A suitable opportunity will thus be afforded for more particularly noticing the beauties with which the *Lusiad* abounds, and the faults, in which it is not deficient.

The introductory stanzas mark with sufficient precision the tone which the poem maintains to its close. "Arms, and the renowned men who, from the western

shores of Lusitania, penetrated beyond Taprobana by seas never before navigated ; who, amidst frightful dangers and warfare, accomplished more than could be expected from human power ; and, in a remote region of the world, founded and raised a new kingdom ; also the glorious achievements of those kings, who extended their faith and their dominion, and spread terror through the wicked regions of Africa and Asia ; and others whose glorious deeds have raised them above the laws of mortality," are announced as the objects of the poet's strains. Then follows an effusion which has more of a patriotic than a poetic character, combined with a panegyrical dedication to king Sebastian, containing no less than sixteen stanzas. The narrative, which commences with the nineteenth stanza, opens amidst the course of these events, and in a truly epic strain. The reader may now readily perceive that he must not expect to find in the *Lusiad* a work written in the spirit and the style of classic antiquity. It betrays, indeed, a certain degree of loquacity which seems to run counter to the effect of the lofty epic. But there is something captivating in the enthusiasm of the poet's manner ; his patriotism rouses sympathetic feelings ; we expect to find his poem the offspring of an overflowing heart ; we are charmed with the natural, elegant, and noble language of the work ; and, as soon as the narrative begins, the poetic point of view seems likewise to be fixed. The mythological machinery which Camoens conceived to be indispensably necessary to epic dignity, forms a peculiar kind of ornament, for which indeed the reader is prepared from the commencement of the poem. The descrip-

tion of the council of the gods on Olympus, with which the narrative opens, though somewhat at variance with the ancient costume, is nevertheless pleasing and not devoid of dignity. Here the poetic spirit of Camoens is evinced in some picturesque comparisons, in which he vies even with Homer. All these similes bear the impress of the poet's powers of active perception and representation. They are neither far-fetched nor common, and they abound in poetic truth and energy. In the forty-fourth stanza, Vasco da Gama is for the first time mentioned, and, in few words, characterized as a man of "proud and lofty spirit, on whom fortune ever smiled." But there soon occur passages in which the poetic light of the representation is totally extinguished. Passages of this kind are afterwards frequently repeated, and their prosaic dryness is the more displeasing when contrasted with the deep poetic spirit which pervades the more beautiful parts of the composition. The description of the first engagement between the Portuguese of Gama's fleet and the treacherous Moors of Mosambique, affords the poet another opportunity of displaying his talent in picturesque comparison. But it becomes obvious that this talent must have been formed on the model of Ariosto rather than that of Homer. There occur indeed in his representations of the tumult of the battle, some imitations of Ariostic exuberance which do not strictly harmonize with the prevailing style of the *Lusiad*.

In the second canto the mythological machinery becomes still more remarkable, when at Mombaza, on the coast of Africa, Bacchus assumes the disguise of

a christian priest, and, on an enchanted altar, goes through the ceremony of the christian worship, for the purpose of deceiving the Portuguese. But the grotesque application of the machinery in this passage prepares the mind for scenes of a similar character, and thus the comic effect of subsequent parts of the poem is in anticipation softened. The reader who enters into the spirit of the poet becomes unconsciously accustomed to this view of the ancient mythology ; and he is even soon reconciled to the incongruity of Vasco da Gama offering up prayers as a christian to Providence, and those prayers being heard by Venus, who once more intercedes with Jupiter in favour of the Portuguese, resembles Ariosto's description of Alcina. Here the poet, for the first time, evinces his predilection for voluptuous pictures of beauty. This charming description may be said to possess a nationally classic character. The speech of Vasco da Gama's ambassador, which gains the king of Melinda to the interests of the Portuguese is excellent, and the pompous meeting of the king with Vasco, on board the Portuguese admiral's ship, is elegantly and picturesquely described.

At the commencement of the third canto, a new life is infused into the poem. But to try this poetic survey of Portuguese history, as it stands in connexion with the whole, by any rule of prosaic similitudes, would be to depart from the poetic spirit of the *Lusiad*. In order to understand the narrative which Vasco da Gama relates to the king Melinda, it is necessary to possess that knowledge of the events alluded to, which Camoens presumed every reader to possess, but which in all probability could not have been possessed by a

sovereign of Melinda. The reader who peruses this narrative without the necessary knowledge of the history of Portugal, will be incapable of appreciating many of the most essential beauties of the *Lusiad*. In so far as Camoens may be denominated the Portuguese Homer, he is indebted for that title to the poetic epitome he has given of the history of his country; and this epitome is a rapid succession of pictures, which flit away like shadows before those who are unacquainted with their historical ground-work, for the poet evidently expected readers who would be gratified to observe how art was capable of elevating the events of real life to the region of epic invention. This portion of the poem, which extends from the third to the end of the fifth canto, contains passages which, in point of classic elegance, leave nothing more to be desired; but even here Camoens has, in some instances, made an unpoetic display of his erudition. Previously to the narrative of Vasco da Gama, the poet speaks in his own character, and patriotically elevates the Portuguese nation above every other. Vasco's narrative commences with a cold geographical enumeration of the different countries in Europe in which the Swedes, Danes, Prussians, Russians, and Livonians, are styled *estranha gente* (strange people), just as a modern traveller might speak of the Ostiaks and Samoides. Spain is denominated the head of Europe, and Portugal the crown of that head. Viewed in the light of probability, the invectives in which Vasco da Gama at every opportunity indulges against the Mahometans, must be supposed offensive to the king of Melinda; but Camoens, in his patriotic zeal, lost

sight of many circumstances which would have obli-
vied the consideration of any other poet. Among the
most beautiful passages in these three cantos of the
Lusiad, may be numbered the tribute to the memory
of Egaz Moniz, the Portuguese Regulus, who, how-
ever, ended his career more happily than the Roman
consul; the description of the battle of Ourique,
which laid the foundation of the kingdom of Portugal;
the description of the visit of queen Maria, of Spain,
to her father the king of Portugal, to implore assis-
tance for her husband in his contest with the Moors;
the relation of the tragical fate of Inez de Castro,
which is the most celebrated of all the exquisitely
beautiful passages in the *Lusiad*; the description of
the sanguinary battle of Aljuabarrota, the greatest
victory the Portuguese ever gained over the Castilians;
and some others, of the like character, which might
still be enumerated. The picture of the Battle of
Aljuabarrota excels all the similar descriptions which
occur even in the *Lusiad*, remarkable as that poem is
for such passages. The valiant Nuno Alveres, who
by his eloquence and personal authority, no less than
by his courage, saved the political existence of Por-
tugal, shines with such conspicuous lustre at the head
of the Portuguese warriors, that he, with far more
propriety than Vasco da Gama, might be denominated
the hero of the *Lusiad*, were it a work which ought
to be judged according to the rules usually applied to
epic poetry. Even in this great battle-picture, the finest
touches are unquestionably copied from nature, for
the poet was no less in his place in the tumult of
war than in the more tranquil region of the Muses.

In the continuation of the narrative of the first discoveries of the Portuguese in the east, the particular interest which the poet took in allegoric description, is again displayed in a novel manner. The two principal rivers of India, the Indus and the Ganges, are made to appear to king Emanuel, in a dream, under the personification of two old men. The representation is truly excellent.

In Vasco da Gama's narrative of his own voyage, the following passages must always be particularly distinguished : the description of the farewell to the Portuguese shore ; secondly, a sort of didactic episode, consisting of reflections made by an old man on the vanity of human ambition, quite in the spirit of that true poetry which embraces the whole range of human existence ; and thirdly, another kind of episode, which introduces the giant Adamaster, whom Camoens conjured up from the old world of fable, to render him the spirit of the Cape of Good Hope. In the description of this part of the voyage, Camoens, for the first time, uses the freedom of relieving the solemn seriousness of his narrative by some comic touches. Tunao Vél-loso is the humorist among the enterprizing followers of Vasco da Gama. Camoens also occasionally breaks the poetic tone of the whole description by a display of his mythological and historical pedantry, and by his endeavours to express, in a poetic manner, things which are totally unpoetic ; as for example, in alluding to the day of the departure of the fleet, he says,—
“ When the eternal orb of light had entered the sign of the Nemean monster, and when the decaying world, in its sixth age, moved feebly and slowly, after having

observed the sun's circuitous course repeated fourteen hundred and ninety-seven times." These deformities sometimes injure the beauty of the finest parts of the poem.

The chief portion of the second half of the poem, from the sixth to the tenth Canto, is thrown into shade by the first half; and the essential want of a rising interest, weakens the epic character of the whole. But these last five Cantos of the *Lusiad* abound in classically beautiful passages; and that kind of unity, at which the poet aimed, is on no occasion forgotten. The description of the palace of Neptune, and the sea deities in the depths of the ocean, is equally charming and novel; though it must be allowed, that the portrait of Triton degenerates into the grotesque. In order to omit no opportunity of interweaving into the composition of the *Lusiad*, whatever might shed a poetic lustre on the Portuguese name, Camoens makes Veloso, for the amusement of the ship's crew, relate the history of the Lusitanian knights, who, according to Portuguese tradition, are called *Os doze de Ingla terra*, (the twelve of England). In the description of the storm which follows, the powerful painting of the dreadful picture once more reveals the poet, who had himself passed through like scenes of danger. The same stamp of truth is apparent in the succeeding descriptions of Indian objects, which no great poet, except Camoens, has sketched from nature. The poem is not injured by the long and energetic apostrophe to the European powers, with which the seventh Canto commences. According to the view to be taken by a Catholic Christian, Camoens was justified in extolling

the national glory of Portugal, above that of all other Christian nations, on the ground that while the Portuguese, by their valour, were extending the dominion of the Catholic faith, and had not, for a considerable period, waged war against any of the European states, those states were contending against each other, and even in a certain measure, against the church of Rome. To strengthen, in some degree, the poetic probability by a matter of fact, Camoens has introduced, at the period when the intercourse between the Portuguese and the Indian Prince of Calcut commences, a Moor, named Monzayde, whose destiny had conducted him over land to India; through this mediator, who speaks Spanish, and who finally becomes a Christian, the Indians are made acquainted with the power of the Portuguese and Spanish arms. This Moor is also the interpreter, who, in the eighth canto, assists Paulo da Gama in explaining the historical pictures and embroideries to the Indian ambassador. In point of poetic merit, this supplement to the abstract of the history of Portugal, is far inferior to the narrative in the third and fifth Cantos :—but Camoens could find no other means of accomplishing his purpose; for he was equally reluctant to omit any thing which he conceived to belong to his pictures of Portuguese national glory, or to crowd too many of the events of former times into one part of his poem. None of these historical descriptions, which occupy a large portion of the eighth Canto, form finished pictures; they are mere sketches, and are, in general, deficient in poetic warmth; but the ninth Canto makes ample amends for this fault. The magic festival, which Venus pre-

pires to recreate her beloved navigators, after the fatigues they have encountered, is boldly conceived, and charmingly executed; and in this part of the composition, the poet's fancy has revelled with evident delight. Camoens, like all the Portuguese poets of his age, next to the indulgence of heroic feeling, and all-powerful patriotism, was fond of luxuriantly portraying the passion of love. Except the fate of Inez de Castro, and the achievements of Nuno Alvarez Pereira, at the battle of Aljuabarrota, the poet has executed no portion of his poem with such decided predilection, as the visit of the navigators to the enchanted island; and to no other part of the poem is so much space allotted in proportion to the whole. The long description of the preparations for the luxuriant festival, and of the festival itself, which commences at the eighteenth stanza of the ninth, and extends into the tenth Canto, is full of picturesque beauty. Its great prolixity, however, must, even according to the correct plan which Camoens followed, be accounted a defect in the composition. But the reader, like the poet himself, soon forgets every thing but the seductive painting, which sometimes, it must be confessed, only just respects the boundaries of decorum, which yet, upon the whole, offends no elevated feeling, and which has not been surpassed by any later poet in the same style. The first idea of the island of love, on which Camoens makes Venus entertain the Portuguese navigators, seems borrowed from Ariosto, but Ariosto's description of the magic gardens of Alcina, scarcely affords a ground-work for the scenes and situations in the *Lusiad*. There is, however, little room to doubt

that Tasso, when he trod in Ariosto's footsteps, in order to describe the abode of Armida, availed himself of the description of Camoens. In the tone of frank simplicity, with which the festival is announced, the character of the poet is again manifested. It is described as merely "a refreshment for restoring the exhausted strength of the navigators; some interest for those fatigues which render short life still shorter." Venus, in her car drawn by doves, descends from Mount Ida in quest of Cupid. She finds him with a throng of loves employed in forging arrows. The fuel used in the process of forging, is allegorically and whimsically described to be human hearts, and the red hot arrows are cooled in tears. Cupid and his little deputies are directed to wound a number of goddesses and sea-nymphs, so that every individual on board Vasco da Gama's fleet, shall, on landing on the magic Island, find himself in the situation of a happy lover. Meanwhile Venus adorns the island with the loveliest charms of nature. On first landing, the navigators know not where they are, but they are soon satisfied with the pleasing reality, without concerning themselves about the nature of the miracle which has transported them to a terrestrial heaven. When the festival is drawing to a close, the poet, for the first time, explains the object of the fiction, by stating it to be an allegorical representation of the happiness which is the reward of courage and virtue. After this cold manner of dissolving the enchantment, the unprejudiced reader feels little interest in the conclusion of the poem. The stanzas in which the prophetic nymph celebrates the future achievements of the Portuguese,

are historical fragments, the connexion of which must be studied, in order to form a just estimate of their poetic merits and demerits. The geographic supplement, which is put into the mouth of Thetis, is still colder, notwithstanding the singular idea of the globe which hovers in the air, and which exalts the miracle of the geographic lecture. But thus is the sympathy of the reader more powerfully excited by the passage towards the end of the *Lusiad*, where Camoens speaks of himself, which he had refrained from doing in the preceding part of the work. As he approached the close of his labour, he was impressed with the conviction, that no earthly happiness awaited him; and now saw "his years descending, and the transition, from summer to autumn, near at hand; his genius, frozen by the coldness of fate, and he himself borne down by sorrow into the stream of black oblivion and eternal sleep." His heart then pours forth the epiphonema of the poem, consisting of a didactic apostrophe to his sovereign, full of loyalty, but not less abounding in honest zeal for truth, justice, and virtue.

An epic poem, so powerfully imbued with intensity of feeling and character as the *Lusiad*, naturally calls to mind Dante's *Divina Comedia*, and Klopstock's *Messiah*. But the *Lusiad* bears, in other respects, no more resemblance to the *Messiah*, than to every other great poem, in which the beauties make amends for the exercise of indulgence towards numerous faults. The *Lusiad* presents a greater similarity to the works of Dante. Both poems are epic, though neither are epopees, in the strict sense of the term. Both are singular, but truly poetic in invention, and, in both,

the full stream of purest poetry is incessantly broken by false learning, and various unpoetic excrecences. But, with respect to the invention, the *Divina Comedia* is, in its original plan, trivial, and only becomes grand by the poetic filling up of the vast divisions of hell, purgatory, and heaven. The *Lusiad* is more poetic in its outline, but not so rich in its internal parts. Finally, the two poems are distinguished by the kind of feeling which prevails in each, and by a total difference of style. Dante introduced all the variety of the terrestrial world, of which he had perfect command, into the mystic region of a celestial and subterraneous existence, in which he, as a Christian, placed faith; and the whole plan of his extraordinary poem has for its object, the *pious apotheoses* of his beloved Beatrice. Camoens glowed with patriotism and heroism; and to avoid weakening the patriotic, and nationally heroic character of his poem, by the force of religious interest, he preferred introducing into his terrestrial fiction, the heaven of mythology, because he felt that it afforded him the finest imagery. Dante's style is, throughout, energetic, frequently rude, and always characteristic of the spirit of the extraordinary writer, who stood alone, and who, in a great measure, himself created the language in which he expressed his feelings. Camoens, like Ariosto, was wholly the man of his age, and his country; a fact which is sufficiently evident from the delicate and luxuriant style, which he partly borrowed from Ariosto, and which he only cultivated as far as was necessary, for the expression of the serious epopœia.

MEMOIR OF MADAME CATALANI.

THE distinguished character who forms the subject of our present memoir, was born in Sinigaglia, a small town in the papal territories, about the year 1782. Though the accident of birth can add nothing, in the sight of universal reason, to those mental or physical qualities which lead to excellence, and which nature only can bestow, it is, however, due to the celebrated ANGELICA CATALANI to say, that she was born of parents highly respectable, though poor; and that this circumstance, which, in England, only facilitates the approach to the temple of fame, was nearly depriving the world of those splendid powers, which are the admiration of the present, and will continue to be the theme of future ages. Madame Catalani owed more to birth than to fortune; and she was, therefore, destined to take the veil, like other females similarly circumstanced. When fortune and birth stand at a distance, and view each other with jealous eye, the one too proud to court, and the other too capricious to favour, the nunnery is the only asylum which the pride of birth has discovered, in Italy, to secure the fair sex from the contingencies of circumstances and situations. Angelica, however, discovered such superior powers during her noviciate, in singing the praises of her Creator, that her parents were induced, by the sollicitation of friends, to change their intention of withdrawing their daughter from all commerce with the

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world. She was, accordingly, suffered to cultivate her musical powers, and the combined energies of nature and of art, soon qualified her to take the first parts in serious opéra. Her vocal powers, however, were not the only qualities which recommended her to public favour. Beauty and youth, when accompanied by elegance and grace of deportment, will not easily yield their contested sovereignty to the dominion of music. There is a witchery in beauty as well as in sound; and it is so difficult to say which exercises the strongest influence over the heart and its affections, that the admirers of the fair Angelica were at a loss to determine which recommended her most to public esteem! In the latter, however, she stood unrivalled; in the former, she had many competitors; and if her innocence and beauty were more highly esteemed, it was only because they were found connected with such extraordinary endowments. It is certain, however, that the grace and elegance of her movements and person, heightened and refined as they were by the severe dignity of virtue, rendered her one of those miracles of nature, which only certain ages are permitted to behold.

Her celebrity procured her an invitation from the prince and princess of Brazil, now king and queen of Portugal. The opera house at Lisbon boasted, at this time, some of the first Italian singers in Europe. The fascinating Grassini, and the still more enchanting Crescentini, were among its principal ornaments; and to the instructions of the latter, who was deemed a prodigy in his art, Madame Catalani owes much of the celebrity she has since obtained. She remained five years in Lisbon, on a salary of three thousand

moidores, and was honoured with many presents of great value. During her residence in this capital, she married Monsieur Vallebrique, still retaining the name which had raised her to such celebrity: instead, however, of *Signora*, she was henceforth known by the name of *Madame Catalani*. She received letters of recommendation to the royal family of Spain, from the princess of Brazil, who was particularly attached to her; and whose esteem was less founded on her professional eminence, than on her private virtues.

In Spain she was honoured with the friendship of the royal family, and became extremely popular with the nobility and gentry during her residence at Madrid.

After having visited the French metropolis, in 1806, she arrived in England, and appeared at the opera-house, in the Hay Market, in the latter end of that year. Her annual salary was only £2000, and one benefit, a sum not more than half what she received at Lisbon, but she looked forward to that encouragement which, if it is not always, at least should be always, the prize of superior attainments; and her expectations were amply realized.

Madame Catalani made her first appearance on the 18th of December, 1806, in the character of *Semiramide*; and, to give a full display to her powers, a new composition of Portogallo was substituted for Bianchi's original music, as being more suited to her natural and acquired powers. She was accordingly received with the most unbounded applause, and her fame became every day more firmly established.

In 1808, her salary was increased to £5250, and two clear benefits. Her health, however, did not keep

pace with her fortune, and became as variable as the climate. Madame Dussek, accordingly, was to perform in serious opera, and take the part of *Busfa* whenever Madame Catalani was unable to perform. A fracas, however, took place between her and Mr. Taylor in 1809, which diminished her popularity in England. Mr. Taylor offered her 6000*l.* and three clear benefits; but though this engagement was highly liberal, she refused to accept of it. The public attributed her refusal to a spirit of avarice, but in doing so, they judged by first appearances. The real motives that prompt us to action, like the latent causes of natural effects, seldom hang on the surface of things, and it requires time and opportunity to trace them to their source. Hence it is, that public opinion is always fallible, though not always erroneous, when its object is the immediate public conduct of individuals; they generally refer the conduct of distinguished persons, to a better or worse source, than that from which it emanates. The cause of this error seems to be, that the public judge of all individuals alike who are placed in similar situations, without reflecting, that every individual is the creature of habits, feelings, and impulses, which belong to no other but himself, that these feelings exercise an influence over him which reason can seldom repel, or bend to its own designs; and that, consequently, out of fifty individuals who happen to act alike, not five may be prompted to it by similar motives. One rule, however, should never be forgotten, in regulating our judgments, and that is, that the motive to which we ascribe any action, should always be compared with the general tenor and character of

the actor's life ; and out of all the possible motives to which it can be referred, always to select that which harmonizes best with this general tenor and character. Whoever is guided by this rule, and what rule can we discover that approaches nearer to infallibility, must instantly free Madame Catalani from the imputation of avarice, in her quarrel with Mr. Taylor.

Her liberality, and the readiness with which she has always been known to attend, and promote the objects of all charitable institutions, are known and published throughout Europe ; and, even when her health has sometimes prevented her from singing in aid of such institutions, her purse has contributed to effect that good, which was sought for from her vocal assistance. The delicacy of her health frequently obliged her to decline many engagements, which were sufficiently tempting, if avarice had been the god of her adoration ; and when we know that she refused 240,000 roubles, about 10,000 guineas, from the Muscovite nobility, for giving ten concerts in their ancient capital, we cannot think of ascribing her refusal of Mr. Taylor's offer to a spirit which, if it had existed, would have certainly gratified itself, by embracing the offer of the Muscovite nobility. Perhaps the state of her health, in 1809, was not the sole cause of refusing Mr. Taylor's offer. She thought her brother's talents not sufficiently appreciated by the situation appointed him in the orchestra, and, therefore, as Mr. Taylor refused him the place to which she thought him entitled, it is certain that she acted more under the influence of her feelings than of her reason, at the moment. To him, however, who can make no allowance for that

irritability of feeling, which is the inseparable attendant of genius, we can only say, that he knows too little of the human art to estimate, as he ought, the moral value of human actions; for though weakness and irritability are not to be defended, yet, as they form a part of our nature, and are frequently found united with virtues of a superior order, they should not be too hastily condemned.

Another circumstance contributed, at this moment, to render Madame Catalani less popular, namely, her refusing to sing for a charitable institution. The public erroneously attributed this refusal, as well as her difference with Mr. Taylor, to motives of avarice; but if this were the real cause of her refusal, how can we explain the fact, that she sent twenty guineas as a private donation to that very charity? If this be the manner in which avarice manifests itself, it were well for charitable institutions that all the world were misers.

After the fracas between her and Mr. Taylor, she appeared occasionally at private musical parties. She performed at the principal towns in the three kingdoms; at the grand music meetings at Oxford and Cambridge, and at several charitable institutions. She was at length induced to go to Paris, where the Emperor of France granted her the patent of the Theatre Royal Italian, with a yearly salary of £7000 sterling. This theatre, which was then by far the most elegant in Paris, she managed with great ability for four years, and alternately engaged the celebrated composers, Paer and Spontine, to conduct the musical department. She also engaged the first singers of Italy, both male

and female. The receipts, however, were trifling when she did not sing herself, so that her attention to the interests of the establishment became a fatigue to which her health was unequal, and she determined to resign the charge, and visit the capitals of Europe. She went first to Berlin, where she was received by his Prussian Majesty with the most flattering respect. The Prussians were at a loss which to admire most, her surprising talents or beneficence. Of this she received the most honourable testimonies from all the Prussian courts, and his Majesty sent her, accompanied by a most gracious letter, the grand medal of the academy, (similar to that which the great Frederick sent to Voltaire.) This letter was published in all the journals of the time.

From Berlin she proceeded to Hanover, where she was graciously received by His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, and all the ladies of the court. She was crowned at the theatre with her usual success; and after giving a concert for the benefit of the poor, she departed for Stutgard. We are informed that the melody of her voice made such an impression on the late king, who was passionately fond of music, that he pronounced her name a few minutes before his death.

From Stutgard she went to Munich, but, in consequence of some trifling misunderstanding, she departed without singing. She was persuaded, however, to return shortly after, and was affectionately embraced by the Queen, who greatly regretted the mistake which had taken place. The King was not less attentive to her, and recommended her to the friendship of his daughter, the Empress of Austria.

Vienna was the next theatre of Madame Catalani's vocal powers. Here her success was unparalleled ; and a simple statement of facts will easily evince the enthusiasm with which she was received. The great room of the Redoubt was filled to excess, at each of her concerts, though it contains 3000 persons, and the tickets of admission were very high. The Emperor, as a mark of his royal favour, presented her with a superb ornamental of opal, enriched with diamonds. Here her benevolence and liberality to the poor, who always participated in her success, displayed itself as usual. Every mouth resounded her praise, and the magistracy of the city, to testify the high sense which they entertained of her character, caused a medal to be struck, which bears an inscription highly flattering to her.

Madame Catalina had long cherished a wish to visit Russia, from which she had received many invitations. On leaving Austria, therefore, she proceeded to St. Petersburg, where she commenced with a concert, the tickets for which were fixed at twenty-five roubles. The success which attended her performance the first night, was so great, that several hundred persons were disappointed of seats each succeeding night. She was persuaded to give her concluding concert at the public exchange, where she was honoured with the presence of 4000 individuals. The receipts of this concert she devoted to the relief of two hundred distressed families in St. Petersburg. Such is the illustrious character who has been charged with avarice in the metropolis of the British Empire ! We must confess it gives us sincere pleasure, that it should fall to

our lot to present these proofs of her liberality to the public, or, at least, to that portion of the public who honour our pages with a perusal. At her departure from St. Petersburg, the Empress embraced her in a most affectionate manner, and the reigning Empress presented her with a pair of gold ear-rings, and a diamond necklace. The Emperor Alexander, not less sensible of her virtues, kissed her hands at her departure, and made her a present of a magnificent girdle of brilliants. She remained four months in Russia, during which time, she gave concerts at St. Petersburg, Riga, Moscow, and Wilna, which produced her, exclusive of all expenses and the sums she bestowed on charity, upwards of 15,000 guineas. When she went from Moscow to Warsaw, she was presented, on her arrival, with a letter from the Muscovite nobility, offering her, as we have already observed, 240,000 roubles, if she would come and give ten concerts at their ancient capital during the winter. Apprehending her health would not endure the severity of the climate, she declined the flattering and advantageous invitation.

She made her second appearance in England in July last, (1822,) and gave a concert at the Argyle Rooms, on the sixteenth of that month, where she was received with the most enthusiastic applause. Nothing could equal the effect which she produced in singing Rhodes' violin variations. In this extraordinary exercise of her vocal powers, she displayed at once her surprising rapidity, strength, and sweetness. She gave another concert on the 30th of July, the profits of which amounted to upwards of £300, and which she devoted to the funds of

the Westminster General Infirmary; and indeed, the whole tenor of her life shews the mistaken prejudice which had been, at one time, excited against her in this country.

From London, Madame Catalani proceeded to Glasgow, and afterwards visited Edinburgh, Newcastle, York, and Liverpool: here she was joined by Mr. Yaniewicz, who has ever since been the sole director of her concerts. From Liverpool she proceeded to Leeds, and next visited Sheffield, where she was suddenly taken ill, while the audience were assembling, or, rather, after the greater part of them had assembled. The effect of her illness produced a temporary suspension of her vocal powers, and she continued for three days in this alarming state. She left Sheffield without a concert, promising to return shortly, which she did, after visiting Birmingham, Bath, and Clifton. From Sheffield, she proceeded to Nottingham, and from thence to London, where she still continues. During this excursion, she has cleared above £6000, over and above the heavy expenses, which she must have necessarily incurred. She is now performing in London, where her success is without example. At this, however, we feel no surprise; for, since she first commenced her musical career to the present moment, she has been not only the first singer in Europe, but, in fact, the only singer who may be truly said to have had no competitor. The public mind never hesitated a moment, between the comparative merits of her and any other performer; and when we say the public mind, we do not mean the English public alone, but that public, of which all the nations in Europe are

composed. No country could produce a second to her, though Italy, France, and England, have produced singers, of whom, perhaps, it would have been said, "the force of nature could no farther go;" and if the illustrious Angelica Catalani had been silently immured in a nunnery, and her transcendent powers known only to her cloistered sisters, their innocence or credulity would, in all probability, have deemed them rather the work of inspiration, than one of those unattainable gifts which nature bestows on her own peculiar favourites.

European Magazine.

EMBALMING AMONG THE EGYPTIANS.

THE Egyptians, of all nations of antiquity, are most deserving of our attention. To this wise and ingenious people, who made such advances in arts and science, in commerce and legislation, succeeding nations have been indebted for whatever institutions civilize mankind and embellish human life. The priesthood of this very religious people, to whom knowledge was exclusively confined, being wholly free from anxiety about secular matters, as they were provided for by the state, devoted themselves to the service of the community. Their time was divided between the performance of their sacred duties and the improvement of the mind. Study was their business, the good of the people was their sole object, and whatever could

contribute to the political or moral welfare of their country, was pursued with a zeal worthy of imitation in Christian societies. It is not then surprising that they made such amazing progress in physic and other occult sciences. And though the art of embalming, as practised by them, is now obsolete, and the medicated herbs which they used, may not now be ascertained, yet we may gather, from the custom, what study and attention they employed in discovering the virtues of simples, though the science of medical chemistry was probably unknown at that early period. The art of embalming the dead was peculiar to the Egyptians; they alone knew the secret of preserving the body from decay. In the Pentateuch, we find that, when Abraham and Isaac died, they were simply buried; but Jacob, and afterwards Joseph, were embalmed, because those two Patriarchs died in Egypt. This mysterious trade descended from father to son, as an hereditary and sacred privilege: the embalmers were held in high repute, conversed with the priests, and were by them admitted into the inner parts of the temples. Embalming may have been practised in Asia, but as there is not any authority for this presumption, it may be inferred, that the custom prevailed among the Chaldeans, on account of the proximity of their country to Egypt, and the similarity of pursuits and doctrines; an intercourse, no doubt, subsisted between these two philosophical nations from the earliest ages. After the death of Alexander the Great, the Egyptians and Chaldeans were ordered to dress the body in their own way, (curt. lib. subfin.) but this event was many hundred years after the times when Egypt flourished

under the Pharaohs. The washing and dressing of the body, alluded to by Greek and Roman writers, was merely an external application of unguents, performed with facility and dispatch, not for the purpose of preserving the corpse, but in honour of the deceased. The ceremony among the Egyptians was sacred and solemn, and the process tedious, intricate, and expensive. In the patriarchal history, the sacred writer tells us, that forty days were employed in preparing the body of Jacob for sepulture. And Joseph commanded his servants, the physicians, to embalm his father, and the physicians embalmed Israel, Gen. 1, 2. And here it is to be observed, that the officers, called physicians, did not profess the art of curing; for physic, (as it is now called) was not, at that time, a professional pursuit; not a word is said of physicians being called in during Jacob's sickness. Besides, the Hebrew word is rendered in the septuagint, by those who prepare the body for burial; it is true, the author of the Pentateuch does not particularise this ceremony, but Herodotus, and Diodorus, are clear and diffuse in every thing relative to this interesting country. The Egyptians believed that the soul was immortal, or rather, that it was eternal; they imagined that it not only was not subject to death, but that it had existed from all eternity, having neither beginning nor end; they thought that as it was immaterial, it was increate, and as it was increate, that it was a part of the divine spirit, *divinæ particula auræ*, and co-existent with that being from whom it emanated. In order to substantiate this doctrine, they asserted that the soul had been in a state of pre-existence, and at the dissolution of

the outward man, it passed into various states ; and after a circuit of three thousand years, it returned to re-animate the human body. Pythagoras first transplanted this dogma from Egypt into Greece, and, though no works of that philosopher are now extant, yet we may gather, from later writers, the essential tenets of the Pythagorean sect. Plato, after the death of Socrates, inculcated the same principle, in order to validate the primary tenet of the Socratic school—the immortality of the soul. Virgil has shown himself very sedulous in propagating the same doctrine among the Romans. These two nations were of opinion, that death separated the soul from the body ; they were, therefore, no longer concerned about the perishable part of man ; and being enlightened by the rays of rational philosophy, through the mists of error and superstition, they looked forward to a future state as a reward for the virtuous, and a punishment for the damned. The Egyptians, on the contrary, were more solicitous to preserve the material part from putrefaction and injury, conceiving that the soul was inseparable from its body, so long as the latter was free from corruption. Inspired by this superstition, they studied and put in practice every means of preserving the human frame ; they applied to the study of natural history to discover the virtues of simples, and provided buildings of the greatest magnitude and durability, as depositories for the dead, which still remain the most stupendous monuments of human labour in the world. That the pyramids were built as sepulchres for the kings, there appears no reason to doubt,—this is fully testified by modern travellers. Besides, Diodorus

says expressly, that Chemnis and Cephron constructed them for this purpose. The principal care of the Egyptians was turned to the preserving the dead; they looked upon their houses as temporary dwellings, but to their cemeteries, they gave the name of the eternal mansions. Among the three modes of embalming, that adopted by the rich was very tedious in its process, and expensive in its preparation. As soon as a man of any consideration died, the relations of the deceased, after the most violent expressions of grief, sent for the embalmer, who carried away the corpse. The first part of the operation was to extract the brains through the nostrils, with a crooked instrument of iron; for the more ready performance of which, the *medium septum* of the nose was cut away; the vacancies were then filled up with perfumes and aromatic composition. After this, the body was opened with much ceremony; for this purpose the priest made a mark on the left side, just above the hip, to shew how far the incision was to be made. A particular officer made an opening with a very sharp Ethiopian stone. As soon as the people saw this, they pelted him with stones, and pursued him with maledictions; for the Egyptians looked with abhorrence upon any one who offered violence to a human body, either dead or alive. The embalmer then inserted his hand, and shrew out all the viscera, except the heart and kidneys, while the bowels were washed with odours. The entrails were not restored to the abdomen, but, from a religious motive, they were thrown in the Nile. Afterwards the belly was filled with cinnamon, myrrh, and other odoriferous drugs; and then the orifice of the

wound was closed. The body outwardly was anointed with the oil of cedar, and other preservatives, for thirty days. This length of time was necessary to administer the preparations for drying it and preventing its putrefaction. At the expiration of this term, the corpse was again washed, and wrapped up in many folds of linen, painted with sacred characters, and seasoned with gums and other glutinous matter. This renders the cloth so durable, that it has preserved its consistence even to the present day, as many of the specimens lately exhibited in this country fully testify. These swathes of cere-cloth were so manifold, that there are seldom less than a thousand yards of filleting about one body: and so ingeniously were the wrappings managed, that the lineaments of the deceased were easily discernible, even though the face was covered with a kind of mask filled with mastic. On the breast was spread a broader piece of cere-cloth, on which was inscribed some memorable sentiment; but, for the most part, having the figure of a woman with expanded arms. The embalmer having done his duty, the mummy was sent back to the kindred of the defunct, who deposited it in a wooden coffin, made of a species of sycamore, called in Egypt, Pharaoh's fig-tree. Some few coffins have been found of solid stone; a miniature model of one, in marble, was to be seen at Belzoni's exhibition, from which he says the body had been taken. The top of the wooden coffin, or mummy chest, was carved in the shape of a woman's head, the face had been richly painted; the rest of the trunk was adorned with hieroglyphics, and the lower end was broad and flat like a pedestal, on which the coffin

was placed erect in the place designed for its reception. The body of Joseph was put in a coffin. The corpse was lastly conveyed down the Nile to its final destination, in a vessel called Baris. The mode just described, was the most expensive, and adopted by the rich only ; those, however, who were unable or unwilling to go to so great an expense, had recourse to a more simple process. A quantity of cedar-oil and aromatic liquors were injected, by means of a syringe, into the body, at the *anus* ; after this, it was laid in nitre for seventy days, when the pipe was withdrawn, and the oil running out, carried with it the paunch and entrails, while the nitre consumed the flesh, leaving nothing but skin and bones. The bodies of the poorer people were filled with a nitrous composition, which had such virtue and efficacy as to consume the intestines. They were afterwards wrapt up in bundles of reed, or branches of the palm-tree. The same care was bestowed on the sacred animals, such as the ibis, the dog, the cat, the ape, the scarabæus, the sheep, and in some parts the crocodile ; but more especially on the sacred apis, or ox, whose festivals were celebrated with great solemnity and rejoicings. What railery have this superstitious people been exposed to, from their foolish veneration for irrational creatures. Herodotus, Diodorus, and Aelian, are consentient in their ridicule of this stupid idolatry. When a house was on fire, the father of a family would be more anxious to rescue his cat from the flames, than to save his wife, his children, or property. So infatuated were they, that, mothers accounted it a blessing (oh, horror !) for their children to be devoured by the ravenous cro-

codile ; they gloried that their offsprings became food to that fierce creature. (Aelian de Nat. Animal, l. 10, c. 21.) Nay, more, in the extremities of famine, it is said that this deluded people, would rather eat one another, than lay violent hands on these disgusting objects of worship, (Diod. lib. 1, p. 93). Juvenal exposes these enormities in nervous and eloquent language.

Classical Journal.

THE GENTLEMAN.

"He is complete in manners and in mind,
With all good grace to grace a Gentleman."

SHAKESPEARE.

To the knight-errant of the age of chivalry, and the gallant loyalty of the cavaliers, has succeeded the title of "Gentleman." It is difficult precisely to state what is generally comprised in this denomination of character. The perfect Gentleman, or, at least, the nearest approach to perfection, is distinguished by characteristics, of which I shall attempt a sketch. He is not great, in the ordinary sense of the term. His attainments are rather numerous than lofty. He has more grace and beauty of mind, than sublimity. The quality in which he is most eminent, is refined taste. He is more accomplished than learned. His attainments, including all the elegant exercises of the age, consists more of the ornamental, than the positively useful. He has too many refined avocations, to be

eminent either in music, or the other fine arts. He is something, and avowedly but little, of an amateur. He possesses very polished manners, a mingling of ease, grace, and dignity. He is acquainted with the classics, and the fashionable modern languages. He writes elegantly, and sometimes he "lisps in numbers;" but he is not ambitious of the name either of poet or author. He is eminent in conversational brilliancy; yet he disdains the profession of a wit, and the wranglings of a disputant. His honour is as pure, though not as cold, "as the icicle on Dian's Temple:" and his bravery, if it has not been proved, has, at least, never been questioned.

Outlines of Character.

THEORY OF LOVE,

BY LORENZO DE MEDICIS.

PREFIXED TO HIS AMATORY POETRY.

With justice might I be blamed, had I been so richly gifted by nature as to make it easy for me to perform every action in a perfect manner; but this pre-eminence has been granted to very few, and even to these only on very rare occasions, during their lives: whence, upon considering the frailty of humanity, and being bound, for safety's sake, to confine ourselves to the common condition of mankind, and the constant practice of the world, I think those actions are to be preferred which give rise to the fewest evils.

Now, Love is so far from being reprehensible, that,

on the contrary, it is the surest indication of a noble and lofty mind; and a special cause that allures and excites men to the active practice of the virtues which dwell in the soul. Whoever seeks for the true definition of Love, discovers it to be only A DESIRE OF THE BEAUTIFUL. And, if this be the case, vice and deformity, in every shape, must be disgusting to him who truly loves. Beauty of countenance and mind is the principle and guide, which leads man to seek for beauty in other objects, to mount up to virtue, which is beauty half earthly, half divine, and come, at last, to repose in the sovereign beauty, that is God.

The conditions which appear necessarily to belong to a true, exalted, and worthy love, are two:—1st, To LOVE BUT ONE; 2d, To LOVE THIS ONE ALWAYS. Not many lovers have hearts so generous as to be capable of fulfilling these two conditions; and exceedingly few women display sufficient attractives to withhold men from the violation of them; yet, without these, there is no true love. For, in addition to natural charms, there must be found in the person beloved, talents, accomplishments, propriety of behaviour, elegant manners, a graceful presence, suavity of speech, good sense, love, constancy, and fidelity.

BEAUTY and the eyes first give birth to love, but other endowments are necessary for its preservation. Because, should sickness, or other accidents, discolour the cheek, or early beauty fade away in age, the gifts of mind remain, and are not less dear to the heart, than beauty to the eye, and pleasure to the senses. The senses, it is true, open the door to love, but afterwards the soul must cherish it like a hallowed fire,

must refine and purify it by degrees, and feed on it. And yet these estimable qualities may not be enough, unless the lover possess sensibility of heart to discern them, and elevation and generosity of soul to appreciate them. But when the above-mentioned conditions meet in two enamoured persons,—she becomes more beautiful of soul, more wise, more happy in her affections,—and he, to please her ever more and more, must, in all his actions, endeavour to excel in virtue, and beautify his soul, that he may emulate the moral and corporeal graces of his mistress.

THE SAME THEORY,

ILLUSTRATED BY SHAKSPEARE.

SONNET CXVI.

LET me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love,
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove ;
O no ! it is an ever-fixed mark,
That looks on tempests, and is never shaken ;
It is the star to every wand'ring bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love's not time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come ;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out, e'en to the edge of doom :
If this be error, and upon me prov'd,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

Essays on Petrarch.

A NIGHT ADVENTURE.

Fit pagil, et medicum urget.—HOR.

SIR,

I WILL not preface the detail which I am about to transmit to you by any long introduction. It is sufficient to inform you, that I am one of those who are afflicted by a romantic imagination, which, however it may inspire or enchant us in our moments of poetical inspiration, is, as we all know, troublesome beyond measure, in the ordinary affairs of life. The circumstances which I am going to relate, are an exemplification of this trite, but true observation.

It was on a beautiful autumn evening that I stole out unperceived, from a party engaged in discussing the merits of some of my father's oldest claret, and left him eloquently and feelingly declaiming in its praise, to take a solitary ramble through the extent of grounds that had so often witnessed my infant gambols, or seen me, at a more advanced age, performing the voyages of Æneas, by means of a horse-pond and washing-tub ;—or, imitating my favourite Hector, in the destruction of the Grecian navy, to the imminent peril of Farmer Ashfield's neighbouring hay-rick. It was an evening, to delineate whose beauteous grandeur would require a heart teeming with all the inspiration of the Muses,—a pen dipped in the brightest colours of imagination. A soft mellow silence per-

vaded the whole expanse of air and earth ; the sun, just sinking beneath the horizon, still retained influence sufficient to leave a bright tinge of red upon the western sky, and to deepen the verdure of the aged oaks, which, wreathing their huge gigantic branches into a thousand fantastic forms, overshadowed my path, and scarcely deigned to wave beneath the passing zephyr, that agitated their foliage for a moment, and, in the next, left all as still and solemnly silent as the grave. It was such an evening as would be peculiarly fitted to conjure up all the fantasies of a warm imagination ; which might easily have pictured to itself Queen Mab, and her fairy attendants, skipping nimbly over the herbage, or holding their sportive gambols far from the sight of intruding mortals, beneath the shade of some favourite beech. "On such a night as this," I wandered unconsciously along, forgetful almost of my own existence, totally absorbed in contemplation, and forming, in idea, the most unearthly and romantic images. Long had I thus roamed, indifferent to every thing around me, and in a kind of delicious forgetfulness of the world, and its unpleasant accompaniments. Already had the darkness of night succeeded to the shades of evening, but so gradually had its sombre light given way to the gentle brightness of the moon, that I was far from perceiving the change, and still pursued my way, unconscious of the dews that began to fall around me, till a sudden cloud, obscuring the rays of the bright luminary above, and a sharp air, that died away in threatening forebodings through the grove below, recalled my scattered senses, and, arousing me to the knowledge of myself, and my

situation, brought to my recollection the deserted party, and the supposition that, in all probability, the family would be alarmed at my absence. I was next reminded of a still more unpleasant circumstance; that, having no small distance to return, I should, in all probability, be caught in the storm which I now, for the first time, perceived had been accumulating all its horrors from every point of the heavens, and was just ready to burst forth with terrifying violence. As all this passed in quick revolution through my brain, I had already turned my face homewards, and, with buttoned-up coat, was on the point of starting forward with as great rapidity as the increasing darkness and devious path would admit, when my purpose was suddenly checked by the rain, of which I had been but so lately forewarned. It fell in torrents, so violent, that to proceed was impossible. I took refuge under a spreading tree, and had much ado to console myself with the reflection, that I had met with an "Adventure."

"An Adventure," sir, it certainly was; a most lamentable one. I had not remained a minute in my uncomfortable situation, before I perceived two figures, of a most mysterious appearance, sheltering themselves from the storm, beneath the next tree. They were muffled up closely in thick cloaks, wore large slouched hats, and carried in their hands most villainous sticks. What could I suppose? What conclusion could I form, but that which all your readers, sir, would form, under similar circumstances?—I was within a few yards of a brace of highwaymen!

What could I do? Escape was impossible! the least

noise was death to me ! Silently and anxiously I listened to the conversation of my foes ; and my terror was not abated when I overheard these dark and terrible expressions :—

“ Upon the word of a gentleman !” said the first, “ I have not touched a single guinea since I came into this part of the country !” “ Business is, in truth, very dull !” said the other ; “ I have practised here for twenty years, and never was there a time when people have been so shy of putting themselves in my hands as they are at present !” No wonder ! thought I. “ I am afraid,” resumed the first, “ there is a strong prejudice gone abroad against our profession !” Prejudice ! thought I. “ You are right,” replied the other ; “ not one blockhead can die within ten miles round, but a hundred other blockheads cry out, that I killed him !” My blood ran cold ; but at this moment the violence of the tempest increased, and, for some minutes, I heard no more of the discussion.

By degrees, the tumult of the elements abated, and I again caught a few words. “ Your system, brother, is too violent ; I have always employed milder methods.” (Blessings on you, thought I.) “ I disapprove of your indiscriminate use of *steel*, in all cases.” “ *Steel*, sir,” cried the other, “ steel !—Nothing is to be done, in our way, without *steel*.” They began to move towards me !

I felt my brow grow clammy—my hair stand on end—my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth. They approached nearer !—nearer ! Despair gave me courage. I seized a large branch, which had been rent

from its parent tree by the wind, and dashed it, with all the fury of hopelessness,

“ Full on the footpad's forehead ! down he sank,
Without a groan expiring.”

I heard my name vociferated as I fled, but I staid not for this. With inconceivable rapidity I fled from the place of combat, and, after traversing a space of many miles, perceived, to my great satisfaction, that I was not pursued. I was endeavouring, though without much chance of accomplishing this desirable object, to discover the road I ought to take, when my ear was suddenly startled by a sound, which very much resembled a groan. At first, I treated it as a fanciful sound, though I confess my eyes were turned, with not the most comfortable feelings, upon the rugged branches, and broken stumps, that might have, to a terrified mind, borne the appearance of Satan and his sable attendants. A second, more loudly repeated, convinced me of its reality, and immediately looking in the direction whence it seemed to proceed, I espied something white lying upon an open tuft of grass ; but I was, unfortunately, short-sighted, and this, added to the natural darkness, rendered me incapable of distinguishing the nature of the mysterious appearance. A third, and deeper groan, vibrated on my ear : imagination immediately resumed its sway, and concluding it to be a woman, and fancying I could distinguish her garments, “ Alas, unhappy one ! ” thought I to myself, “ thou wast once, perhaps, lovely, in the bloom of youth, and surrounded by all the blessings of peace and innocence ; but now, by the arts of some infamous

seducer, art become a fugitive vagabond, cast upon the wide world, houseless and helpless, with no one to pity, no one to succour thee! Yes, by heaven! there is one," I exclaimed, rushing forward with the most fervent feelings of humanity and pity: "there is one shall help thee, poor victim, and shelter thee from the furious storm. There is one," I continued, with all the ardour of a mind inspired with the most generous benevolence, "that shall recruit thy weary limbs, and, if possible, restore thee to happiness;" and, approaching still closer, I bent down, and was preparing to modulate my voice in the softest accents of pity, when up it started, Mr. Editor, not in the shape of either a Chloe or Lucinda, but in that of one of my father's favourite Dorsetshire sheep, which, while enjoying the slumbers I had disturbed, uttered those hard breathings which, to my ear, sounded as groans. "Damn humanity!" I exclaimed, as the animal retreated with frightened rapidity, through an opening in the trees. "Damn humanity," I exclaimed, as I hurried back on my way, in no very placid temper, and in the next instant found myself at the bottom of a ditch, the existence of which I had entirely forgotten. Luckily, it was a dry one, but, unluckily, of such a depth, and defended by such steep banks, that, notwithstanding I received no injury by the fall, I was soon aware that the retreat would be a labour of much greater difficulty than the entrance had been; and, to add to my troubles, the long-expected rain began to fall in torrents. Thrice I attempted the steep ascent, and thrice, with nails begrimed with dirt, and muddy knees, met with a repulse. My labours might have continued

much longer, had not a large Newfoundland dog, accompanied by the butler, sent to search for me, smelt out my retreat. With the joint assistance of Hector and John, I was soon rescued, and, in a short time found myself at the hall-door, surrounded by all the servants, who had been on the look-out, and who, while listening to John's account, passed not a few jokes on young gentlemen studying the stars in a ditch. Heedless of these, and their stifled laughter, and having relieved my father's fears, I had the gratitude to recall my oath, and thank Humanity for my safe return; and when I found myself established by the blaze of a good fire to dry my moistened garments, "Bless Humanity!" I exclaimed, "for had she not directed Hector, I might still be exposed to yon rumbling thunder, and all the fury of the tempest, with a ditch for my bed, and in no better plight than—the unfortunate victim of seduction." This suggested an instructive thought: "Pshaw!" I cried, "that must be forgotten till the next meeting of the King of Clubs, and then, perhaps, I may be inclined, though at my own expense, to furnish ample food for laughter to the members, by sending an account of my adventure. Sterling will deliver a lecture on star-gazing, and Musgrave descant upon the propriety of having lamps to a night-coach. Peregrine, perhaps, will dish it up as a pretty morsel of a tale in 'The Etonian.' It will be a warning to all warm and poetical imaginations, not to stray too far, allured by the beauties of an autumn evening, until, after mistaking a Dorsetshire wether for a frail one, repenting of a *faux pas*, they shall slip, by a *faux pas*, into a ditch, after the manner of

THEODORE AVELING."

P. S. I forgot to mention, that the apothecary's lad brought a complaint the next morning against Master Theodore, for "breaking Mr. Gargle's head, in the storm, last night."

The Etonian.

SELECT SOCIETY.

WITH OBSERVATIONS ON THE MODERN ART OF
MATCH-MAKING.

Dulce sodalitium !

Connubio jungam stabili, propriumque dicabo.

If society be the end and object of civilization, it must be confessed, that we English, of the 19th century, are in a very barbarous condition. Never was an intercourse with the world clogged with so many impediments as at the present moment: never did good company cost so much pains to arrive at, and never did it afford so little in return. God be with the good times, when the sole *capacity* required to figure among men, was that of a two-gallon cask, and when we were sure to get on with the females at the expense of a little "civil speaking, lying and slandering." Then, alas! *any body* was company for *every body*; and the first lord in the land did not think shame, *fauts de mieux*, to take up with the conversation of his butler, or his game-keeper, over a tankard; while the young ladies, *fauts de tout*, danced "Bobbing Joan," with

the rest of the domestics, in the servants' hall. But now-a-days, folks are grown so confoundedly precise,—or, to use their own word, so *select*, for sooth, in their society, that a man requires fresh qualifications for every house he enters. The rigour of the Vienna aristocracy of the first class, is not more unbending to the *bourgeoise*, nor more uncompromising in a quartering, than our pretenders to *selection*, in their several degrees. A stranger might as well attempt to “work his way” into a Freemason’s Lodge without the sign, as one of the profane to find favour in the eyes of a *coterie* without its specific qualification. That the supreme *bon ton* of the supreme *bon genre*, should be a little particular is but right, seeing the number and pertinacity of the intruders. Almack’s has nothing of the “*facilis descensus Averni*,” nor should it. On the contrary, to get *out* of Newgate, or the Fleet, is less difficult than to get *in* to the rooms in King-street; and this I take to be a merciful dispensation of “*their selectnesses*,” the committee; since none but those bred to the trade are capable of standing the *quietude* of *extremely* fine manners, which is just one degree less than that of the tomb. But high rank and *bon ton* do not stand alone in this pretension. We have it running through all the classes and predicaments of society, from the Four-in-hand Club to Mrs. Hourglass’s “tea and tracts,” the amateur concerts at the Jew’s Harp, near Whitechapel, and our friend’s blue-stocking association in Houndsditch. Even the footmen of the House of Lords, we are told, keep clear of the borough-mongers, and country puts of the lower house.

This selection is *bore* enough for those who have (to

use a French phrase, "germain to the matter") found their *assiette* in society; but to him who is not yet placed, it is a source of bitter disappointment. Shortly after leaving the university, on my arrival in London, I was asked to dine at the house of one of our country neighbours, who, having been nominated M. P., had moved to town. This struck me as an eligible opening for making my way in good company, and I accepted the invitation with eagerness. Upon entering the drawing room, I soon found that I was the only person not of "the house." Adam Smith, David Ricardo, and Mons. Say, would have been mere fourth-form boys to this quintessential selection of the "collective wisdom." The conversation was wholly of "the shop;" but though I do sometimes read the papers, I was very soon completely nonplused, and at once made up my mind to bound my ambition to acquiring the reputation of a good listener.

Sauntering down the street, something out of spirits at this discomfiture, I was attracted by the lights in my aunt Lady Mary Mildew's drawing room; and, arriving at the door, just as Mr. —, the bookseller, was "bundling out" a coach-load of literary lions for her Ladyship's inspection, I determined to step in, and see "what was going on." I had not been long in the room, when my aunt introduced me to a good-looking, but rather prim young lady, as newly arrived from Cambridge. Being a tolerably good French and Italian scholar, and having a bowing acquaintance with our best English writers, I thought I should find myself pretty much *au fait* to the young lady's indigo; and I entered the list with some spirit, in the deter-

mination to make good my claim to a place among the blues, and to set myself off to advantage. But here again I was utterly thrown out: I could not tell my fair questioner, whether Lady Iodina Crucible was "*intellectual*," I had omitted to attend Mr. Sapphie's Lecture, at the institution, I mistook the author of the Fall of Jerusalem, for the American Addison, I was two novels behind-hand with the "Great Unknown," Sydney Sm—th passed without returning my bow, and I totally failed in naming the authors of the two "*crack*" articles of the current Quarterly. Need I add, that I was, after five minutes effort at conversation, deserted by my companion, whose contemptuous dejection of countenance, as she whispered her next neighbour, and glanced her eye hastily at my person, convinced me that I was already black-balled, at least, by this member of Lady Mary's squad of selects.

Hurrying down stairs with the speed of a detected pick-pocket, I stumbled upon Tom Headlong, of Jesus, the squire's nephew of Headlong Hall, who found much favour in my sight, by voting my aunt a quiz, and her party, the blue devils, and, on this account, he had the less difficulty in carrying me to the club, of which I had just been elected a member. There, I thought I should, at least, be welcome; for my credit is good, and my money as acceptable as another's. But all is vanity and vexation of spirit. Notwithstanding that Newmarket is within fourteen miles of Cambridge, my ignorance of the technicalities of a horse-race was sufficient to exclude me from the conversation of the night, which ran exclusively upon Epsom. My ominous silence on this interesting topic, boded

me no good. Then I could not name the odds at some point of the game, when asked; I mistook the round in which Gas had his "*lights doused*;" was totally out about his opponent's head being "in chancery." In short, I shewed myself up as complete as a Spooney, fell out of the conversation, and was left to eat my supper in silence, with what appetite I might.

The next disappointment I encountered was at the house of a maiden relation, whom I had not seen for some years. The memory of her good-natured and unpretending simplicity, of her moderate endowments, and still more moderate acquirements, assured me that I might make myself "quite at home" with her. On arriving at her house, I found a formidable circle of Quaker-looking ladies, in the midst of which, stood a spruce and punctiliously-dressed gentleman in black, who, somehow or other, brought to my mind a certain necessary personage in a sabbath of witches. My entrance interrupted the reading of some book, and as my fair relation came forward to greet me, I could not but observe, that though her reception was friendly, it was more measured and subdued than childish recollections induced me to expect. After the customary inquiries after absent friends, &c. the conversation seemed to lapse into a train of ideas, inspired by the now suspended "readings." Its subject seemed to be religious; but it was so wrapped up in something between technical jargon and cant, as to be nearly unintelligible, and I sunk by degrees into a reverie, in which my unfitness for society, and very imperfect education, formed a prominent and a painful part.

Mortified by such repeated failures, I began to

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lower my expectations, and to look no higher than the forming one amongst those cyphers which swell the sum total of a "squeeze," fill up door-ways and stair-cases, and obstruct the King's highway, by their attendant carriages. But, "*non cuius homini*," it is not every one's lot to enter at once, even this numerous corps. In order to be asked every where one must be seen every where, and known to every body; and there are those who, after spending a fortune in ices and wax-lights, are, at the end of twenty years' struggle, only just creeping on. To be distinguished in this "*genre*," and to carry the place by a *coup de main*, is morally impossible; because, where nothing is expected, where no qualification is required, there is no advantage-ground afforded for attracting the attention of an "admiring public."

As a last resource I determined to advance myself by the merits of my dancing master, to ride into society on a "*dimanche de chat*," and to wind myself round the hearts of my friends by a "*chaine Anglaise*." But this also is not to be done at will, for it requires much patience and more intrigue to get enlisted into a set, or to be received in morning practising parties. As, however, I am an eldest son and the family estate is unembarrassed, my probation in this particular, was considerably shortened. The sort of society to which I was thus introduced was not altogether "*Le bon genre*." It was made up, for the most part, of what are called "respectable families;" i. e. families whose easy circumstances, heaven knows how acquired, prevent their ranking absolutely as *nobody*, without very distinctly proving that they are *any body*:—East India baronets, military

and civic knights, the small fry of country gentlemen, (who spend a year's revenue in a two months' visit to London, or to some fashionable watering-place, living all the rest of the year in their lair at Clodpole-hall, as Cobbett would call it) together with those successful mercantile families and speculators, who, according to the same authority, are elbowing the said country gentlemen out of their estates. Though pleasure and dissipation are the objects of some of these personages in mixing with the world, and seem to be so with all, yet the *fonde* of the society consists of a class who unite business with amusement ; or rather, under the guise of pleasure, carry on an unremitting effort to strike a great stroke in life. These are the mothers who have marriageable daughters to dispose of, and whose views upon the persons of bachelors are any thing but disinterested.

Being myself, as I have already hinted, one of those enviable young men who have "every qualification for making the married state happy," I was eagerly seized on as a proper victim of this systematic conspiracy of mothers to get off their daughters, and I soon got a pretty near insight into the whole affair. Very few houses indeed are open to a regular ball, or even to a "early dance" in which there is not a daughter or a niece to be disposed of. The money lavished on gaudy decorations, soups, wild fowl, ices, and champagne, is, therefore, merely put out at usance to be returned in a good settlement ; insomuch that the more apparently wanton the profusion, the closer may be deemed the calculation, seeming hospitality being nothing on earth but a well-baited trap.

On these occasions every body is asked for something. Lords, baronets, &c. for their titles ; dragoons for their regimentals ; frightful old women, in their blue gowns and silver tissue turbans, for their sons and heirs ; handsome married women to draw the men ; ugly girls as foils ; and pretty girls, because the ball cannot go on without them. Some are invited to make up a card-table for the rich dowager mother of an heir at law ; some, because they have an air of fashion, or write " Albany " on their card. Every thing, in short, is measured to the minutest particular, that can proceed or retard the great event, which is the mainspring of the whole.

Although it is a part of good policy in a hawking mamma to fly her girls generally at all young fellows of decent fortune, yet she has, for the most part, some individual in view who is more particularly the object of pursuit : and it is truly astonishing how uniformly that favoured individual finds himself in contact with the " young lady " who has him in chase. Tall, thin, pale girls are my aversion ; yet for two months I was nightly haunted by such a spectre, who forced me to ask her to dance, by " meeting my eye in an early hour of the debate," by planting herself assiduously at my side, and engaging me in a series of innocent questions at the first preparatory scrape of the violins. Somehow or other I was always obliged to hand her down to supper, and, consequently, to sit beside her at the table. From this persecution I fortunately escaped by a lucky *equivogue*, which seemed to hint that I was engaged to a girl in the country, whose estate joins our's ; and the next evening I had

the happiness to see the stately galley bear down on another prize.

It is a curious but a melancholy sight to behold the long rows of over-dressed girls, many of them, I hope, unconscious of the purpose for which they are thus launched on society,—with their fidgety, anxious mothers settling, from time to time, their hair and dress, nodding disapprobation, or smiling encouragement (as the puppet contradicts or favours the purpose in hand by her carriage and demeanour) and having no eyes, no ears, but for the one object of painful solicitude. Still more melancholy is it to witness the last struggles of an unfortunate “*abandonata*,” whose tenth season is passing in vain, with “nobody coming to marry her, nobody coming to woo-oo-oo!” (I hope the reader can whistle the tune for that last desponding monosyllable) while each causeless giggle intended to display a dimple, bears evidence of another accident in the “human face divine,” which I forbear to name; and a profusion of finery eclipses charms that it is no longer prudent to expose to the broad glare of lamps and wax lights.

When a gudgeon is observed to rise freely to the bait he is asked to dinner, and engaged on riding parties in the mornings. A luncheon is also set out, as a rallying point for young men, whose appetites are often more *ductile* than their passions. Hearts are thus ensnared through the medium of cold tongue, and bread and butter, and a sure love potion is Madeira and Soda-water. When all else fails, the good old lady herself hints very plainly her reasonable expectations, and strives hard to carry an hesitating swain by a barefaced innuendo.

As I have my own reasons for not going into those schemes, and prefer taking a wife (when I shall take one) from purer sources, I have ever been more annoyed than flattered by such distinctions. And this probably has made me feel the more keenly the general ill effects on society arising from these maternal intrigues, in which the married and the poor go for nothing. If one, belonging to either of these classes, engages a girl's attention and distracts her from the business of the night, you may see the mother prowling about with fretful uneasiness, like a cat whose kitten is in the paws of some unlucky urchin, and at last fairly breaking in upon the conversation to hurry her daughter away from the troublesome interloper. I have felt the deepest compassion for many a worthy fellow, whose accomplishments, talents, and virtues, should have made him a most desirable match, thus warned off the premises, like an unqualified sportsman, and treated with contempt in the quarter in which contempt is most insufferable, merely for the want of a little dress. Where these practices are carrying on, in a family, all agreeable and instructive conversation is banished the house. Even in the most intimate sociality the necessity of knocking up a quadrille to the piano-forte, or of engaging the musical misses in the display of their acquirements, cuts short all sweet converse. All the dust of the carpet is beaten into your eyes and throat, your ears are stunned, your person pushed about the narrow room, or you are condemned to listen for the five thousandth time, to "*Bid me discourse*" and a "*Di tanti palpiti*," sung in that time and tune which it pleaseth fortune,

or the no less capricious tempers of the melodious exhibitors.

For these and a thousand other reasons, which for brevity I must now omit, it becomes a point of prudence and good policy to adopt a plan that shall consign matrimony, like all other trades, to the forenoon, and to the commercial parts of the city, leaving the haunts of pleasure and the hours of recreation to their legitimate purposes. In France marriage is transacted by "private contract." The unmarried whey faces are kept in the back-ground, and talking does not spoil conversation in the saloons. This arrangement, however, in which the young folks are not brought out, is too foreign for our habits, and cannot be recommended. But nothing could be more convenient than the erection of an exchange exclusively appropriated to matrimonial speculation. The neighbourhood of Mark Lane would afford a good site, as country gentlemen might dispose of their corn and their daughters at the same time. Or a room might be hired in the Auction Mart, or at Tattersall's, for the purpose. The fitting up of shew rooms, or bazars, in the neighbourhood of Bond Street, might have its utility, in which each girl might be ticketed, and "no second price taken." This would answer the better, as in bazars "no credit can possibly be given," and "no goods are returned after they have left the shop." Subservient to this scheme, registers might be opened, in which an inspector might, at a glance, know how far any number in the catalogue would suit. By such arrangements we might have our evenings to ourselves, and mamma's their daughters, and young gentlemen of

good expectation, might, each and all, enjoy the delights of social intercourse, undisturbed by anxious speculation, and unharassed by the dread of spring guns and steel traps in concerts, dances, and opera suppers. As things are now conducted, we must marry in one's own defence, and run the risk of perpetual annoyance at home, in order to obtain some chance of a little tranquil enjoyment abroad. This certainly requires reform, and something might be done in the shape of a rider, to some of the many Marriage Acts which are daily passing the two Houses of Parliament. Let the members look to it, at their leisure.

C. M.

New Monthly Magazine.

MEMOIR OF WILLIAM ROSCOE, ESQ.

" Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark, unfathom'd caves of ocean bear."

THESE lines are peculiarly applicable to the birth and parentage of Mr. Roscoe. He was a "gem," produced in obscurity, whose lustre did not seem intended for the gaze and admiration of mankind, but, happily, he was destined to emerge from the lowliness of his situation, and to surmount the difficulties which the humility of his birth had opposed to his advancement and literary fame. He was born at Liverpool, of ob-

secure parents. Both his father and mother were engaged in the service of a bachelor, a gentleman of the most amiable and generous disposition, in whose service it is probable they first became acquainted. A mutual attachment became the consequence of this acquaintance, and it was approved of by their master, to whom their fidelity had strongly recommended them. They were, consequently, married with his consent, and young Roscoe, their first-born, was brought up at his expense. Having died without an heir, he left the greater part, if not the entire of his property, to the subject of our memoir.

It does not appear that his patron paid any attention to his early education, and his father had no higher ambition than of making him acquainted with writing and arithmetic. Through an obstinacy of temper, however, which, in many minds, is the forerunner of genius, Roscoe could not be prevailed upon to submit to the tame drudgery of scholastic discipline; and, consequently, he did not avail himself even of the small advantages of education which his parents were able to afford him. Indolence, however, was not the character of his mind; and though he would not attend school, he studied assiduously at home. He began early to perceive the advantages of thinking for himself, on every occasion; and the habits of thought and mental application, soon gave evidence of that genius, which has since shone forth with so pure a lustre. At this period, however, he studied things, not words. He endeavoured to resolve into their individual elements, all his general conceptions, and to form general theories from an aggregate of individual principles. He pur-

sued nature through her mazy march, and the wizard perplexity of her course was not more unaccountable to him, than the variety of appearance and dresses which she assumed, at every deviation from her direct course. But while he was thus endeavouring to combine the kindred, and separate the heterogeneous attributes of things, he seemed to be perfectly free from the dominion of that restless spirit which pants after fame; and his studies to have been determined by no other stimulus than the desire of gratifying that immediate thirst of knowledge, which, in him, was rather an instinct, than the result of mature deliberation. He never reflected, that the treasures of intellectual knowledge, which he was amassing at this early period, might lead either to the promotion of his future interest, or literary reputation. He studied, because study was pleasing to him,—because the charms of science, the captivating scenes of ideal creations, and the syren images of imagination and the muse, were perpetually hovering around him in sportive maze, and communicating a secret gratification to the most simple occurrences and occupations of his youth. As present enjoyment, and not prospective advantages, was, therefore, the secret magnet by which he was attracted, he totally neglected the study of languages, in which there is nothing to gratify, or enchant the youthful mind. A knowledge of Greek and Latin is an endless source of pleasure to him who possesses it, but, until a language is known, this pleasure can have no existence, and Roscoe entered only into those regions of science, where every prospect presented some romantic imagery. He was awake, however, from his fairy dreams, by

engaging in more active pursuits, in which the idealisms of the poet, and the hypotheses of the philosopher, are equally unknown. He was articled to Mr. Byes, a respectable attorney in Liverpool, and now, for the first time, he was made acquainted with the difference between practical and speculative acquirements. A clerk in the office boasted, one day, of having read *Cicero de Amicitia*, and commented largely on the classic elegance and simplicity of the illustrious Roman; and Roscoe, though much more deeply versed in general literature, was obliged to remain silent, and tacitly acknowledge a conscious sense of his own inferiority. He felt his situation very poignantly, but it was not a feeling that remained dormant in his breast. He found a new passion awake in his bosom, and he was no longer prompted to study by that spirit of idle curiosity which proposes to itself no final object. Pride and ambition took immediate possession of him, and he henceforth yielded to their restless but inspiring influence. He now thirsted after knowledge, because he felt its value, and he spurned that effeminacy which delights to linger in the softer recesses of science, and dares not pursue her to her most formidable and difficult retreats. He immediately procured Cicero's treatise *de Amicitia*, and, by a perpetual recurrence to his grammar and dictionary, he soon became acquainted with those elegancies of style, and beauties of diction, which no art could transfer to his native tongue. He did not rest his career, however, till he became a perfect master of the Roman language, and intimately acquainted with the best Latin poets and

historians. In the accomplishment of this arduous task, he derived very considerable assistance from his intercourse with Mr. Francis Holden.

A knowledge of the Latin tongue was not, however, sufficient to satisfy his ambition. He now applied himself to the study of the French and Italian, in the latter of which, he is universally allowed to be as profoundly versed as the most distinguished of its native writers. When we reflect, that he acquired this knowledge during the intervals of business, and never absented himself from the duty of his office, we must acknowledge it as an instance of application which has few parallels in the history of literature.

His first passion for poetry and works of imagination, though it was moderated for a time by the toil of more rigid pursuits, assumed its original strength and energy, after he became acquainted with the Latin, French, and Italian poets. His first production, accordingly, was a brilliant effusion of imagination. He wrote "Mount Pleasant" in his sixteenth year; and, we must say, that we know of no poem, composed at so early a period, that combines such fertility of idea with such correctness of taste.

We are told that, after the expiration of his clerkship, he was taken into partnership by Mr. Aspinwall, a very respectable attorney of Liverpool; and the entire management of an office extensive in practice, and high in reputation, devolved upon him alone. In this situation, he conducted himself in such a manner, as to gain universal respect; for notwithstanding his various pursuits, he paid strict attention to his profession,

and acquired a liberal and minute knowledge of the law. In clearness of comprehension, and rapidity of dispatch, he had few equals.

About this time, he formed an intimacy with the late Dr. Enfield, who was at the academy at Warrington, a tutor in the *belles lettres*. When he published the second volume of the *Speaker*, Mr. Roscoe supplied him with an "Elegy to Pity," and an "Ode to Education." About the same time, he became acquainted with Dr. Aikin, who was then resident at Warrington. These gentlemen were not less admirers of his refined and elegant manner as a writer, than of his chaste and classical taste in painting and sculpture. In December, 1773, he recited before the society formed in Liverpool, for the encouragement of drawing, painting, &c. an ode, which was afterwards published with "Mount Pleasant," his first poetical production. He occasionally gave lectures on subjects connected with the object of this institution, and was a very active member of the society. He also wrote the preface to Dalby's catalogue of Rembrandt's Etchings, in which he displays, not only an original view of engraving and painting, but an intimate acquaintance with the opinions of the best writers on the subject. No person saw more clearly the excellencies and defects of Rembrandt, and the causes to which his faults were properly owing.

While the combined powers were engaged in restoring the ancient order of things in France, Mr. Roscoe, animated by the rapid glow of youthful emotions, and the enthusiasm inspired by the love of freedom, attuned his lyre to the cause of liberty, and composed

his celebrated poems, "*The Vine-covered Hills*," and "*Millions be Free*." He also translated one of Petrarch's odes, which was inserted in the *Mercurio Italico*. Those compositions are deservedly classed among the most elegant and classical productions in the English language.

While France maintained her long contested struggle with this country and the combined powers, Mr. Roscoe devoted himself to his immortal work, the history of Lorenzo de Medici. It was began in 1790, and completed in 1796. Its reputation did not stand in need of adventitious aid. Public feeling had determined its character, even before the tribunal of criticism had time to derogate from, or emblazon its merits. Even the Cynical Mathias, who seems to have prided himself in scoffing at merit of the highest order, has not ventured to impeach the character of this work, and we believe the lines which he has devoted to its praise, are some of the happiest in his "*Pursuits of Literature*."

We are informed, that when Mr. Roscoe undertook his "*Life of Lorenzo de Medici*," he lived at the distance of two miles from Liverpool, whither he was obliged daily to repair, to attend the business of his office. The dry and tedious details of law, occupied his attention during the whole of the morning and afternoon; his evenings, alone, he was able to dedicate to study: and it will be easily conceived, that a gentleman surrounded by a numerous family, and whose company was courted by his friends, must have experienced, even at these hours, a variety of interruptions. No public library provided him with materials.

The rare books which he had occasion to consult, he was obliged to procure in London, at a considerable expense. But in the midst of all these difficulties, the work grew under his hands; and in order that it might be printed under his own immediate inspection, he established an excellent press in the town of Liverpool.

Shortly after the publication of this work, Mr. Roscoe abandoned the profession of an attorney, and entered himself at Gray's Inn, with a view of becoming a barrister. He availed himself of the leisure which he derived from this circumstance, and began to study the Greek language, in which, we are told, he made very considerable proficiency.

The "*Life of Lorenzo de Medici*," made too strong an impression on the public mind, to suffer its author to pursue in peace the practice of a profession for which, though he was one of its highest ornaments, nature had never intended him. He was called upon by the general voice of the public to write the life of the celebrated patron of literature, "*Leo the Tenth*," the son of Lorenzo, who was also the Mécenas of his age. Mr. Roscoe engaged in the work with a sort of filial devotion to the memory of a family, whose fame will descend to the latest posterity. He found Leo not to be the patron of genius and the Mécenas of his age, but, in fact, the actual reviver of literature in Europe. He recognized in him all those attributes of munificence and princely bounty, which characterized his father Lorenzo. His popularity suffered considerably, however, for a time, because he dared to do justice to a man whose creed was at variance with his own, but,

whose actions and conduct through life have commanded the esteem and admiration of mankind. To do justice to an enemy, is the distinguishing characteristic of a noble and liberal mind ; and yet Mr. Roscoe's liberality has been termed bigotry and infidelity, by those whose expansion of sentiment never ventures to extend itself beyond the niggard pale of their theological creed. We are told he is an apologist for popery, by those very people who accuse him of republicanism and licentiousness of religious opinions. The public, however, have subsequently done justice to his *Life of Leo the Tenth*.

While he was engaged in the completion of this work, he was invited to become chief partner in the banking house of Clarke and Sons, at Liverpool ; a situation which he reluctantly, and we regret to say, unfortunately accepted. He was also a zealous advocate of Mr. Fox's political principles, and in 1806, stood candidate for the representation of his native town, at the solicitation of the whigs who were then in office. He was triumphantly returned, but his friends having retired from office the following year, he judged it prudent to decline another contest. It should not, however, be forgotten that, during his short parliamentary career, he was very instrumental in abolishing the African slave trade. He published some political pamphlets after retiring from parliament ; and though they were received by one party with abuse, and by the other with unqualified applause, all parties acknowledged they were dictated by a spirit of moderation and mildness, which seldom characterize the productions of polemical controvertists.

While he was thus actively engaged, a series of unforeseen circumstances led the banking house to suspend payment. The creditors, however, had so much confidence in Mr. Roscoe's integrity, that the bank was afforded time to recover from its embarrassment; and Mr. Roscoe, on first entering the bank after this accommodation, was loudly greeted by the populace. The difficulties, however, in which the bank was placed, rendered it impossible for the proprietors to make good their engagements. Mr. Roscoe did all that could be expected from an honest man: he gave up the whole of his property to satisfy his creditors. His library, which was very extensive, and consisted principally of Italian works, was the only sacrifice which he had reason to regret; as it deprived him of that intellectual society which he found in communing with, and imbibing the sentiments of kindred minds. The failure of the bank is supposed to have been occasioned by the great number of other failures which took place at that time.

Mr. Roscoe, when young, was extremely handsome. His countenance was open and generous, and his deportment dignified and majestic. He has long enjoyed the honour of ranking at the head of the circles of taste in Liverpool; and has always evinced himself the friend and patron of genius. Whoever was fortunate enough to receive a letter of recommendation to him, was certain of being noticed and patronized in Liverpool. Minasi, the celebrated musician, was indebted to him for his early popularity. He was recommended to him by Mr. Smith, of the British Museum; a gentleman universally respected for his

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urbanity of manners, and polite attention to all who have occasion to visit that valuable collection of literary and scientific curiosities.

Though born of humble parentage, Mr. Roscoe has evinced through life, that unaffected dignity of manner, that delicate sense of honour, and that pride of acting up to its most rigid and jealous dictates; which prove, that the principle which constitutes true greatness of mind, is not the exclusive birth-right of ancestry. He is a zealous advocate for the rights of mankind, and the voice of freedom inspired him to sing "The Wrongs of Africa," and to pourtray them with a spirit and strength of colouring, that gave a new impetus to the enthusiasm which animated the friends of liberty at the time, and which eventually restored the degraded African to that equal freedom, which is the birth-right of the human race.

It was this love of liberty, or rather the great and generous emotions which it awakens in the soul, that inspired him, when he breathed the following impassioned strains :

There Afric's swarthy sons, their toils repeat
Beneath the fervors of the noon-tide heat,
Till broke with fervor, helpless and forlorn,
From their weak grasp the lingering morsel torn,
The reed-built hovel's friendly shade deny'd,
The jest of folly, and the scorn of pride,
Drooping beneath meridian suns they lie,
Lift the faint head, and bend the imploring eye,
Till death, in kindness to the tortured breast,
Calls the free spirit to the realms of rest.

Mr. Roscoe intended to publish his *Wrongs of Africa* in three parts. The first appeared in 1787, and the second the year following; but the public was never gratified with the third. The subject, it is true, ceased to possess interest after the Slave Trade was abolished, and to this alone we can attribute the circumstance of its not having appeared. Mr. Roscoe, both in and out of Parliament, never ceased his exertions till this great event was happily accomplished; and one of his most argumentative and spirited works, is, a refutation of a pamphlet in defence of the Slave Trade, entitled, "*Scriptural Researches into the Existence of the Slave Trade.*" Mr. Roscoe entitled his answer, "*A Scriptural Refutation of a Pamphlet lately published by the Rev. Raymond Harris.*" He was the first who succeeded in bringing the literature of the middle age into repute in this country. His *Life of Lorenzo de Medici*, and of *Leo X.*, rendered an acquaintance with the characters, discoveries, and historical occurrences of those times, an indispensable qualification in any person, who would mingle with the literary and fashionable circles. We have learnt, with unfeigned satisfaction, that he is at present engaged in editing Pope's works. He has lately favoured the public with an able defence of his *Life of Lorenzo de Medici*, which has been attacked by some foreign writers of high literary repute. As the work, however, is well known to our readers, and was reviewed in our last two numbers, we mention it only as a circumstance which should not be omitted in a Memoir of his life. To his edition of Pope's works, we look forward with great interest; for the controversies which have lately engaged the

public attention, relative to Pope's poetical character, will, we doubt not, be investigated in that distinct and perspicuous manner, which is characteristic of all Mr. Roscoe's writings. He who travels with him, is certain of not being led through the regions of "Cimmerian darkness." He never aims, like many of our modern writers, to astonish his readers, by pretending to teach them what he does not understand himself. What he perceives clearly, he expresses simply and luminously. The same chaste simplicity and perspicuity of manner, were the distinguishing characteristics of the great poet, in the elucidation of whose works he is now engaged.

European Magazine.

SIR THOMAS NESBIT'S

DEFINITION OF A GOOD FELLOW.

"Vir bonus est quis!"—HOR.

BEING desired by his Majesty to draw up, for the instruction of all whom it may concern, "a definition of a Good Fellow," I thought it proper to apply to the members of the club, individually, for such hints as they could furnish me with, for the prosecution of the design. I received the following:—

MR. GOLIGHTLY.

A good fellow is one who rides blood horses, drives four-in-hand, speaks when he's spoken to, sings when

he's asked, always turns his back on a dun—and never on a friend.

MR. LE BLANC.

A good fellow is one who studies deep, reads Trigonometry, and burns love-songs; has a most cordial aversion for dancing and D'Egville, and would rather encounter a cannon than a fancy ball.

HON. G. MONTGOMERY.

A good fellow is one who abhors moralists and mathematics, and adores the classics and Caroline Mowbray.

SIR. T. WENTWORTH.

A good fellow is one who attends the fox dinner and drinks the Queen's health,—who would go to the Indies to purchase independence, and would rather encounter a buffalo than a boroughmonger.

MR. M. STERLING.

A good fellow is a good neighbour, a good citizen, a good relation;—in short, a good man.

MR. M'FARLANE.

A good fellow is “a bonnie, braw John Hieland-man.”

MR. O'CONNOR.

A good fellow is one who talks loud and swears louder, cares little about learning and less about his neckcloth,—loves whiskey, patronizes bargemen, and wears nails in his shoes.

MR. MUSGRAVE.

A good fellow is prime—flash—and bang-up.

MR. BURTON.

A good fellow is one who knows "what's what," keeps accounts, and studies Cocker.

MR. ROWLEY.

A good fellow likes turtle and cold punch, drinks Port when he can't get Champagne, and dines on mutton with Sir Robert, when he can't get venison at my Lord's.

MR. LOZELL.

A good fellow is something compounded of the preceding.

MR. OAKLEY.

A good fellow is something perfectly different from the preceding,—and Mr. Lozell is an ass.

And now, after so many and so excellent descriptions, what can Sir Thomas add.

Why to be sure I am placed in rather a difficult situation; however, with due deference to the above highly-respected gentlemen, I must conjure up the *beau ideal* of "a good fellow." First of all, as a foundation for a multitude of virtues, he must be abundantly good-natured. Now, by good-nature, I do not understand that easy, timid, unmeaning sort of complaisance which says "yes"* to every body, merely from the fear of saying "no;" nor that soft simplicity, which, without any will or controul of its own, suffers itself to be turned about like the weather-cock on the steeple, hardly inquiring whether it moves

* No reflection on our worthy friend, Mr. Lozell, on the word of a true Nesbit.

to right or wrong purposes; and which, by taking every thing in good part, however ill-meant, acquires the enviable distinction of standing as a public butt, at which any fool thinks himself entitled to take a random shot, and invariably confers upon its possessor the honourable appellation of cawker. My hero should have just enough of this temper, to enable him to give a joke and take one, with equal pleasure. He must be seldom passionate, and even sulky; not inclined to quarrels, but still less to stand calmly by, if his schoolfellows or himself were unprovokedly attacked. He should never give up his accomplices, although threatened with tenfold punishment, and should run the risk of a flogging himself, and save another from the certainty of one. I would have him with just sufficient reading to have something to say for himself, and just sufficient wit to make what he says agreeable. I will admit, however, that there is not much objection to his being a pretty good scholar, provided he is ready to communicate his knowledge where there is occasion,—to construe the lesson for the general good,—and to do a few verses now and then, upon a push, for some unfortunate blockhead on a *regular week*,—provided, too, that he is never caught out in a quotation. He ought to like all sorts of games, though it is not at all necessary that he should excel in any one, provided that he enters into the spirit of them, and takes particular care not to give his adversary a wilful kick at foot-ball, and not to direct his cricket-ball against the legs instead of the wicket of the player. With all these perfections, it is his absolute duty to hate pride as he does lying,—to hate lying

as he does hypocrisy,—and hypocrisy as he does the devil. Thus you see he will be kind, generous, pleasant, and useful, and what further can any one desire? Perhaps you may be inclined to think I have exacted rather too much,

I have, indeed, some reason to suppose that very few of the above-mentioned qualities are requisite to form what, an Etonian would call, a good fellow; and that term seems so often applied to undeserving and opposite characters, that I am inclined to think, that the judgment of the school, in this respect, is neither very severe, nor very consistent. Once I was extremely surprised at hearing a boy mentioned as a good fellow, whom I had always held in the light of a reputed bully, whose tyranny, in common with others, I had frequently felt, and abused. This change was accounted for, by his having assisted a party in a contest with some blackguards, either out of wantonness, the mere love of fighting, or perhaps, after all, because he could not help it. I have often been present when the epithets of beast and good fellow have been given to the same person, in less than a minute, the latter of which, was apparently used as a conciliatory, upon his consenting to lend a book, which he had before refused. What way of entreating can be so effective, so moving, as the usual form?—"Pray do me what I ask, and you will be a good fellow." The name, hackneyed as it is, seems to have an inexpressible charm—it is equivalent to thanks and to flattery—an incitement to perform a service—a reward when it has been performed. I, for my own part, entertain a great respect and veneration for this honourable title, and I

cannot sufficiently regret that it should be given to the ill-natured, because they happen once to have deviated from their usual practice ; to the sullen, because they sometimes laugh ; to the stingy, because they now and then squeeze out from their purses an extravagant shilling ; to the bully, because he for once in a way bullies those who deserve it. I think, however, it may, with great justice, be applied to whoever is strongly attached to his own pursuits, but never abuses those of others. In this opinion I am the more decided, from my willingness to allow this title to many who are deficient in most of the above-mentioned qualifications. In short, I am very ready to extend the appellation to every one who has a kind heart ; to every one who " lives as he ought to do ;" to every one who sweetens his last glass of port, by drinking " prosperity to Eton, happiness to his schoolfellows, and long life to The Etonian."

T. N.

The Etonian.

THOUGHTS ON TRANSLATION.

WE think that the exercise of translation is the very worst plan that a young man of literature could set out with. Unhabituated to any style, his ideas yet unsettled and unlinked to their proper terms, he is sure to *yield* to the language which he translates. This may flatter the foreigner who prepares the original, that he is rendered the more forcibly ; but he is deceived. The expressions will not strike the public ear

as they have struck him. He is misunderstood, or, more generally, not understood at all; while the young translator loses his vernacular tongue, and becomes afterwards incapable of expressing his own thoughts in his mother tongue. For this reason it is likely that France will be a long time ere she can revive any thing like a literature. She has evinced such a rage for translations, and such a contempt for any original works, that her men of literature can produce, that booksellers are compelled, by their own interest, to publish translations, and translations only. So far is this carried, that original essays have been published lately, and sold in France, as translations from the English and German. Hence it is that Paris overflows with what are called young men of literature, but who, in fact, do nothing but translate.* They neither read nor write to any worthy purpose, and their taste is formed, of course, in prejudice of the literature over which they are obliged to spend some time. These young men are all romantic, whilst the old stagers are classic, in taste nearly as ignorant, and having read little beyond the *Moniteur*, *Corneille*, *Racine*, the tragedies and light pieces of *Voltaire*, they are scarcely able to hold their ground against the partizans of the *romantic*,—and only hold their ground, because that, by prescription, they have possession of the public journals. The pre-

* The mode is, for some literary man of reputation, to advertise his name as the translator, while the translation is performed, in fact, by young men, for ever so little per sheet. Thus the wretched translation of *Shakspeare* by *Guizet*. *Guizet* never wrote one word of it, except the introductory essay. On the same plan, he is translating a series of our historians during the civil war, and has begun with *Thomas May*.

sent race of French writers, (of the lighter kind,) are translators,—the next will be mere imitators. We already begin to return them the compliment, of imposing a foreign school upon their taste, which is evident from the verses of La Martine, their most popular living poet.

Blackwood's Magazine.

CHARACTER OF PETRARCH.

NATURE had doomed Petrarch to such a necessity of interchanging affections, that he never seemed happy unless when loving or being loved. Affection, in his eyes, levelled the inequalities of education and fortune, and, in spite of his yearning for solitude, he was *solus sibi, totus omnibus; omnium locorum, omnium horarum, omnium fortunarum, omnium mortalium homo*. He speaks in the same terms of the peasant and his wife, who waited on him at Vancluse, as he uses when recording the good qualities of his powerful friends.—“He was my counsellor, and the keeper of all my most secret designs; and I should have lamented his loss still more grievously, had I not been warned by his advanced age, that I could not expect long to retain possession of such a companion. In him, I have lost a confidential servant, or, rather, a father, in whose bosom I had deposited my sorrows for these fifteen years past; and his humble cottage was to me as a temple. He cultivated for me a few acres of indifferent land. He knew not how to read,

yet he was also the guardian of my library. With anxious eye he watched over my most rare and ancient copies, which, by long use, he could distinguish from those that were more modern, or of which I myself was the author. Whenever I consigned a volume to his custody, he was transported with joy; he pressed it to his bosom with sighs; with great reverence he repeated the author's name, and seemed as if he had received an accession of learning and happiness from the sight and touch of a book. His wife's face was scorched by the sun, and her body extenuated by labour; but she had a soul of the most candid and generous nature. "Under the burning heat of the dog-star, in the midst of snow, and of rain, she was found from morning till evening in the field, whilst even a greater part of the night was given to work than to repose. Her bed was of straw; her food was black bread, frequently full of sand; and her drink was water, mixed with vinegar; yet she never appeared weary or afflicted, never shewed any desire of a more easy life, nor was even heard to complain of the cruelty of destiny, and of mankind."

It was on account of his natural benevolence, that Petrarch seemed free from that feeling by which almost all men of letters, if not during the whole, at least, in some moments of their lives, are inwardly humiliated. The mystical tradition of Apollo slaying his competitor, is related by a Greek antiquary, with such praises of the musical skill of Marsays, and with such imputations of trickery and cruelty on the god of poetry, that it was probably an allegory, not so much of the chastisement merited by presumptuous ignorance, as of

the vindictive jealousy of scholars. The protestations, which Petrarch mingles with the confessions of his other failings, and which he repeats in his old age,—“that envy never dwelt in his heart,” sprang from one of the countless illusions which bewilder us, precisely when we fancy that our own heart can hide nothing from our penetration. Envy remained dormant, because no one about Petrarch was pre-eminent enough to awaken it. He uttered rarely the name, and affected never to peruse the works, of Dante; and if he cannot always avoid speaking of his predecessor, it is to record less his excellencies than his faults. With respect to his contemporaries, Petrarch was so far above jealousy himself, that he often contrived to extinguish it among them. But whenever his interference was not attended with success, he lamented it as an undeserved misery, to which, however, he submitted, perhaps, from the ambition of displaying his superiority. To this trait of his character he seems to allude in some lines which, undoubtedly, were prompted by his own experience.

With anxious toil, he, through his lengthen'd life;

The copious flood of eloquence applied;

In vain! to quench of learned hands the strife;

For with the growth of arts, grew ev'ning pride.

Wisdom herself but fan'd the raging pest,

And urg'd its venom o'er the inflated breast.

Although his vanity was gratified at the expense of his peace, his mediation in the literary quarrels was grounded on the generous principle,—“that they who burn with the love of their country, being essentially virtuous, are formed by nature for indissoluble friendship.” But lofty maxims, when proclaimed amongst

people with whom they are impracticable, inevitably provoke ridicule; and Petrarch, by reproving those who laughed at his advice, in some measure justified the jest against him. A literary club of young men at Venice, brought him to a formal trial, for having usurped and exercised an illegal jurisdiction over all questions of learning. They appointed, from their own body, judges and counsel; and after hearing the pleadings for the prosecution, and the defence, they decided that Petrarch's crime consisted only in being a good sort of man. Of this farce no one, save Petrarch himself, took any serious notice. To repel the insinuation, he composed a large book, which has actually forced posterity to join in the merriment of his accusers.

Thinking that mankind conspired, not so much against him as against wisdom and virtue, his character acquired a tint of misanthropy by no means natural to him. All those who approached him nearly, perceived that he had more of fear than hatred, more of pity than contempt, for man. Indeed, the propensity to be useful to others, although too loudly professed, was born with him, and, instead of being abated by the selfishness of old age, it grew into an anxiety which ceased only with his life. When one of his friends was persecuted, he wrote to him:—"Take your choice, either come and find an asylum under my roof, or you will compel me to come into France for your protection." The lessons of early adversity, which harden selfish dispositions, had taught the generous heart of Petrarch to feel for the sufferings of others; and shunning—like all men, who are merely busied with their own feelings and intellectual faculties—the exertion

necessary for the acquirement and preservation of riches," he was led, in the fearlessness of youth, to spend for the benefit of others, nearly all of the scanty inheritance he derived from his parents, who died in exile. He bestowed one part as a dowry on his sister, who married at Florence, and gave up the other to two deserving friends, who were in indigent circumstances. He lent even some classic manuscripts, which he called his only treasures, to his old master, that he might pawn them: in this manner, Cicero's books *DE GLORIA* were irrecoverably lost. If his presents were declined, he attached some verses to them, which compelled his friends to accept them; and he distributed his Italian poetry as alms amongst rhymesters and ballad singers. As he advanced in years, the sovereign contempt for riches which he continued to profess, was more apparent than real, especially towards the end of his career: yet he never forgot those who looked to him for aid, which he always bestowed with kindness. Among the many legacies of his testament, he left to one of his friends his lute, that he might sing the praises of the Almighty; to a domestic, a sum of money, intreating him not to lose it at play, as usual; to his amanuensis, a silver goblet, recommending him to fill it with water in preference to wine; and Boccacio, a winter pelisse, for his nocturnal studies. Not did he wait till death had compelled him to be liberal. "In good truth," he writes to Boccacio, "I know not what you mean, by answering that you are my debtor in money. Oh! if I were able to enrich you!—but for two friends like ourselves, who possess but one soul, one house is sufficient."

These offers arose, also, from the loneliness in which Petrarch often passed his days. To be the parent of illegitimate children, chilled the domestic charities, which alone could offer consolation to his ardent heart. His son, either from the perverseness of his disposition, or from the father's excessive anxiety about his future eminence, was a source of tribulation and shame; and he never mentions him by any other name than—the youth,—so that, had it not been for D. Sade's recent discovery of a bull of Clement VI., legitimating him, nobody, not even Tiraboschi, could have guessed that he was Petrarch's son. He was appointed a canon at Verona, and when he died, his father recorded the event in the same copy of Virgil wherein he had inserted the memorandum of Laura's death.—“He, who was born for my vexation and sorrow, who, while he lived, was the cause of grievous and endless cares to me, and whose death opened a wound in my heart, after having enjoyed a few days of happiness, departed in the twenty-fifth year of his age.” The older he grew, the more desolate he felt, and the more he longed for “that youth, whom he professed to hate when alive, but on whom his thoughts now dwelt with fondness; his heart cherished; his memory continually set before him; and his eyes sought every where.” Petrarch had less reserve in speaking of his daughter, whom he loved the more, because she resembled him in features and disposition. Yet, it would seem, that she never set a foot in his house, until she was married; and, in his will, he only makes the following indirect allusion to her, “I beg Francesco di Brossano” (this was his daughter's husband) “not only as my heir, but as my

very dear son, to divide whatever money he may find, after my death, into two portions ; one he will reserve for himself, and the other he will bestow upon the person whom he knoweth.

While he longed to have somebody always near him; who might love him, yet was he often condemned to live quite alone, by the fear that a too frequent intercourse with the persons dearest to him, would furnish him with reasons for distrusting them. It was by opening his heart and his purse more frequently than his doors, that he boasts, and with reason, "that no man was more devoted to his friends, and that he never lost one." Even in his early youth, when the heart is more confiding, and he really wished to live with them; he was always afraid of discovering their defects.

"Nothing," says he, "is so tiresome, as to converse with a person who has not the same information as one's self." But the moment that he felt disposed to give himself to society, he conversed with the utmost freedom. "If I seem to my friends," says he, "to be a great talker, it is because I see them seldom, and then I talk as much in a day as will compensate for the silence of a year. In the judgment of many of them, I express myself clearly and strongly ; but, in my own opinion, my language is feeble and obscure, for I never could impose upon myself the task of being eloquent in conversation. I have never liked dinners, and have always considered it as troublesome as it is useless, to invite, or be invited, to them ; but nothing gives me more pleasure than any one dropping in on me at my meals, and I never eat alone if I can help it." To the very end of his life, Petrarch cherished his habits of

strict temperance, to which he had been accustomed from his very infancy: he seldom eat more than one meal a day: he disliked wine, lived chiefly upon vegetables, and often, during seasons of devotion and on fasting days, bread and water constituted the whole of his dinner. As his fortune increased, he augmented the number of his servants and transcribers: these he always took with him on his journeys, and kept more horses to carry his books. Twelve years before his death, he gave his rich collection of ancient manuscripts to the Venetian Senate, and thus became the founder of the library of Saint Mark. He requested, and received, by way of remuneration, a mansion in Venice. The only fault which he contracted from the possession of wealth, was the custom of boasting too much about the good use he made of it.

Essays on Petrarch.

READY-MONEY JACK.

On the skirts of the neighbouring village, there lives a kind of small potentate, who, for aught I know, is a representative of one of the most ancient legitimate lines of the present day, for the empire over which he reigns has belonged to his family time out of mind. His territories comprise a considerable number of good fat acres; and his seat of power is in an old farmhouse, where he enjoys, undisturbed, the stout oaken

chair of his ancestors. The personage to whom I allude, is a sturdy old yeoman, of the name of John Tibbets, or, rather, Ready-Money Jack Tibbets, as he is called throughout the neighbourhood.

The first place where he attracted my attention, was in the church-yard on Sunday, where he sat on a tombstone after the service, with his hat a little on one side, holding forth to a small circle of auditors, and, as I presumed, expounding the law and the prophets, until, on drawing a little nearer, I found he was only expatiating on the merits of a brown horse. He presented so faithful a picture of a substantial English yeoman, such as he is often described in books, heightened, indeed, by some little finery peculiar to himself, that I could not but take note of his whole appearance. He was between fifty and sixty, of a strong muscular frame, and at least six feet high, with a physiomy as grave as a lion's, and set off with short, curling, iron-grey locks. His shirt collar was turned down, and displayed a neck covered with the same short, curling, grey hair; and he wore a coloured silk neckcloth, tied very loosely, and tucked in at the bosom, with a green paste brooch on the knot. His coat was of dark green cloth, with silver buttons, on each of which was engraved a stag, with his own name, John Tibbets, underneath. He had an inner waistcoat of figured chintz, between which and his coat was another of scarlet cloth, unbuttoned. His breeches were also left unbuttoned at the knees, not from any slovenliness, but to show a broad pair of scarlet garters. His stockings were blue, with white clocks; he wore large silver shoe-buckles, a broad paste buckle in his hat-band,

his sleeve-buttons were gold seven shilling pieces, and he had two or three guineas hanging as ornaments to his watch-chain.

On making some enquiries about him, I gathered, that he was descended from a line of farmers that had always lived on the same spot, and owned the same property; and that half of the church-yard was taken up with the tomb-stones of his race. He has all his life been an important character in the place. When a youngster, he was one of the most roaring blades of the neighbourhood. No one could match him at wrestling, pitching the bar, cudgel play, and other athletic exercises. Like the renowned Pinner of Wakefield, he was the village champion; carried off the prize at all the fairs, and threw his gauntlet at the country round. Even to this day, the old people talk of his prowess, and undervalue, in comparison, all heroes of the green that have succeeded him; nay, they say, that if Ready-Money Jack were to take the field even now, there is no one could stand before him.

When Jack's father died, the neighbours shook their heads, and predicted that young hopeful would soon make way with the old homestead; but Jack falsified all their predictions. The moment he succeeded to the paternal farm he assumed a new character; took a wife, attended resolutely to his affairs, and became an industrious, thrifty farmer. With the family property he inherited a set of old family maxims, to which he steadily adhered. He saw to every thing himself, put his own hand to the plough, worked hard, ate heartily, slept soundly, paid for every thing in cash down, and never danced, except he could do it to the music

of his own money in both pockets. He has never been without a hundred or two pounds in gold by him, and never allows a debt to stand unpaid. This has gained him his current name, of which, by the bye, he is a little proud, and has caused him to be looked upon as a very wealthy man by all the village.

Notwithstanding his thrift, however, he has never denied himself the amusements of life, but has taken a share in every passing pleasure. It is his maxim, that "he that works hard can afford to pay." He is, therefore, an attendant at all the country fairs and wakes, and has signalized himself by feats of strength and prowess on every village green in the shire. He often makes his appearance at horse races, and sports his half guinea, and even his guinea, at a time; keeps a good horse for his own riding, and to this day is fond of following the hounds, and is generally in at the death. He keeps up the rustic revels, and hospitalities too, for which his paternal farm-house has always been noted, has plenty of good cheer, and dancing at harvest-home, and, above all, keeps the "merry night,"* as it is termed, at Christmas.

With all his love of amusement, however, Jack is, by no means, a boisterous jovial companion. He is seldom known to laugh, even in the midst of his gaiety, but maintains the same grave, lion-like demeanour. He is very slow at comprehending a joke,

* MERRY NIGHT. A rustic merry-making in a farm-house, about Christmas, common in some parts of Yorkshire. There is abundance of homely fare, tea, cakes, fruit, and ale, various feats of agility, amusing games, romping, dancing, and kissing withal. They commonly break up at midnight.

and is apt to sit puzzling at it with a perplexed look, while the rest of the company is in a roar. This gravity has, perhaps, grown on him with the growing weight of his character; for he is gradually rising into patriarchal dignity in his native place. Though he no longer takes an active part in athletic sports, yet he always presides at them, and is appealed to on all occasions as umpire. He maintains the peace on the village green at holyday games, and quells all brawls and quarrels by collaring the parties, and shaking them heartily if refractory. No one ever pretends to raise a hand against him, or to contend against his decisions; the young men having grown up in habitual awe of his prowess, and in implicit deference to him as the champion and lord of the green.

He is a regular frequenter of the village inn, the landlady having been a sweetheart of his in early life, and he having always continued on kind terms with her. He seldom, however, drinks any thing but a draught of ale, smokes his pipe, and pays his reckoning before leaving the tap-room. Here he "gives his little senate laws;" decides bets, which are very generally referred to him, determines upon the characters and qualities of horses; and, indeed, plays now and then the part of a judge in settling petty disputes between neighbours, which otherwise might have been nursed by country attorneys into tolerable lawsuits. Jack is very candid and impartial in his decisions, but he has not a head to carry a long argument, and is very apt to get perplexed and out of patience if there is much pleading. He generally breaks through the argument with a strong voice, and brings matters to

a summary conclusion, by pronouncing what he calls the "upshot of the business," or, in other words, "the long and the short of the matter."

Jack once made a journey to London, a great many years since, which has furnished him with topics of conversation ever since. He saw the old king on the Terrace at Windsor, who stopped and pointed him out to one of the princesses, being probably struck with Jack's truly yeomanlike appearance. This is a favourite anecdote with him, and has, no doubt, had a great effect in making him a most loyal subject ever since, in spite of taxes and poor's-rates. He was also at Bartholomew fair, where he had half the buttons cut off his coat, and a gang of pickpockets, attracted by his external show of gold and silver, made a regular attempt to hustle him as he was gazing at a show, but for once they found that they had caught a tatter; for Jack enacted as great wonders among the gang as Samson did among the Philistines. One of his neighbours, who had accompanied him to town, and was with him at the fair, brought back an account of his exploits, which raised the pride of the whole village, who considered their companion as having subdued all London, and eclipsed the achievements of Friar Tuck, or even the renowned Robin Hood himself.

Of late years the old fellow has begun to take the world easily: he works less, and indulges in greater leisure; his son having grown up and succeeded to him both in the labours of the farm, and the exploits of the green. Like all sons of distinguished men, however, his father's renown is a disadvantage to him, for he can never come up to public expectation, though

a fine active fellow of three and twenty, and quite the "cock of the walk;" yet the old people declare he is nothing like what Ready-Money Jack was at his time of life. The youngster himself acknowledges his inferiority, and has a wonderful opinion of the old man, who indeed taught him all his athletic accomplishments, and holds such a sway over him, that I am told, even to this day, he would have no hesitation to take him in his hands, if he rebelled against paternal government.

The squire holds Jack in very high esteem, and shows him to all his visitors as a specimen of old English "heart of oak." He frequently calls at his house, and tastes some of his home-brewed, which is excellent. He made Jack a present of old Tusser's "Hundred points of good Husbandrie," which has furnished him with reading ever since, and is his text book and manual in all agricultural and domestic concerns. He has made dog's ears at the most favourite passages, and knows many of the poetical maxims by heart.

Tibbets, though not a man to be daunted or fluttered by high acquaintances, and though he cherishes a sturdy independence of mind and manner, yet is evidently gratified by the attentions of the squire, whom he has known from boyhood, and pronounces "a true gentleman every inch of him." He is also on excellent terms with Master Simon, who is a kind of privy counsellor to the family, but his great favourite is the Oxonian, whom he taught to wrestle and play at quarter-staff when a boy, and considers the most promising young gentleman in the whole county.

Bracebridge Hall.

Indefinite Progress of Human Happiness and Perfection of the Understanding.

It is the opinion of many that not only art and science will indefinitely advance and improve, but also that human happiness will indefinitely increase,—that though mankind cannot attain perfection, they will ever continue to approach it. But as happiness consists in agreeable thoughts and sensations, on thought and sensation it must still depend. Can they become more swift, more numerous, or more vivid? The rapidity of thought is as great as its nature will admit. Ideas may become more accurate in proportion as science advances; but though the judgment may be improved by a nicer analysis and a closer comparison of its mental stores, the imagination will, in consequence, lose much of its illusion and its charms. An equilibrium will thus be preserved—what is gained in one respect is lost in another. The influence on the sensations is the same; if they become more susceptible to pleasure they will also be more subject to pain.

Even should the happiness of the majority of mankind increase—should the means and circumstances on which it depends, become more favourable to its progress, and many of its obstructions removed, the happiness of the gifted few does not in its nature admit of any material increase. Much of that happiness depends on the superiority they possess over others. The

struggles for this distinction, the means of exciting high admiration, the lofty sympathies which are aroused, can never be attended with greater distinction or advantage than has already prevailed. The contrast between misery and happiness, between poverty and riches, between genius and stupidity, will never be greater than it has been. The probability is, that the distinction will be far less, and that "the peasant's toe will come still nearer the courtier's heel."—All, therefore, that was calculated to heighten happiness by its rarity, and to impart a dazzling value to acquisitions from the difficulty of their attainment, and the novelty of their possession, will undergo rather a diminution than an increase.

Though it be difficult to describe the precise limits of the capacities of human enjoyment, scarcely any one who does not mistake an idle for a solid judgment, can really come to the conclusion that those capacities are unlimited in their power of cultivation, and indefinite in their susceptibility of improvement. These notions have, evidently, arisen from a spirit of enthusiasm, and they possess no facts or experience to support them. It may be that those who entertain more moderate opinions are considered by the enthusiastic as deficient in force of intellect—that the highest order of the faculties is indicated by creating or espousing new systems and doubtful theories. It happens, however, that all theories cannot be true; the majority of them are false. They generally consist in selecting a few plausible circumstances—in shutting the understanding against those which are unfavourable, and, out of a few slender materials, construct-

ing a specious fabric, which is blown to its original nothingness by the first rough breeze that visits it. Some, indeed, are of a hardier growth; and, if they chance to survive the blast, the accidental escape is adduced as an argument to support their eternal immutability. It is certainly an evidence of great mind to form a system of order and regularity out of disjointed and scattered principles; but the probability is, that such systems will be fallacious, unless constructed by judgment, instead of fancy. There are, in truth, no facts to support, and no experiences to justify, the belief in the doctrine of perfectibility.

Outlines of Character.

CLASSICAL STUDIES.

*Homer—Virgil—Demosthenes—Cicero—Modern
English Poets.*

CLASSICAL literature was, for some years after he quitted Donay college, the delight of the Reminiscent (Mr. Butler); such it had been even before that time. He distinctly recollects his almost infant admiration of Tasso in Fairfax's translation, and of Homer in Pope's, and that, even then, he felt the splendid invocation with which Homer introduces his catalogue of the ships, and the noble speech of Serpedon to Glancus. At Donay he read, in the original, the two great epic poems of antiquity, and then preferred the Roman to the Grecian

bard. At a subsequent time, he renewed his Greek education under the late Dr. Harwood, and he then *began* to be sensible of the transcendent beauties of the latter.

Homer has since been his favourite author. The sublime conceptions, vivid figures, interesting narratives, but more than all, the exquisite style and perfect common sense of the Maeonian bard, are far above any praise which they can receive in these pages. His work is a prodigy; we must suppose, either that he was preceded by other writers, who had brought poetry to the perfection, or nearly to the perfection, in which we find it in his writings; or that he himself was the creator of the poetry of his own immortal work.

It is observable that Herodotus* seems to declare for the latter opinion. 'As for the Gods,' these are his words, "whence each of them was descended, or whether they were always in being, or under what shape or form they existed, the Greeks knew nothing till very lately. Hesiod and Homer were, I believe, about four hundred years older than myself, and no more; and these are the men who made a theogony for the Greeks, who gave the Gods their appellations; defined their qualities, appointed their honours, and described their forms. As for the poets who are said to have lived before these men, I am of opinion they came after them." Herodotus seems here to express himself as if he considered the Grecian Theogony to have been the invention of Homer and Hesiod; but whoever reflects on its nature, its complication and contrivance, its

* *Eutopuy.*

countless, but coherent relations and dependencies, must be sensible that this was impossible.

Even if this opinion were admitted, a further difficulty would press upon us. The poetry of Homer is complete; the structure of the hexameter is equalled by no other mode of versification in any language; the formation of the phrases, the collocation of the words, the figurative diction, the animation of inanimate nature, whatever else distinguishes poetry from prose, is introduced, in its most perfect mode, into the poems of Homer. The universal opinion of all ages, has acknowledged these to constitute the true poetical character, and no succeeding age has improved on any of them. Was he, then, the inventor of them? This exceeds human power. Was he preceded by other bards, upon whom he refined; and whom he transcendently excelled? If this were the case, what has become of these antecedent poets?

To solve these difficulties, the Reminiscent begs leave to insert a conjecture, in which he has sometimes indulged himself!—that there existed in central Asia, a civilized and powerful nation, in which the Sanscritan language was spoken, and the religion of Brama prevailed; this the initiated might reconcile, by emblematical explanation, with philosophy; but, in the sense in which it was received by the people at large, it was the rankest idolatry;—that, comparing what the writers on India, and the Siamese, Chinese, and the Japanese writers, relate of a celebrated man, whom they severally call Budda, Sommonocoddon, Fohi, and Xaha, we have reason to suppose that he was the same person, and a reformer of the Sanscritan creed and

ceremonial; that his reformed system may be called Buddhism, that this still prevails in Tartary, China, and numerous islands in the Indian Archipelago; but that Sanscritism still exists in Indostan; that either before or after the Buddhisticism, and not far from the time usually assigned to the fabulous ages, the Sanscritans spread their doctrines and languages over the countries which lay to their west; so that, in the course of time, they became the religious creed and language both of Greece and Italy, that civilization, and the arts and sciences, flourished among them; that those who introduced them into Greece, were called the Pelasgi; that those who introduced them into Italy, received the appellation of Etruscans; that, by degrees, the Sanscritan was moulded into the Greek language; that from the Greek it degenerated, in Italy, into the Latin; that this state of things continued in Greece, till the irruption of the Dorians and Heraclidæ into Peloponnesus, about eighty years after the Trojan war; and in Italy until the period assigned for the foundation of Rome, when, from some unknown event, the glories of Etruria were considerably impaired; that, after the settlement of the Dorians and Heraclidæ, in Peloponnesus, but while the former traditionary learning of Greece was still remembered, Homer wrote; that, in the confusion that followed this event, the memory of Homer, and the preceding or contemporary poets, was lost; and that the minor poets were never revived, but that the super-eminent merit of Homer resuscitated his poems, and restored them to celebrity.

This conjecture receives some countenance from the opinion generally entertained by the ancients, that

Homer acquired his knowledge in Egypt, and the Egyptians theirs from India; and from the system of Sir William Jones,* respecting the identity of the Indian, Grecian, and Italian deities: among these, if we believe Dr. Milne,† we should include the national deities of China.

But, whatever opinions may be formed on the points which have been mentioned, surely no doubt can be entertained of the supreme merit of the Homeric poems.

In one respect, the strong and exquisite delineation of character, Homer has, unquestionably, excelled all other writers. His heroes constitute nearly all the genera into which mankind can be divided; the species of them he left to his followers. Sometimes, however, he descends to these, and then his pencil is equally powerful and distinct. All the principal actors in his poems have the heroic port, and, therefore, inspire awe; but they are all human, and, therefore, interest by their successes and misfortunes.

Here, *Virgil* miserably fails. With the exception of *Dido*, and, perhaps, of *Turnus*, in his latest hour, he has scarcely introduced into the *Æneid*, a single personage who either imposes by the grand, or interests by the amiable, features of his character. *Æneas* is worse than insipid:—he disgusts by his fears, his shiverings, and his human sacrifices; and, in his interview with *Helen*, while *Troy* was on fire, he is below

* In his excellent dissertation upon this subject, in the "Asiatic Researches."

† See his "Retrospect of the First Ten Years of the Protestant Mission to China,"—an interesting work, printed at the Anglo-Chinese press in Malacca.

contempt. Amata, however, is Virgil's crime; he had invested Dido with grandeur, he might have made Amata lovely; and, as he had excited our admiration for the Tyrian queen, he might have drawn our tears for the daughter of Latinus.

It must be obvious to every reader, that Homer's women are infinitely preferable to Virgil's; but it is not a little remarkable, that the women of *Ossian* are equal in grace, and superior in delicacy and feminine tenderness, to both. The icicles on Diana's temple are not more pure, more chaste than they. This seems to the Reminiscent to afford a strong, but, in his opinion, a solitary argument, in favour of the authenticity of the poems which describe them.*

The "*Paradise Lost*" did not admit the discrimination of character, or excitement of feeling, which the *Iliad* contains, and in this respect it necessarily is its inferior. But the ability with which *Milton* struggled with this overwhelming difficulty, is prodigious, and may justify our asserting the equality of the poets, while we admit the inequality of the poems. Perhaps, neither the Latin nor the English epic contains any insulated passage which can be compared with the description of the Mourner at the Scæan

* The magic of exquisite poetry is, perhaps, no where more conspicuous than in the description of Dido's silent and indignant scorn of *Æneas*, on the infernal shore, and her return to *Sichæus*. Divested of the charm with which it is invested by the poet, the scene is disgustingly ludicrous; but, as it is related by Virgil, it rises to sublimity. In fact, if the whole adventure on the Tyrian shore had been told by the ordinary poet, the widower and the widow would always have been in view, and been comic.

Gate, or of Priam's begging the body of Hector :—to these only, Milton's description of Satan, in his first book, and some scenes in which he introduces Adam and Eve, are inferior. There is no part of Homer which we read with so much pleasure as the second and sixth books of Virgil. The story of Nisus and Euryalus is exquisite ; but is it not exceeded by the night adventures of Ulysses and Diomedes, in which we hear every step, and feel every breath? Homer's language is uniformly idiomatic : Is not Virgil's, occasionally, too highly polished? Does it not sometimes cease to be Latin? Has it not too many Grecisms? Has not the poem of *Lucretius*, have not the epistles of *Horace*, more of the true raciness of the Latin soil?

The Reminiscent recollects the little real admiration with which, when he was at Douay, he read the Olynthiaks and Philippics of *Demosthenes*, and the preference which he then gave to Cicero ; but when he afterwards perused them with Dr. Harwood, and, by attending the debates in Parliament, was acquainted with the nature and effects of public speaking, he became sensible of the excellence of Demosthenes. As an orator, Cicero always appeared to the Reminiscent to be entitled to the full measure which he has received of universal admiration :—he trembles to add, that he thinks Cicero's philosophical works defective in order and precision, and that they contain too many words. His letters are beyond praise : it is observable, that an epistle to Lentulus, in the first book* of his familiar correspondence, contains the ablest delineation

* Epist. ad Familiares, L. 1, Ep. 7.

tion of *ratting*, and the most artful apology for it, that has appeared. No letters, ancient or modern, are comparable with Cicero's. Racine always carried in his pocket a volume of those to Atticus. *Lord Bolingbroke's* may be thought to approach nearest to them. From the specimens which we have seen, it may confidently be expected, that the letters of *Mr. Burke* will be found eminently beautiful and interesting.

Of the works of the ancients, which time has intercepted from us, it is difficult to fix on that of which we should most lament the loss. Mr. Fox mentioned to the Reminiscent that he principally regretted the lost tragedies of Euripides, and the comedies of Menander: some think the Decades of Livy, and the portions of Tacitus which have not reached us, a greater loss. If the Reminiscent could obtain any of the *opera deperdita* by a wish, it would be the Memoirs of Megasthenes, the Ambassador of Seleucus at Palibothra, the capital of the Prasii, or the country watered by the confluence of the Ganges and Jumna. What a store of ancient Indian learning might we not expect them to unfold!

Classical literature naturally leads to a consideration of *modern poetry*. The Reminiscent's almost complete ignorance of the Italian language does not allow him to speak of the poets of that country. He was once familiar with those of France, but his total neglect of them, with very few exceptions, during the last thirty years of his life, has driven them from his recollection. He remembers, however, his admiration of the perfect style of Boileau, without a useless epithet or imperfect word, and with very little of that inversion which is

the great defect of French poetry ;—he also recollects his admiration of the poems of *Jean Baptiste Rousseau* : who appeared to him to possess more of the true poetic character than, perhaps, with the exception of Racine, has been bestowed on any of his countrymen. His works are little known in this country ; a selection of them,—(for unfortunately several are highly objectionable)—was made by Father Pæree,—an English reader will be delighted with them, he will find that in several the French bard has ascended the winged steed, and soared with no middle flight.

It was not till “the subtle thief of youth” had stolen all his early years, that the Reminiscent was really sensible of the wonders and charms with which the pages of the bard of Avon abound, and which, notwithstanding his countless deformities and absurdities, place him in the British theatre without a rival or a second. *Shakspeare* perhaps is the only poet who has put into the mouth of an actor a speech which the person whom that actor was intended to represent, might have spoken on the occasion to which it is assigned. Brutus and Antony might have uttered the very speeches, Hamlet might have pronounced the very soliloquy, Macbeth and his Lady might have held the same dialogue, and Falstaff and the Merry Wives of Windsor might have had the same conversation as *Shakspeare* has ascribed to them. This is his peculiar praise, and (at least with the single exception of Homer) no poet has so many real touches of simple or sublime nature as are to be found in his writings.

On a late perusal of some of the best works of

Dryden and *Pope*, the Reminiscent thought he perceived a great superiority in the former ; he remembers when he thought the contrary. Age, he believes, makes us fastidious in poetry, and feel, much more than we do in youth, the truth of the known observation of *Horace*,

Mediocribus esse poetis,
Non dii non homines, non concessere Columnæ.

He remembers when he knew by heart a great part of *Dodsley's* Collection ; he is now insensible of the merit of the greater number of the poems which it contains. Very little poetry which has appeared since the 'decease of *Pope* now affords him pleasure ; but *Goldsmith*, *Collins*, and some passages in *Churchill*, he yet peruses with delight. This very year he read the *Comus* of *Milton*, and his *Allegro* and *Penseroso*, with all the zest and admiration of youth.

Every verse of *Gray* is imprinted in his memory. It is remarkable that, notwithstanding the obscurity, the stiffness, the bad rhymes and disgusting alliterations of that poet, his works are more read and remembered than those of any other English poet. If all the printed copies of the poems of *Gray* were annihilated, there is not a county in England, or parish in London, in which all his English and all his Latin Odes, and his incomparable Elegy, might not be supplied by the recollections of some of their inhabitants.

How very little of *Goldsmith* is known by heart ! yet his language is at once more simple and more elegant, and his rhymes more perfect than those of *Gray*. He has nothing of *Gray's* alliteration, stiffness, or obscurity, his images are drawn from real

life, and all he says comes home to men's business and manners. To what, then, are we to attribute the superior popularity of Gray? Certainly not to Goldsmith's want of excellence: but the muse of Gray was of a higher order. To use an expression attributed to Dr. Johnson, if she has sometimes the contortions she has often what Goldsmith never has, the enthusiasm of the Sybil; and even her ordinary gait shews her divine origin.*

The greatest compliment which can be paid to Gray is to mention his acknowledged superiority to Goldsmith.

The most eminent English poets of our own times are confessedly Cowper, Lord Byron, Sir Walter Scott, and Southey.† The true poetic character is spread over all their poems. Those of *Cowper* are particularly set off by a general tinge of religious and moral melancholy, that adds to their general effect; but a multitude of his lines are rough, a multitude prosaic; this renders the perusal of them a task, and the pleasure which attends it does not always compensate the labour. It is surprising that *Southey*, who has written and still writes so much, should, as in his *Don Roderick*, have written so well. *Lord Byron's* poems contain many passages of great sublimity and pathos, and many of exquisite gaiety and humour, but the characters of his principal personages often disgust by their satanic wickedness. *Sir Walter Scott's* poems abound with passages of the highest splendour and elegance, he carries his reader into the scenes which he de-

* Et vera incessu paluit Dea.—VIRG.

† Quere, is not Moore superior to either.

scribes, and makes him partake of their agitation. An antiquarian picturesque is frequently introduced, which, particularly to those who are skilled in antiquarian lore, has an indescribable charm ; but his ease is not always laboured, and the attention which it is necessary to exert for understanding the story, and following the clue of the narrative, renders the reader less sensible of the charms of the poetry. One may apply, both to him and Lord Byron, what Cardinal de Retz says of the grand Condé, " that he did not do justice to the greatness of his own merits." We hope, and we believe, that neither has yet produced his greatest work.

Crabbe,—sometimes the *Teniers*,—sometimes the *Salvator Rosa* of modern poetry, will accompany those who have been mentioned to posterity. When a person has succeeded so well in one line, it may be imprudent to wish he had engaged in another ; yet it is impossible not to lament that his muse has not oftener frequented the abodes of virtue, of innocence, of comfort and joy.

To return to Mr. Pope,—the merit of his translation of Homer is admitted by every person of learning, taste, and candour. It is true that he often generalizes while Homer dwells in particulars ; that he too often expresses the whole, while Homer expresses a part only of what he wishes his readers to understand ; and that by describing common things, or occurrences with too much pomp, he sometimes borders on the burlesque. This may be thought to justify Gibbon's expression, that " Pope's translation has every merit except that of likeness to its original."

Melmoth, in his "Letters of Sir Thomas Fitzosborne," produces several instances in which the translation is, in his opinion, superior to the original. He cites, among them, the celebrated Night Piece in the eighth book of the Iliad. Here we think the admirers of Homer would quarrel with the critic. Melmoth proceeds to contrast different parts of the versions of Pope and Dryden, and gives a decided preference to the former. One passage cited by him is that which describes Andromaché returning after the interview at the Scæan gate to her maidens in the palace. Dryden thus translates the original :—

" At this,—for new replies he^a did not stay,
 But laced his crested helm and strode away ;
 His lovely consort to her house returned,
 And, looking often back, in silence mourned.
 Home when she came her secret woe she vents,
 And fills the palace with her loud laments.
 These loud laments her echoing waids restore,
 And Hector, yet alive, as dead deplore."

It is thus rendered by Pope,

" Thus having said,—the glorious chief resumes
 His towry helmet, black with shading plumes.†
 His princest parts with a prophetic‡ sigh;
 Unwilling parts, and oft reverts her eye,
 That streamed at every look,—then, moving slow,
 Sought her own palace, and indulg'd her woe.
 There, while her tears deplored the godlike man ;
 Through all the train the soft infection§ ran,

^a Hector.

† Does this convey the meaning of the original ?

‡ There is no sigh in the original, and Homer certainly would not have called it " prophetic."

§ Nothing can be less Homeric than this expression.

The pious* maids their mingled sorrow shed,
And mourn the living Hector as the dead."

May not the justice of the preference given by Melmoth to Pope's version of this passage be questioned? Is not the simplicity of Dryden, homely, perhaps, as it may be, thought greatly preferable to the Ovidian graces of Pope?

An excuse for the ornaments, with which Pope has studiously attempted to set off his translation, is furnished by the remark of Dr. Johnson, that "though Virgil wrote in language of the same general fabrick with that of Homer, in verses of the same measure, and in an age nearer to Homer's time by 1800 years, yet he found even then the state of the world so much altered, and the demand for elegance† so much increased, that mere nature would be endured no longer; and that, perhaps, in the multitude of borrowed passages, very few can be shown which he has not embellished." It is impossible to deny the general justness of this remark; but may not the Reminiscent be allowed to hint, that no embellishment should have been admitted that was contrary to the genius of the original; and to ask whether many embellishments of this kind have not found their way into the translation?

With the translation of Pope that of Cowper will sustain no comparison. It is literal, and may be thought to bear, on that account, a nearer resemblance to the original. It is true, that if it be examined word for word, this will appear to be the case; but if the

* Where did Pope find the piety of the maids?

† Would not "refinement" have been a more proper word?

general effect of any one speech, or any one narrative, be considered, the result will be very different. Let their translations of that part of the first book of the Iliad, which describes the walk of the priest on the loud-resounding shore, and his address to the chiefs be compared :—which will be found to give the best notions of the exquisite charm of the original ? Even the most orthodox Grecian must give the palm to Pope. Dr. Johnson pronounces his translation to be a poetical wonder,—a production which no age or nation can pretend to equal.” Is this exaggerated praise ? Dryden’s translation of the *Æneid* stands nearest to it ; a poet by profession, in search of poetical imagery, poetical combinations, and poetical diction, will perhaps find more of these in Dryden ; but general readers will unquestionably give a decided preference to Pope.

Reminiscences of Charles Butler, Esq.

THE ROCKY LABYRINTH OF ABERSBACH, IN BOHEMIA.

THE village of Abersbach, in Bohemia, situated in a valley at the foot of the Giant Mountains, at the extreme confines of Silesia, is celebrated for the extraordinary groups of rock which rise in its environs, and extend, though with frequent interruptions, as far as Heuschaener. The village borders on a most beautiful

mead, watered by a small rivulet, which has its source in the midst of this rocky labyrinth. It is bounded on the south by large masses of rock which stand upright, contiguous to each other, and separated only by crevices of different widths. The greater number of them are one hundred feet high or upwards, and present forms which are singularly diversified. Some of them resemble works of art, as columns, walls, towers; some are bounded at the top by irregular curve lines, though their sides are as perpendicular as if they had been cut by a level. Others are bent in all directions, and their craggy summits, which hang in the air, threaten to descend every moment from their perilous abode. Some of them stand upon an immense base, and diminish as they rise, while others retain the same uniform dimensions from their base to their summits. The bases of many of them are rounded by the action of the waters. The most remarkable of these rocks is that commonly called the inverted sugar loaf, an appellation which sufficiently designates its singular form; and many isolated pillars which, though only a few feet in diameter at the base, elevate themselves amid their compeers like a range of chimneys.

The moment we enter the labyrinth, we perceive on all sides groups of rock, which surprise us the more, because we are not in a situation to examine their height and extent. They encircle a beautiful mead, which may be considered the vestibule of the labyrinth.

An old honest forester generally serves as guide to those whose curiosity leads them to explore this ro-

mantic labyrinth. They follow a path which is covered, in many places, with sand and rubbish, formed from fragments of the rock. This path, which is sometimes twenty feet wide, and sometimes not more than two, continues its course through innumerable windings between the perpendicular groups, and those masses which, like walls, enclose them on the right and left. A person is frequently obliged to crawl across the intervals, above which the rocks lean one against the other. The imagination of the old conductor has discovered, in the most irregular masses, resemblances to a palace, a church, a monastery, a pulpit, and an infinity of other objects. By this happy discovery, he hopes to render them more worthy the observation of the curious.

In this labyrinth, a person is obliged to go continually zig-zag; one time he walks on the naked sand, at another on the moss and flowery turf; at one time he passes under low saplings, at another, he pursues the course of little rivulets, whose smooth and limpid waters follow the multiplied sinuosities of their course. These little streams are, in many places, provided with little bridges, or crossed by planks, for the convenience of those who explore this little mysterious world. After journeying about a league and a half, the traveller arrives at a place, extremely cool and agreeable, ornamented with saplings, hung with all sorts of mosses and plants, and closed up, on all sides, by tremendous rocks. The loud murmuring of a rivulet, which precipitates from a sort of basin, adds an inexpressible charm to the delights of this solitude. Underneath two lofty saplings, near a fountain, as cool and trans-

parent as imagination can conceive, stands a table, a bench, and some seats, formed out of the rock. This place is frequently rendered the scene of festive happiness, and is frequently greeted by morning visitants, who come to breakfast there. The repast is rendered delicious by the agreeable coolness of the place, which invigorates the animal faculties in a surprising manner.

From this resting place there is an ascent, by a narrow opening. The way is difficult, as it leads over heaps of sand, produced by the wrecks continually falling from the rocks, and which are as friable as the ashes near the crater of a volcano, for, at every step, the traveller loses his feet, and sinks in the uncertain sand. But when he arrives at the top, he is more than recompensed, by the sight of a cascade, which precipitates from the summit of the rocks. The water falls, in its first descent, from a height of twenty feet, on a rock, which impedes its perpendicular course; glides afterwards down a gentle descent, and completes its course by flinging itself into the lower basin. Near this stream, the rocks have formed a dark and lofty vault, which presents a most majestic and terrible aspect.

It is a work of many days to traverse all the different paths which cross this labyrinth; but next to the natural beauties which we have already described, is an ancient castle in ruins, situated in the midst of those masses of rock, and which, in all probability, served as an asylum for robbers. The guide, before he takes leave of his company, generally fires a pistol near the narrow opening by which it is entered. The sound,

which is reverberated and increased by the distant echoes, resembles the rumbling sound of thunder.

The learned are generally agreed as to the origin of the singular forms of these rocks. They imagine, that the whole space which they cover was formerly a mountain of sand, and that a violent irruption of water, forcing a passage through the parts which were less compact, carried them away, and left, consequently, deep spaces between the solid masses. Such is the general opinion, but it is still doubtful, whether the effect has proceeded from a sudden irruption, and whether it may not be more naturally traced to that slow but unremitting action of nature, which metamorphoses every thing after a certain lapse of time, though its immediate agency excites no attention.

The mountain, known by the name of Heuscheuer, or Heuschaar, forming the southern extremity of this chain, is in Silesia, in the county of Glatz, about two miles and a half north-east of the town of this name, and a mile and a half to the north of the little town of Reinerz. In approaching the mountain in this direction, a most delightful meadow opens at its feet. It is difficult to reach it on this side, though considerable efforts were made, in 1763, to facilitate the access. The traveller passes constantly over ledges of rocks, which are detached, and laid one over another, in all directions. Some of them are as large as houses, others equal churches in magnitude; nor can imagination give its creations a greater diversity of form than these rocks present. The greater part of these rocks are naked, but at a considerable height we meet a space which has been called the garden, and which

contains trees and plants of various kinds. The rocks lift themselves all around, piled one over another. On the summit of Tafelstein, which is one of the most elevated, there is a most interesting and romantic prospect. The rock on which it is fixed is cut perpendicular, like a wall, at a depth of many hundred feet, and extends through various windings, along the frontiers of Bohemia. A balustrade has been erected there, in consequence of its being honoured with a visit by the Prince of Prussia. This balustrade leads to the very extremity of the rock, where the spectator may contemplate with security the delightful prospect which opens before him, in all directions. Under his feet he beholds the lofty mountains extending south and west, and presenting summits which are sometimes rounded, and sometimes terminated in a point. The extensive prospect carries the eye of the spectator over the distant Braunau, Nachod, and a great number of other places in Bohemia, immortalized by the annals of the thirty, and of the seven years' war. The traveller has some difficulty, however, in believing that he has Bohemia actually before him, for, at this immense height, the mountains, which separate the towns, castles, villages, and convents, disappear from the sight, so that he imagines that he perceives nothing but a level and extensive plain.

The European Magazine.

THOUGHTS

ON THE WORDS "TURN OUT."

"We all, in our Turns, "turn out."—SONG.

TURN OUT!!! There are in the English language no two words which act so forcibly in exciting sympathy and compassion. There is in them a melancholy cadence, beautifully corresponding with the sadness of the idea which they express: they awaken in a moment the tenderest recollections, and the most anxious forebodings: there is in them a talismanic charm, which influences alike all ages and all dispositions; the Church, the Bar, and the Senate, are all comprised in the range of its operation: indeed, we believe that in no profession, in no rank of life, we shall find the man who can meditate, without an inward feeling of mental depression, on the simple, the unstudied, the unaffected Pathos of the words "Turn Out."

Is it not extraordinary, that when the idea is in itself so tragic, and gives birth to such sombre sensations, Melpomene should have altogether neglected the illustration of it? Is it not still more extraordinary that her sportive sister, Thalia, should have dared indecorously to jest with a subject so entirely unsuited to her pen? To take our meaning from its veil of metaphor, is it not extraordinary that Mr. Kenney should have written a farce on the words "Turn Out?" We regard Mr. Kenney's farce as a sacrilege, a profanation, a bar-

lesque of the best feelings of our nature ; and in spite of the ingenuity of the writer, and the talents of the performers, humanity and its attendant prejudices revolt in disgust from the scene which endeavours to raise a laugh by a parody of so melancholy a topic.

It is not difficult to account for the pensive feelings which are excited by these words : they recal forcibly to our mind the uncertainty of all human concerns ; they bid us think on the sad truth, that from power, from affluence, from happiness, we may be "turned out" at a minute's warning ; they whisper to us that the lease of life is held on a precarious tenure, subject to the will of a Providence which we can neither control nor foresee ; they oblige us to look forward to that undiscovered country, from whose dark limits we would fain avert our eyes ; they convince us of the truth of the desponding expression of the Psalmist,—
"Man is but a thing of nought ; his time passeth away like a shadow."

Are not these the reflections of every thinking mind ? If they are not we must intreat the indulgence of our readers for the melancholy pleasure we take in the discussion of the subject. The words may, indeed, be more than ordinarily affecting to us, inasmuch as they remind us of a friend who in his life was "turned out" from every thing that life can bestow, but who in his death shall never be "turned out" from that consolatory tribute to his manes,—the recollection of a sincere friend. Poor Gilbert ! the occurrences of his eventful existence would indeed furnish materials for the poet or the moralist, for a tragedy of five Acts, or a homily of fifty heads. His father

always prophesied he would *turn out* a great man ; and yet the poor fellow did nothing but *turn out*, and never became a great man. At fourteen he *turned out* with a bargeman, and lost an eye ; at seventeen he was *turned out* from Eton, and lost King's ; at three-and-twenty he was *turned out* of his father's will, and lost a thousand a year ; at four-and-twenty he was *turned out* of a tandem, and lost the long odds ; at five-and-twenty he was *turned out* of a place, and lost all patience ; at six-and-twenty he was *turned out* of the affections of his mistress, and lost his last hope ; at seven-and-twenty he was *turned out* of a gaming-house, where he lost his last farthing. Gilbert died about a year ago, after existing for some time in a miserable state of dependence upon a rich uncle. To the last he was fond of narrating to his friends the vicissitudes of his life, which he constantly concluded in the following manner :—" So, Gentlemen, I have been *turned out* during my whole life ; you now see me on the brink of the grave, and I don't care how soon I *turn in*."

We had not heard from him for a considerable space of time, and were beginning to wonder at his protracted silence, when a friend, who was studying the *Morning Post*, apprized us of his decease by the following exclamation :—" My God ! old Gilbert's dead ! Here's a quaint turn out !"

Alas ! how often does it happen that we are not aware of the value of the blessings we enjoy, until chance or destiny has taken them from us. This has been the case in our acquaintance with our lamented companion. How bitterly do we now regret that we

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did not, while his life was spared, make use of his inestimable experience to collect some instructions on the art of "turning out," both in the active and the neuter signification of the words. For surely no two things are more difficult than the giving or receiving of a dismissal. To go through the one with civility, and the other with firmness, is indeed a rare talent, which every man of the world should study to attain.

When we consider the various chances and vicissitudes which await the citizens of our little commonwealth, in their progress through life; when we recollect that some of them will enter into political life, in order to be turned out of their places; others will enjoy the titular distinction of M. P.'s, that they may be turned out of their seats the next election; while others again, by an attachment to Chancery *expedition*, will endeavour to get turned out of their estates;—it is surely worth while to bestow a little attention upon the most proper mode of behaving under these unfortunate circumstances.

Mr. Monxton receives a *turn out* better than any political man of our acquaintance. It was of him that Sir Andrew Freeman, a Hertfordshire independent, who, to do him justice, would be witty if he could, broached the celebrated remark,—“He has *turned out* so often, that I should think he’s *turned* wrong side out by this time.” Mr. Monxton, is, indeed, a phenomenon in his way. The smile he wears on coming into office, differs in no respect from that which he assumes on resigning all his employments. He departs from the enjoyment of place and power, not with the gravity of a disappointed minister, but with

the self-satisfied air of a successful courtier. The *tact* with which he conceals the inward vexation of spirit beneath an outward serenity of countenance, is to us a matter of astonishment. When we have heard him discussing his resignation with a simper on his face, and a jest on his lip, we have often fancied that Mr. Kemble would appear to us in the same light, were he to deliver Wolsey's soliloquy with the attitudes and gestures of a harlequin in a pantomime. Juvenile politicians cannot propose to themselves, in this line of their profession, a better model than Mr. Monxton.

Nor is this art less worthy the attention of the fair sex. There are very few ladies who have the talent of dismissing a lover in proper style. There are many who reject with so authoritative a demeanour, that they lose him, as an acquaintance, whom they only wish to cast off as a dangler : there are many again who study civility to such an extent, that we know not whether they reject or receive, and have no small difficulty in distinguishing their smile from their frown. The deep and sincere interest which we feel in all matters relating to the advantage or improvement of the fair sex, induces us to suggest that an academy, or a seminary, or an establishment, should be forthwith instituted for the instruction of young ladies not exceeding thirty years of age, in the most approved method of saying "Turn Out." So far indeed has our zeal in this laudable undertaking carried us, that we have actually communicated our ideas upon the subject to a lady, who, to quote from her own advertisement, "enjoys the advantages of an excellent education, an unblemished character, and an aimable disposition." We are

happy to inform our friends, and the public in general, that Mrs. Simkins has promised to devote her attention to this branch of female education. By the end of next month she hopes to be quite competent to the instruction of pupils in every mode of expressing "turn out:"—the Distant Hint, the Silent Bow, the Positive Cut, the Courteous Repulse, and the Absolute Rejection. We trust that due encouragement will be given to a scheme of such general utility.

In the mean time, until such Academy, or Seminary, or Establishment, shall be opened, we invite our fair readers to the study of an excellent model in the person of Caroline Moworay. Caroline has now seven-and-twenty lovers, all of whom have successively been in favour, and have been successively "turned out." Yet so skilfully has she modified her severity, that in most cases she has destroyed Hope without extinguishing Love: the victims of her caprice continue her slaves, and are proud of her hand in the dance, although they despair of obtaining it at the altar. The twenty-seventh name was added to the list of her admirers last week, and was, (with the most heartfelt regret we state it,) no less a personage than the Hon. Gerard Montgomery.—Alas! unfortunate Gerard!—

"Quantâ laboras in Charybdi,

Digne puer meliore flammâ."

He had entertained us for some time with accounts of the preference with which he was honoured by this miracle of obduracy, and at last, by dint of long and earnest entreaty, prevailed upon us to be ourselves witness to the power he had obtained over her affec-

tions. We set out therefore, not without a considerable suspicion of the manner in which our expedition would terminate, and inwardly anticipated the jest which "The King of Clubs" would infallibly broach upon the subject of Gerard's "Turn Out."

Nothing occurred of any importance during our ride: Gerard talked much of Cupids and Hymen, but inasmuch as we were not partakers of his passion, we could not reasonably be expected to partake of his inspiration.

Upon our arrival at Mowbray Lodge, we were shewn into a room so crowded with company, that we almost fancied we had been ushered into the Earl's levee, instead of his daughter's drawing room. The eye of a lover, however, was more keen. Gerard soon perceived the goddess of the shrine receiving the incense of adulation from a crowd of votaries. Amongst these he immediately enrolled himself, while we, apprehensive that our company might be troublesome to him, hung back, and became imperceptibly engaged in conversation with some gentlemen of our acquaintance. To speak the truth, on our way to "the Lodge" these "Thoughts on Turn Out" had been the subject of our reveries, and whatever expressions or opinions we heard around us, appeared to coincide with the cogitations with which we were occupied. We first became much interested in the laments of an old gentleman, who was bewailing the "Turn Out" of a friend at the last election for the county of ———. Next we listened to an episode from a dandy, who was discussing the extraordinary coat "Turned out" by Mr. Michael Oakley at the last county ball. Finally, we

were engaged in a desperate argument with a Wiccamist, upon the comparative degree of talent "turned out" from each of the public schools during the last ten years. Of course we proceeded to advocate the cause of our foster-mother, against the pretensions of our numerous and illustrious rivals. Alas! we felt our unworthiness to stand forward as Eton's Panegyrists, but we made up in enthusiasm what we wanted in ability. We ran over with volubility the names of those thrice-honoured models, whose deserved success is constantly the theme of applause, and the life-spring of emulation amongst their successors. We had just brought our catalogue down to the names of our more immediate forerunners, and were dwelling with much complacency on the abilities which have, during the last few years, so nobly supported the fair fame of Eton at the universities, when our eye was caught by the countenance of our Honourable Friend, which, at this moment, wore an appearance of such unusual despondence, that we hastened immediately to investigate the cause. Upon inquiry we learned that Montgomery was most romantically displeased, because Caroline had refused to sing an air of which he was passionately fond. We found we had just arrived in time for the finale of the dispute. "And so you can't sing this to oblige me?" said Gerard. Caroline looked refusal. "I shall know better than to expect such a condescension again," said Gerard, with a low sigh. "*Tant mieux!*" said Caroline, with a low courtesy. The audience were unanimous in an unfeeling laugh, in the midst of which Gerard made a precipitate retreat, or as O'Connor expresses it, "ran away like mad," and we followed him

as well as we could, though certainly not "*passibus æquis*." As we moved to the door we could hear sundry criticisms on the scene. "Articles of ejection!" said a limb of the law. "The favourite distanced!" cried a Newmarket Squire. "I did not think the breach practicable!" observed a gentleman in regimentals. We overtook the unfortunate object of all these comments about a hundred yards from the house. His woe-begone countenance might well have stopped our malicious disposition to jocularity; nevertheless, we could not refrain from whispering in his ear—"Gerard! a decided *Turn Out*!" "I beg your pardon," said the poor fellow, mingling a smile for his pun, with a tear for his disappointment, "I beg your pardon,—I consider it a decided take in."—*F. W.*

THE ETONIAN.

XXXI.—3.

Comparison of the Writers in the British Era of Literature, with those of Louis XIV.—From Mr. Butler's "Reminiscences."

SUBSCRIBING to the well-known verses of Lord Roscommon,

"The weighty ballion of one English line,

"Drawn through French wire, would through whole pages shine;

he yet doubts, whether, speaking generally, French writers are not superior to the English in perspicuity and method. Their superiority in the former, if they really possess it, may be thought owing to the multitude of connective words in the French language;

and to its genders, inflections, and varied terminations ; their superiority in the latter, to the mode of French education, in which a large portion of time, even in their humblest academies, is given to a course of rhetoric. Equally subscribing to the decided superiority, which the English assign to Shakspeare and Milton, over all the poets of France, the Reminiscent yet feels that other nations do not seem to acquiesce in this opinion. This is usually ascribed to their imperfect knowledge of the English language ; but it may be observed, that few, who are not natives of France, have that complete knowledge of the French language which enables them to feel and judge of those niceties of language, which constitute the difference between a perfect and an imperfect style. It must be added, that both Mr. Fox and Mr. Gibbon, the former a real, the latter a professed admirer of the Grecian School, are said to have preferred Corneille and Racine to the two great English bards. In the second order of French poets, none can be compared to Dryden : Boileau and Pope, may be considered to be equally balanced, the style of the former is singularly perfect : it has nothing of the useless epithet, the pertness, or the ribaldry, which too often disfigure the strains of Pope ; but in vain should we seek in the pages of Boileau, for the fire, the imagination, the dignity, the elegant playfulness, or the occasional, though not frequent, tenderness which Pope displays. Who that reads his happy imitation of the *Intermissa Venus diu* of Horace, does not wish he had oftener touched the mournful chords ? We have nothing to oppose to the comedies of Molière, the fables of La Fontaine, or the elegant trifles of Chalieu or Gresset.

In novels,—certainly the most numerous offspring of modern literature,—England,—(at least, if we except the two most perverse productions of human talent; the *Emile*, and the *Nouvelle Héloïse*), has the pre-eminence. The French allow the superiority of Bacon, Locke, and Sir Isaac Newton, over their own philosophers; and the superiority of Hume, Robertson, and Gibbon, over their own historians; but they observe, that while Bossuet, Bourdaloue, and Masillon, are to be found in all libraries, and many toilets, in every part of the continent where literature is cultivated, scarcely one English preacher or divine is read out of England. With respect, also, to Sir Isaac Newton, they remark, that since the death of that great man, the English mathematicians have done little more than slumber under his glories, while d'Alembert, Le Gendre, La Grange, La Place, and Carnot, have pursued his discoveries, have completed the grand edifice which he left unfinished, and may, therefore, be said to have given him a kind of posthumous domicile in France.

In general, the French mathematicians do justice to his memory; but, recently, M. Bossut, in his history of mathematics, has endeavoured to rob him of the glory of being the inventor of fluxions. This appears to make it very desirable, that a new edition of the *Commercium Epistolicum* of Collins, with a preliminary history of the discovery of that sublime science, of the important consequences which have emanated from it, and of the disputes to which it has given rise, should be published. Is it not to be wished, that some mathematical Mæcenas would make it agreeable to

a Wollaston, an Ivory, or a Babbage, to employ his time on such a work ? This is the more to be desired, as the *Commercium Epistolicum* is become extremely scarce.

XXXI.—4.

The present general Diffusion of Learning among all Ranks of Persons.

THE circumstance which most distinguishes the present era of British literature from all others, is the general diffusion both of useful and ornamental knowledge, among every rank of society, in a manner unknown to former times, and yet unknown to every other nation. With all the faults imputable to newspapers, and other periodical effusions of the press, how much useful information is conveyed by them, to every rank of society ? The author of an excellent article in the *Edinburgh Review*, for October, 1819, shews, that in a given time, an Englishman reads about seventy-five times as much of the newspapers of his country, as a Frenchman does of his. What a spread of information ! It may be said, that the reading might be more useful and edifying ; but what an exercise of the mental powers ! What an excitement to better reading, to further attainment.

XXXI.—5.

General Diffusion of Literature among the Ladies of Great Britain.

BUT while the dissemination of useful and ornamental knowledge, among persons of every rank in this

country, is thus generally mentioned, it would be wrong not to take particular notice of its extensive diffusion among the purest and gentlest portion of the community. "Women," says Fénelon, in his Treatise on Female Education, "were designed, by their native elegance and softness, to endear domestic life to man, to make virtue lovely to children, to spread around them order and grace, and to give to society its highest polish. No attainment can be above beings, whose end and aim is to accomplish purposes at once so elegant and so salutary: every means should be used to invigorate, by principle and culture, such native excellence and grace." How generally, and in what a high degree, these attainments are possessed by the daughters of Albion, all persons must have observed, to whom opportunities of observing it have been given, and who have availed themselves of them. Even in the learned languages, and the abstruse sciences, several are respectably informed; those to whom the best writers of their own country, and the best in the French and Italian languages, are familiar, are numerous: few are so scantily instructed, as not to listen with pleasure and advantage to the conversation of men of learning and taste, or who do not view with taste, the productions of the painter or statuary? It is rare to find among them one, who does not express herself, both in conversation and upon paper, with correctness and grace. The Letters of the late Lady Hervey are deservedly admired. Are there not many English ladies capable of writing letters, which, if compared with her's, would not suffer on the comparison? Their mild, retiring, and unpretending manners, add

to the charm of their accomplishments. Most Gallic *élégantes* have something of that spirit of exhibition, which we see displayed by the Corinne of Madame de Staël, nothing of this is discoverable in our country-women. With all their accomplishments,

“ Hide me from day's garish eye,”

MILTON.

seems to be their almost universal wish. A Frenchman once triumphantly asked the Reminiscent, whether any English lady could have written the *Considerations sur les principaux Evénemens de l'Europe* of Madame de Staël, a work certainly of extraordinary merit. The writer believes there are many; but that there are none who would have written the pages of egotism, with which it abounds.* We must add, that Madame de Staël, the witty protégée of the Duchess de Mainé, could have written better and more interesting considerations.

Pope says,

“ Most women have no character at all,”

and intended to be satirical: but this line, in one application of it, may be considered to express a very high degree of praise. Women are never so perfect as when they possess an assemblage of excellencies, each of them suited to the rest, but no one outshining the others, and thus making it her character. Such are the women by whom Shakspeare attracts the favour of the spectators; his Desdemona, Imogen, Mi-

* If the “ courts of Elizabeth and James the first,” had then appeared, the Reminiscent would have said that Miss Aikin could have published better considerations.

randa, and Ophelia. Such too, is the Amelia of Fielding, the Rebecca of Sir Walter Scott. Each is the perfection of female excellence, each attracts love and reverence, each excites interest; in all there is an union of charms, but no one charm predominates; none shines with surpassing glory.

Whether ladies, even with the greatest disposition for literary acquirements, should study the learned languages, may be thought a question. The contrary, was once suggested by the Reminiscent to a lady of great mental ardour: she observed that, the inferiority of the female capacity for acquiring the dead languages should not be taken for granted:—"I'll engage," she said, "that if we were sent to Eton or Harrow, we should become as good classical scholars as boys." "True,"—it was replied, "but you are not sent to Eton or Harrow: this makes the difference?" The fact is, that the structure of the Greek and Latin differs so much from that of modern languages; their grammars are so complex and obscure, their prosody so abstruse, and, for several years, the acquisition of it is, in a great measure, so much a mere act of memory, and without a perfect knowledge of it, the real beauty of the diction is so little felt, that any thing like a competent knowledge of them can scarcely be obtained, except at a public school, where the boys acquire it much more by hearing their school-fellows repeat over and over again their daily tasks, than by learning their own. Of this advantage young ladies are necessarily deprived.

It is observable, that, at a certain time of life, even gentlemen who are most ardent in literary pursuits,

relax in their zeal for the prosecution of them, if their studies be not directed to a particular object; and that, from the want of such an object, they generally fall into a course of desultory, listless reading, which leads to nothing. This was remarked by Mr. Burke to the Reminiscent; and he acknowledged that, in one period of his life, he himself, with all his literary enthusiasm, experienced something of this paralysis. To prevent it, would it not be advisable for ladies of cultivated minds, when they begin to feel its approach, to employ their minds on some literary or historical enquiry, which will fix their attention, and, while it confines, will animate their daily application?

The late lady Crewe desired the Reminiscent to furnish her with a course of study of modern history. He inserts his answer in the appendix.* In framing it, he took care to mention, with one exception only,—no work, which is not in Hookham's well-stocked catalogue.

Another, and perhaps a better course, for female reading would be, to peruse 'Anquetil's Abridgement of Ancient and Modern History,' attending particularly to its geography, and minuting down its chronology—Or, if modern history only be the object, to peruse, but with particular attention, and with a proper map, always to view, the "*Tableau des Revolutions de l'Europe, par M. Koch*," now in 4 Vols. 8vo.

Here the Reminiscent presumes to mention an obser-

* Note III.

vation made to him by a learned and intelligent friend, on the subject of pursuing the study of the learned languages too far. For sometime after the Reminiscent quitted college, he continued smitten with the love of Greek and Roman lore. His friend remarked to him that it was a vain pursuit : " you and I " he said, " are willing to think that we understand the French language as well as we do our own : most gentlemen, who have received a liberal education, do the same. Yet, how little do any of us feel the beauties of French poetry ? How little are we sensible of that indescribable charm of the verses of Racine, of which every Frenchman talks to us with so much rapture ? Now, if this be the case, in respect to a language which we hear spoken every day, and the writers in which are countless, how much more must it be the case in respect to a dead language, when the writers, whom we possess, are so few ? The utmost knowledge, which, by the most persevering application we can obtain of the literary merit of their compositions, so far, at least, as respects the beauties of their style, must be very limited." In this observation, there seems to be good sense : one, of an import somewhat similar, and leading to a similar conclusion, was made to the Reminiscent by Mr. Porson. " The number of ancient writers," said that gentleman, " which has reached us, is so small, that we cannot be judges of the expressions, or even of the words appropriated to any particular style. Many, suited to the general style of Livy, would not be suited to that of Tacitus : of this, we necessarily are, in a great measure, insensible ; and use them indiscriminately. This must be wrong ; when, therefore, we

write in the Latin language, our style should be most unambitious ; we should carefully avoid all fine words and expressions, we should use the most obvious and most simple diction ; beyond this, we should not aspire ; if we cannot present a resemblance, let us not exhibit a caricature."

It was a remark of Boileau, that if the French had become a dead language, and few only of its approved writers had survived it, a poet, who wished to describe a person gathering sand on the bank of a river, might mention him.

" *Sur la rive du fleuve amassant de l'arène,*" and justify the line, by producing from approved authors, every word it contained. " But now," said Boileau, " the most ordinary writer knows that the expressions *rive du fleuve* and *amassant de l'arène*, are insupportably bad ; and would write *Sur le bord de la rivière* and *amassant du sable*."

A LETTER

TO THE DRAMATISTS OF THE DAY.

WE quote only the latter part of the first of these letters, which appeared in the London Magazine for July, 1823, as it contains the essence of the writer's reasonings. We perfectly agree with him in his observations on this subject, but he does not appear to have perceived the true source of tragic pleasure. Action, it is true, co-operates in producing the effect ; but why does it

so co-operate ; or must the action so co-operating, possess a certain character ? If so, what is the character that gives interest to action ? These are questions which the writer, not only seems unable to resolve, but which he would appear never to have asked himself. Could he reply to them satisfactorily, he would have little difficulty in discovering many other particular means of producing tragic interest, besides that of mere action, and he would also find, that action possesses no interest, unless it possess, at the same time, a certain character.—Ed.

THE dramatists of this day would appear to a less profound observer than I am, (who can spy out the cause in our present ultra-refinement of mind,) to have entered into a conspiracy for the exclusion of every thing which might possibly assist their genius in the end they, as tragedists, should aim at. Action is the essence of drama ; nay, its definition : business, bustle, hurly, and combustion-dire, are indispensable to effective drama ; at least, if pathos run not very copiously through the piece, in which case, action may be partly compounded for by tears, though, perhaps, not without some hazard. But that essence, and these indispensables, you, gentlemen, seem, with one consent, sedulously to avoid meddling with ; to shun as you would fire and brimstone. You seem to think, that the whole virtue of tragedy lies in its poeticity ; and the softer, the sweeter, and the more soul-soothing, the more hushing the poetry is, the better you think it, though the audience go to sleep under your noses. At any rate, if you don't think thus, you write as if you did. One great instrument of keeping an audience on the fret of attention, is a good plot ; an

excellent reason, as it would appear with you, to select bad or indifferent ones. Oh! so as we deliver forth poetry enough, what a plague have we to do with plotting? You either poke into the crevices and corners of history, real or fictitious, for insignificant events, which you neither amplify nor adorn by addition or decoration, as Shakspeare might have ensampled you; or, being the architects of your own stories, your designs are so light and graceful, so economical in point of material, and of so very corinthian an order of elegance, that they are nearly invisible to the gross sense of our popular eye-sight.

London Magazine.

Description of a Battle between Ninety-three Pawnee-Loup Warriors, against a large Body of Jetans, Arrapahoes, and Kiawas.

THIS severe battle was fought by ninety-three Pawnee-Loup warriors, against a large body of Jetans, Arrapahoes, and Kiawas. The party was led by the most distinguished Brave of the village, and half-brother of the Metiff chief, but of unmixed blood, and a principal supporter of the influence of that chief. The party, who were all on foot, were on their way to capture horses, but they were badly armed for a contest, and had but twelve guns amongst them. They were proceeding cautiously along in the prairies, between the head waters of the Arkansa and the Rio del Norte,

when one party of their runners, or discoverers, came in with information, that a great body of the enemy were a-head, and had not seen them; another party of runners soon came in, with the same information. The whole now halted to wait for night, to capture horses, and busied themselves in preparing their ropes and halters, and in putting themselves in the best order, in case of attack. One of the party ascended a small eminence, and perceived three of the enemy mounted, and coming on in full career; presently, more appeared, and soon after they began to shew themselves in every quarter. It was now evident to the party, that the enemy were the first discoverers, and that they were now necessitated to contend against a vastly superior force, better armed than themselves, and possessing, also, the advantage of being all mounted on good horses. It was obvious, also, that there was no hope for them but in the display of a desperate valour. Their first wish had been to gain a creek, at some distance in their rear, which was margined with small timber; but as their enemy now completely surrounded them, this was impossible. The battle commenced about ten o'clock, A. M., and soon raged with great fury. Every muscle was called into action in our little band, who hung firmly together, discharging their arrows, and occasionally a fusee, at the enemy, with the steadiest aim. The dead and wounded were falling in every direction, in both parties. The enemy were so numerous, that numbers of their Braves, armed only with a shield, having rejected their offensive weapons, hovered in front of their companions, intent only upon the acquisition of the renown dearest to the

heart of the warrior, that of first striking the body of a fallen enemy; many of them were, however, killed, even by their own people, as they rushed along, and intercepted the flight of the arrow or bullet from its destined mark. The combatants were at very close quarters, and the arrow had its full effect. They were for some time intermingled, and contended with their war-clubs and knives. The Partisan, who had been wounded severely, early in the action, and had received several more wounds during its continuance, now was struck with an arrow, which buried itself to the feathers in his body. He knew the wound was a mortal one, and fell, but supported himself upon the ground, to encourage his men: "My Braves," said he, "fight whilst you can move a limb, and when your arrows are expended, take to your knives." Looking around now upon his companions in arms, he perceived that nearly all his principal Braves were killed or disabled, and with his dying words, he ordered those who were still on their feet to pierce the surrounding enemy, and endeavour to save themselves in the timber of the creek. As soon as it was ascertained that their Partisan was dead, his orders were carried into effect; and the remnant of the party fought their way to the creek, where the enemy abandoned them, and returned to exult over the slain. One only of the principal Braves was left in this shattered band; he declared he was ashamed that he had survived; and he immediately ran back to the enemy, although much wounded, and was seen no more. The party now found that they had left fifty-three men, dead or disabled, on the battle ground, amongst whom were

all their Braves, who had exposed themselves to danger more than the others. Of their numbers, now diminished to forty, all were wounded, with the exception of seven only, and some of these very desperately; one individual had eight different wounds. As they had thrown off their robes, breech-cloths, and leggings, at the commencement of the battle, they were now absolutely naked, and the weather was extremely cold. They made cars, on which they drew along those who could not walk; and thus they commenced and proceeded in their slow and laborious march to their village. During the journey, some of the wounded requested to be killed, or left to die alone; and one who was wounded in the knee, after soliciting death from his brother repeatedly, in vain, sought an opportunity to die, and finally plunged his knife in his heart. The party subsisted by killing a few bisons on the way, and partially clothed themselves with their raw hides, a miserable defence against the intensity of the cold.

James's Expedition to the Rocky Mountains.

*Memoirs of the Life and Writings of the Right Hon.
Lord Byron.*

THESE memoirs are dedicated to Mr. Gifford, and the work is evidently not the first production of its author, for it bears, throughout, the impress not only of an experienced and practised hand, but the confidence which experience and practice invariably in-

spire. The anonymous writer has not, therefore, concealed his name through that fear and trembling, with which our first productions are generally laid before the public. Be the author whom he may, however, we can perceive no just reason for concealing his name; for, as he himself very properly observes, "It is every individual's duty to check the current of baneful principles, especially when those principles are sent forth clothed with the attractive ornaments of literary elegance, and recommended by the potent spells of rank and popularity." No person, surely, needs blush to avow an act which he knows to be his duty, and as the present work was professedly intended, as the author informs us, to check the current of Lord Byron's baneful principles, to undeceive those who are liable to be lost in the wilds and witcheries of the moral delusion which prevails in his writings, the author engaged in the performance of a duty, which he ought not blush to acknowledge. Concealment, in such a case, leads us to suspect that Lord Byron's "baneful principles" were not altogether so baneful as they are represented, and that the author, consequently, thought it prudent to skreen himself from the just indignation of the noble Lord by concealing his name. This, perhaps, was not the cause of concealment, but it is, at least, the first cause that suggests itself to an impartial reader.

There are two objects aimed at in the present work : the first is, to make us acquainted with the life, the second with the writings, of Lord Byron. With the first we have no concern : facts speak for themselves, and we believe the author has misrepresented no cir-

cumstance of Lord Byron's life. Indeed, we cannot help saying, that he evinces throughout a rigid unbending honesty of principle, and we cannot, with some of our contemporaries, attribute the severity of his strictures on Lord Byron's moral principles to the spirit of pre-determined hostility. In our opinion, the author's warmth arises from a stubborn attachment to truth, and a belief, whether well founded or not, that Lord Byron is one of its most dangerous enemies. But whether he be free from enmity to the noble Lord or not, it is idle to accuse him of it till the fact be proved. No proofs, however, have been brought forward, for the critics who have been most severe upon the work, do not mention one circumstance which he has either garbled or misrepresented. So far, then, as these memoirs regard the Life of Lord Byron, we think we may safely recommend them to the perusal of our readers. Our limits will not suffer us to give even a retrospect of them, and even if we could, we do not conceive that our pages would be the proper place to seek for such information. We are not biographers, and therefore we have nothing to do with the relation of facts. It is the business of a reviewer to let his readers know, not what facts are stated by the author, but whether they be fairly stated, and having discharged this duty, his business afterwards is with his opinions alone. When we have given the author of these memoirs credit for honesty of intention, and freedom from enmity to Lord Byron, we have given a sort of general character of the biographical, or narrative part of his work; but his opinions must be considered separately, because honesty of

principle, though it never suffers us to fall into error in matters of fact, except through inadvertence, is no safeguard in matters of opinion. A man may be very honest, who, in point of intellect, is only one degree above an idiot, and we fear the present writer did not sufficiently weigh when he engaged in these memoirs: — *Quid valeant humeri, quid ferre recusent.* We must confine ourselves, however, to such parts of his comments on the poetry of the noble Lord, as are most highly important to the general interests of literature.

Lord Byron, alluding to his studies at Harrow school, observes, that we become tired of studying the Greek and Latin poets “before we can comprehend their beauty, that the freshness is worn away, and the future pleasure and advantage deadened and destroyed by the didactic anticipation, at an age when we can neither feel nor understand the power of composition, which it requires an acquaintance with life, as well as with Latin and Greek, to relish or reason upon, so that, when we are old enough to enjoy them, the taste is gone, and the appetite palled. In some parts of the Continent, young persons are taught from more common authors, and do not read the best classics till their maturity.”

With this opinion our author does not agree, and brings forward Dean Vincent’s “Defence of Publick Education,” and “Childe Harold’s Monitor,” to prove the contrary. In questions of this nature, authority is of little consequence, abstracted from the arguments on which it rests; and, if mere authority decided the question, Lord Byron has much higher authority on his side, than that of the Dean or the Monitor, namely,

the authority of Milton, Cowley, and Addison. Their opinion, however, he treats as paradoxical: let us hear his reason. "If the attainment of Latin and Greek, is at all necessary, it is obvious that those languages cannot be acquired in perfection, but through the medium of the finest writers, as well in verse as in prose." This reasoning is true; but it maintains what, perhaps, no man but a fool would contradict. Lord Byron does not maintain that we can have a perfect acquaintance with the Greek and Latin writers without studying the classic poets. He merely maintains that we should not commence this study before we are capable of feeling and relishing their beauties, and that we should receive our elementary education from more common authors. For this assertion, his Lordship gives the best of all reasons; that if we commence them too early, "the taste is gone, and the appetite palled, when we are old enough to enjoy them." This truth is confirmed by the experience of every one who consults his own feelings. Burke tells us, that he found more pleasure in Don Bellianis of Greece, when a youth, than he could derive in his riper years from the finest passages in the *Æneid*, which would not have been the case, had he never looked into it before he was prepared to feel and enjoy its beauties. As for Dean Vincent's "Admirable Defence," as our author calls it, his arguments have still less to do with Lord Byron's view of classic education than his own. "Childe Harold's Monitor" quotes the line,

"Horace still charms with graceful negligence;"

as if Lord Byron denied the classic beauties of Ho-

race. We should think it a waste of argument to shew that he was better acquainted with them than the Monitor, Dean Vincent, or our anonymous author. He never denied them, and we cannot but think little of the comprehension of any writer who would infer, that he had denied them from the passage we have now quoted from him.

Another charge brought against his lordship is, that "he despised academical honours, and treated with contempt the peculiar studies by which alone they might be procured." We could not wish for a better proof of his lordship's original powers of mind, and our author's ignorance of what constitutes real genius. A mind pregnant with ideas of its own cannot endure the drudgery of encumbering itself with those of others. Yet this is all that is necessary to procure academical honours. Whoever can best remember what others have written on the peculiar studies which lead to these honours, is sure of obtaining them; so that academical honours are not the prize of genius, or original endowments of mind, but of a retentive memory. All that a person who has obtained these honours can boast of is, consequently, that he knows what others have written, not that he knows any thing of his own. And those who can boast of nothing higher, must not presume to tread that holy ground which is consecrated to genius.

With his observations on "Childe Harold" we perfectly agree, as well with regard to its faults as to its beauties. He says, that Harold is represented "an unprincipled, impenitent profligate, contrary to all our conceptions of chivalry, without the least reason whatever been

assigned for making the character vicious instead of virtuous and honourable. Had the noble lord been writing a novel, he was at full liberty to have sketched out a monster of debauchery and profaneness in as dark colours as it was possible for the imagination to figure human villainy. But when, in undertaking a narrative of his own travels in foreign countries, the noble lord thought proper to clothe his remarks in a poetic dress, and to convey them as the observations of a fictitious character, he should have taken care to make that convenient personage a respectable and not an abandoned being." His observations on the beauties of this poem are equally just, and the quotation which he gives of his personification of "Battle," stamping his foot on the rock overhanging the plains of Talavera, may be justly ranked among the sublimest passages in ancient or modern poetry. It reminds us of Collins's picture of danger.

"Lo! where the giant on the mountain stands,
His blood-red tresses deepening in the sun,
With death-shot glowing in his hands,
And eye that scorcheth all it glares upon;
Restless it rolls, now fixed, and now anon,
Flashing afar, and at his iron feet
Destruction comes to mark what deeds are done;
For on this day three potent nations meet
To shed before his shrine the blood he deems most sweet."

His observations on "The Corsair," we do not think equally just. He cannot conceive, he says, how a heart of such sensibility as Medora possessed, should feel such intense anxiety for the fate of Conrad, whom she knew to be a dark, designing villain. He thinks his demoniacal qualities ought to have driven him

from all human kind. We think otherwise ; and even if we admitted him to be what our author has no authority in supposing him, we should think so still ; for we should still be unable to perceive any thing unnatural in Medora's affection for the Corsair. Without pretending to any extraordinary acquaintance with the human heart, experience alone places sufficient evidence within our reach of the fidelity of woman to her partner for life. A woman once attached to the person of a man, remains so, and there was nothing in the person of Conrad which could lead us to think it impossible that a woman would fall in love with him.

“ Robust, but not Herculean to the sight,
No giant frame sets forth his common height ;
Yet in the whole who paused to look again,
Saw more than marks the crowd of vulgar men ;
They gaze and marvel how—and still confess,
That thus it is, but why they cannot guess.”

Are we to suppose such a figure incapable of gaining the affections of a woman, and of retaining them through life, notwithstanding his vices ? At the same time, we need not have recourse to this argument to defend the probability of such an attachment, for we do not conceive that the character given of Conrad by Lord Byron, justifies our author in calling him a devil incarnate ; nor do we think that the following passage, which he quotes as an instance of his infidelity, contains a single sentiment that authorises the conclusion.

“ There is a war of chaos in the mind,
When all its elements convulsed,—combined,
Lie dark and jarring with perturbed force,
And gnashing with impenitent remorse,
That juggling fiend—who never spoke before,

But cries, 'I warned thee,' when the deed is o'er.
Vain voice; the spirit burning, but unbent;
May writhe, rebel—the weak alone repent."

These are not sentiments of infidelity. On the contrary, they are what divines would call sentiments of returning grace. They express the conflict of a mind which dares not give itself over altogether to vice, but which still wants courage to embrace the sterner paths of virtue. A confirmed infidel feels no "chaos" of "mind," no "dark, jarring, and convulsed elements." These are only felt where virtue and vice combat with each other, but where no spark of virtue remains, the slave of vice travels forward smoothly and quietly in the paths of iniquity. The Corsair, however, was far from suffering every principle of virtue to perish within him; and he seems to be continually at war with himself for not quitting the predatory life which he led, altogether. In the following lines he acknowledges not only his belief in a God, but that the life which he led was opposed to his will:—

"My sole resources in the path I trod,
Were these—my bark—my sword—my love—my God;
The last I left in youth, he leaves me now."

The critics generally admit that Macbeth was at bottom a virtuous man, though hurried to evil acts by the predominance of one prevailing passion. He every where betrays the same chaos and conflict of mind with the Corsair; and, if we admit him to have been naturally virtuous, how much stronger claims has the Corsair to that title. It is difficult to find a parallel for the chivalric heroism of mind which he

displays in refusing to kill Seyd Pacha while he was asleep, deeming it dishonourable to attack any man unarmed, though Seyd was his mortal enemy, and an enemy too who had decreed him to suffer an excruciating death. But Macbeth had no such scrupulosity of character: he put to death a monarch who had loaded him with his favours, nor was it only on this occasion that he proved himself an assassin. No wonder, then, that Medora should be distractedly attached to the Corsair, who, on all occasions, displayed the greatest magnanimity of character. She was more intimately acquainted with his heart than our author appears to have been, and she knew it to be tender and affectionate, notwithstanding the sternness of countenance which he assumed. In a word, she knew him to be, at bottom, naturally virtuous. Two lines from the passage in which she endeavours to persuade him to abandon his course of life, abundantly prove what we assert:—

How strange that heart, to me so tender still,
Should war with nature and its better will."

We do not, however, maintain that all Lord Byron's characters are free from sentiments of infidelity; but if we could assure ourselves of his own orthodoxy, we see no reason why he might not make his fictitious characters infidels, or atheists, or whatever he thought proper. Virtue is not in danger by the exposure of vice unless this vice be presented to us as virtue. We do not believe that the noble lord has any where attempted to affect this metamorphosis, though we are not so blind as to perceive that he frequently treats virtue with too much levity. Indeed, we have no hesi-

tation to assert, that Lord Byron's genius is of that character which is nearly allied to madness. The impetuosity of his passions trample every thing under foot, and, therefore, he never inquires, for a moment, whether what he asserts be true or false. Hence, in all his descriptions, he consults his feelings and passions alone, never reflecting whether the objects, images, and situations, which they picture to his mind may be reconciled with the dictates of reason or not. In a word, he gives every thing the colouring of his own passions. It is very easy to perceive, that if he had as frequently spoken the language of reason as of passion, he could no longer display that deep and intense pathos, that bold, sublime, and rapid imagery which characterize his writings, and place him at the head of all our living poets. We must not read his works, therefore, to become acquainted with philosophy or religion; we must read them merely to enjoy the high delights of poetic rapture, and to rove at large through the Elysian retreats and fairy habitations of the ideal world; but we must forget, at the same time, that we are feasting, not in the virgin paradise of Reason, but in the sensual bowers of Calypso. The works of Lord Byron must, therefore, be read for enjoyment and not for improvement. We know it is possible to mingle morality with poetry, but we know that, except to minds very rigidly disciplined to moral habits, poetry has more attractions without it; the cool and sage demeanour of the one but ill accords with the frenzied eye, and glowing countenance of the other. Let us not then seek for morality where it ought not to be expected. Lord Byron does not

profess himself a divine ;—why then censure him for not discharging a duty which belongs to others ? He who wishes to be instructed, let him apply to the church : he who wishes to be pleased, let him apply to Lord Byron. We must, however, say, that though it is not the business of a poet to preach morality, neither is it his business to expose it to ridicule. He may be luxuriant without being rampant. And we doubt not, when the effervescence of youthful passion begins to give way to the dominion of reason, but that Lord Byron will alter the style and character of his poetry. Until then we have little hopes.

Our limits will not permit us to extend our observations on this work further. With the author's opinion on the controversy between Lord Byron and Mr. Bowles, with whom he takes part against his Lordship, we do not agree ; but the subject is already so familiar to the public, that we shall not notice it here. We repeat, however, what we asserted at setting out, that the author of this work seems not to have undertaken it in the spirit of enmity to Lord Byron, but through a zeal for what he supposed to be the cause of insulted truth. He selects the finest passages to be met with in his works, and does every justice to his poetic beauties. He acknowledges in the most unequivocal manner, his superiority to all the poets of his age, and if he could only compromise so far as to overlook his moral imperfections, we know not of a more real or zealous admirer of Lord Byron's poetry and poetical genius.

European Magazine.

WRITERS OF IMAGINATION.

Do we not owe much more to writers of imagination than is generally acknowledged? This is a query which I think must be answered affirmatively. Literature has mainly contributed to the present advanced state of civilization; and, in enquiring what branches of it have more particularly tended to those refinements which spring from generous and noble feelings, it must be conceded to our poets and romance writers. Much was gained from the ancients, that produced an influence upon the character of modern nations; but perhaps their writings operated most beneficially, by exciting a love of research, and arousing genius to exertion. This idea gathers strength from the fact, that the study of the ancients, did little in awakening the flame of civil liberty.* They were long the inmates of cloisters and of courts, but they effected no direct change in favour of liberal feelings. Inquisitors tortured, popes duped, monks cheated, and princes trampled on mankind, but no spontaneous spirit of resistance was roused among the people by the free circulation of the classics. They were, no doubt, an indirect cause of original thinking and the uncontrolled operations of genius, by propagating a taste for study, and feeding the flame of emulation; but,

* The editor begs leave to say, that he thinks this correspondent utterly at fault, in his opinion, respecting the influence of classical learning on the progress of liberty in the modern world.

directly, they were harmless enough to be tolerated by the present Czar of Muscovy, or the feudal sovereign of Hungary himself. It will be found that their present state of literature, or, at least, that state in which there is the most extensively diffused taste for letters, is a pretty good criterion of the gradations of the different nations of Europe in refinement. Whatever each separate class of authors may have contributed to this end, the diffusion of high and generous feelings is principally owing to writers of imagination. To them we are largely indebted for the better sentiments of the age, and for all that, by exciting the passions, leads to eminence and renown. This is mainly owing to their prominent principle of keeping the mind dissatisfied with common-place things, their power of creating images superior, in every respect, to reality, which we admire, and would fain imitate; and the admiration they infuse for what is good and excellent, sublime and daring. Writers on science have meliorated the physical condition of man, enlarged his stock of information, and increased his luxuries. In devoting themselves to their peculiar studies, they were urged on by the desire of improvement, which very desire, the moving spring of all, is increased by the dislike of standing still; and the spirit of ambition which imaginative writers greatly assist nature in sustaining. Like the trophies of Miltiades, that would not let Themistocles rest, the visions and day-dreams that haunt the mind and fill the soul with things better than the world and society afford it, by making us discontented, spur us to pursue those beyond our reach, and keep us in progression.

What can some branches of literature effect towards the refinements of social life—writers on law, for example? They may enable the lawyer to improve his practice, and arrive at the end for which he labours—his private profit: for, in spite of cant, this is the sole object of the profession. For this, the members drudge and dispute on both sides of a question, or on either side, just as they are hired, and their efforts, in plain fact, are alone directed to their individual advantage. There is no enthusiasm in the pursuit beyond what springs from the love of gain, and, inasmuch as it is for the public good, that intricate and contradictory laws should be made clear, when they can be made so at all, writers on law may be merely styled useful, and nothing more. A pure legislation must depend on civilization; but this is not the lawyer's, but the statesman's calling, and emanates from public opinion, expressed by its representatives, and its spirit must be governed by the variations of time and circumstances. Writers on grammar, medicine, and technical and limited arts, contribute, indirectly and remotely, to refinement. The Bentleys of their age, who devote volumes to the correction of a comma, or the supposed use of an obsolete letter, are but abstractedly beneficial, inasmuch as they smooth the way to learning for the great spirits that are destined to operate good through the medium of the passions. Those writers who appeal to reason, make very slow progress in imposing conviction, compared with those who operate the other way. By the alchemy of association, and the power to appeal to the heart through its vivid pictures, more impression

is made by one writer of imagination, than by twenty reasoners. Reason will never be any other than a regulator. The writer of imagination leads us to better objects and desires than the world exhibits to our senses, and thereby keeps alive a perpetual wish of improvement by the contemplation of what ought to exist, and dissatisfying us with what really does.

Let us examine facts. Writers of imagination, far above all others, have been in advance of the time in which they lived. Gifted with a species of intellectual foresight, they have appeared to pour forth their effusions as if in the midst of times they were never destined to see, but in the more refined spirit of which they were fully qualified to partake. They breathed a different intellectual atmosphere from contemporaries, and were acknowledged by those of the highest refinement in their day, with a respect that could only have arisen from a sense of discriminating admiration. Monarchs and courts, till late times, associated with poets and romance-writers, the court formerly being the most enlightened and refined circle in the state, the centre of knowledge and fine feeling, there was a natural affinity between them. As a portion of the people attained a higher state of mental culture, they approached the court itself, and, at least, equalled, and a numerous body of them surpassed, most of the individuals composing it, in cultivated intellect. Writers then naturally felt the tone of a considerable portion of the popular feeling to be most in unison with their own, and the latter became to writers of imagination, what courts had been in earlier times. Part of the people having become as discerning.

as the individuals whom chance, interest, or caprice, may have elevated to carry on affairs of state for the monarch, where talent and intellect should have constituted the qualification—talent that, discarding prejudice, would have assimilated things to the light of the age—is one great cause of the present feverish feeling of some European nations. In Russia, for instance, where the court is among a dark people, it is still the centre of the intellectual refinement of the empire. Writers of imagination, born with more vivid conceptions than other men, have lived in an ideal world, which the nature of human desires led them to pourtray more perfect and noble than the world of reality. This gave them more independent spirits, more lofty and romantic ideas, and also enabled them to reason ; for Locke allows, that it is not necessary for men to devote their lives in the study of logic, to reason well. Pure thoughts and lofty principles, influenced by genius, that do not suffer common prejudices to affect them, will weigh things with the greatest impartiality, and come to the most rational conclusions. In past, and even in the present days, how much that the world sanctions, appears absurd and barbarous in the eye of genius. The judges would have burnt all the old women in England without compunction, if evidence had been tendered that they were witches, in the days of John Milton, and even for fifty years afterwards ; the poet, we may answer for it, would not have condemned one. Dante would never have made a hell for many great men of his time, deemed by the multitude among the mighty and noble, had he looked upon them with the eyes of his own

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age. He contemplated them as not of his own time, and with the impartiality of a future and wiser generation. Vulgar minds cannot comprehend the ideas of men of genius; they think them audacities, or chimerical innovations; but they who contribute to the improvement of mankind, belong but a small part of them to the present time,—they are the heritage of unborn ages. Honest and good men may labour in their world of realities in a circle of minute duration, be useful, industrious, and virtuous followers in a beaten track, content with what they see, and thinking the world precisely as it should be in every respect. They, however, are but the wheels of society, not the moving causes. Sir Thomas More is a remarkable instance among imaginative writers, and seems at first to constitute an exception to the foresight, if it may be demonstrated, of that class. But he was bred a lawyer, and suffered the pernicious leaven of the profession to neutralize the effect of the divine spirit with which he wrote. More condemned persecution in his works as not fit for his Utopian state of society; but he practised it, from his inveterate obedience to custom, when he should have nobly resisted it from principle.

Writers of imagination, by what is wrongly called deception, more properly fiction, send us in search of better things than we already possess. Present and limited use is not so much their object as to delight and allure. From the spirit of correction and improvement, which originates in the desire of possessing better things than we see around us, old and bad laws are repeated, the legislative body bows to public opi-

nion, and changes old and absurd usages for those that are more rational and useful ; the commercial restrictions of past times are removed ; a more liberal toleration is sanctioned, and a system consistent with the state of mental culture is introduced. Fixed things are injuries to that eternal desire of perfection, with which the better order of minds is imbued. We must not stand still, but we shall infallibly do so, if we have no longing after idealities. Our line of action may be uniform, but, notwithstanding, we must pursue, if from the expectation of overtaking what is better than we have yet come up with. Genius is, most of it, that eternal hope ever alive in the mind, of something better than present good,—the quenchless vestal fire, the soul of every thing great and noble in this world. Imaginative writers dwell in a world of spirits, glorious in beauty, and boundless in extent. Let the tale be a deception,—let the poem be a fiction,—let the metaphysician show his teeth at it, and the mathematician snarl and sneer, because he cannot lay down its length and breadth ; it is from this very cause its beneficial effects arise, and that it is so useful to mankind ; it is because it keeps alive better things than their philosophy can teach, and its elements are so valuable. A touching ballad shall make a million of friends to a virtuous object ; a hundred sermons shall not procure one. A “lilibullero” shall uncrown a tyrant before a mathematician can construct a fort in which to shelter himself from his fury. The direct effects of works of the imagination, sometimes seem irresistible ; and if any chance to be impugnable on the score of principles,—for all writers will have their imperfections,

more or less,—there is a property mysteriously attached to the mass of public opinion, that makes it reject what is erroneous, as it were, by the subtlest intuition, and profit by the purer portion.

Let us examine the earliest writers of imagination, and compare them with mere schoolmen,—how liberal are their views,—how refined their sentiments! Matter-of-fact men, who deal only in the tangible, are of the earth, earthly: the natural is their sphere,—they deal in cubes and blocks,—they must see and touch, to believe. They ever gravitate to the centre: their looks are always “downward bent,” and they enjoy no “visions beatific;” their grovelling and heavy imaginations are unequal to mounting with the “sightless couriers of the air;” they see only with “leadens eyes that love the ground;” and if they dream, they dream by rule and compass. The eye that “doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven,” is to them the organ of a distempered brain. Where should we arrive, if we considered human nature only in the mere matter-of-fact way it exhibits itself in the world,—a thing of petty interests, selfish, over-reaching, deceitful, infirm, and perishable,—if we always kept to the reality of the picture, and contemplated it in its naked truth? If we could not mark out nobler destinies for it than its realities show, and fill up the defects of what is, with the images and desires of what would render existence more delightful? What a glorious light flashes on the offspring of imagination, the herald of a more perfect state of things existing somewhere! How they seem imbued with qualities of the most redeeming character! Even in the darker times,

how they sparkled with native radiance ! What a contrast they formed to the bigotry, prejudice, and ignorance of ecclesiastical writers, and the plodders after the dogmas of blind scholastics ! Before philosophy glimmered, and Galileo was incarcerated by churchmen for promulgating sublime truths, too vast for the understandings of Monks and Cardinals, writers of imagination had forced their way for ages, and satirised the crimes of consistories, and the knavery of the Apostolic Church,—thus insensibly undermining the Vatican Fiction, triumphed in the cause of truth, and, opening the eyes of mankind, innovated on established order, preparing Europe for the reformation. Boccaccio, by exposing the licentiousness of the Clergy in his Decameron, contributed to this good end nearly two hundred years before Luther appeared. There seemed to be such an innate love in remote times, for writers of imagination, that they flourished in spite of secular and ecclesiastical opposition, secretly applauded by the enlightened among the great, at a time when works of science, that interfered with superstition, would have been strangled in their birth, and their authors burned at the stake by a council of churchmen from pure *l'amour de Dieu*.

Poetry being the first step among barbarous nations towards refinement, made way for civilization ; while in latter times, princes and courts loved and encouraged poets, and writers of romance were deemed almost divine. But the regard for literature is now more strong among the people. Modern princes have not kept pace with the advancement of their people, because taste and knowledge cannot increase heredi-

tarily; they must, therefore, be content to follow, with their courts, the current of public opinion, and be, in this respect, on a level with the rest of the nation. Few modern princes will wish to show an isolated condition of mind, pretending to despise that which they cannot comprehend. Nor will they, because their subjects are become more refined, affect the vulgar feeling of Louis XIV. when he said to the Duke de Vivonne, who was a healthy, ruddy-looking personage, "*Mais à quoi sert de lire?*" and got the following reply, "*Sire, la lecture fait à l'esprit ce que vous perdrix font à mes joues.*" There seems to be no affectation, however, in the Emperor of Austria on this head; his intellects, indeed, are naturally weak, and his notions feudal. Else, while he trampled upon Italy, he would not have doomed Pellico, the young, the charming poet of that country, to wear out life in chains and in a dungeon, merely on suspicion of being a friend to his native land. Pellico, to his misfortune, was not slave enough in spirit. Had he been a slave, he had breathed the pure air of Heaven,—he had now seen the sun that will probably never again shed its beams upon him!

The direct communication of dry facts would not improve mankind, unless all were able to reason impartially and well. Alas, how few can! The best relation of the life of a virtuous man, accurately given in cold narrative, would not do half as much in the cause of virtue as a fictitious character of suffering goodness, worked up with the graces of style and the embellishments of eloquence, and written to touch the passions. Every-day examples would not move us

towards what is excellent. There is something more than bare truth by which men are to be affected. A stimulant must be applied to the mind as well as the body. We must contemplate ideal goodness, if we avoid retrograding. We must follow a route; trackless as the eagle's, and, rising above a real, keep hope alive by contemplating an invisible, creation. The reign of poetry and romance, is one of a spirit engendering enthusiasm and inspiration, the quality that makes a hero of a soldier, an artist of a mechanic, and a martyr of a saint. It cannot be enjoyed without a temporary abstraction from what is around us, but must rise above the impure and tainted atmosphere of common life. The air-woven delicate visions of poetical inspiration, will not appear in the clouded, foggy, dense climate of every-day routine; they must float in "gaily gilded trim," beneath unclouded skies, and in the full glory of the sun-beam, in fields of ether, and amid the rich hues of the rainbow. But for scenes of imagination, those cities of refuge to which the mind may fly now and then from the toil, dulness, and weary repetitions of morning, noon, and night, and night, noon, and morning, what care-worn wretches should we be! So far from valuing works of fancy less as we advance in civilization, we shall love them more, because we fly to them with more enjoyment from the fatigue of professional pursuits, and the right-angle formalities of daily avocations, which multiply around us, as luxury increases our wants. No; let the author of *Waverley* write on; let poets pour forth their strains; let the *Radcliffes* of the time lead us into the horrors of romance, and let the empire of imagination

live for ever ! Let the plodding lawyer worship his fee, confound right and wrong, and entangle his clients as he may, scoffing at the splendours of fiction. Let the physician look wise and considerate, and shake his head, while his patient suffers nothing but "consumption of purse." Let the merchant traffic, and the tradesman truck : let the jew cheat, and the attorney inveigle : let earthquake and plague devastate : let man be cruel and oppressive to fellow-man, sell his blood and muscle, or butcher him in war for the sake of a hogshead of sugar, a roll of tobacco, or the dreamy right of some king divine to "govern wrong:" let dulness and impudence prosper, and merit remain in obscurity : let ignorance and incapacity fill the seat of justice, while common sense is pilloried : let all these things be daily, and go their round-about as matter-of course :—whither can we turn from them ? Where can we go aside from observing them with repulsion and disgust, but to the empire of imagination ? Sickened with such objects as constitute the greater part of our realities, we may meditate on forms of female beauty like the Juliet of Shakspeare, or the Rebecca of Ivanhoe,—we may solace ourselves with "mask and antique pageantry," and

"Such sights as youthful poets dream
On summer eves by haunted stream :"—

with the deeds of Roncesvalles, or of British Arthur, or

"Call up him that left half told
The story of Cambuscan bold,
Of Camball and of Algarsiffe,
And who had Canace to wife :"—

we may visit scenes and beings of a purer world than

our own; and when forced to return to every-day things, return to them with renovated spirits, and the hope that the delightful creations in which we have been revelling, may at some future time be realized to our senses; if not in this world, in another.

Y.

LETTERS

FROM MISS FLIRTILLA TO MISS PRUDENTIA.

It seems requisite, before the reader enters upon the following correspondence, to remind him of our having, on a previous occasion, remarked how much the introduction of French frivolities into the manners of the Scottish fair is at variance with their customary habits and deportment, and how much we doubted that the pretended improvement would be ultimately and generally beneficial. We shall now leave him to draw his own conclusions from this part of a correspondence betwixt two amiable young ladies of different characters, united by the bonds of friendship, and only separated by circumstances: namely, the former's being on her travels in order to give the last polishing touch to her person and education, whilst the companion of her early youth was doomed, from a more limited income, to remain at home—discreet, sedate, and contented with her lot. Now to the letters.

LETTER I.

DEAR PRUDENTIA,

Paris.

It has been with much difficulty that I refrained

from writing to you sooner, for a number of interesting things took place on my road here ; but you know *Ma's* old-fashioned economical way : she has forgotten the first impulses of the heart, and calculates the postage of a letter ; so she insisted on my not putting you to this expense until I arrived in Paris, and even now wants me to wait for Mr. Ballantyne, who thinks of visiting your cold and smoky capital in three weeks.

“ C'est un éternité pour l'amour,”

As *somebody* says (but this *somebody* must not be brought in before the proper time and place) ; so you see, my dear girl, I stole out by myself, without fear of being run away with by the light and *volage chevaliers Français*, and went personally, whilst *Ma* was in the arms of Morpheus, and put this (my letter) in the *Grande Poste*, in the *Rue Jean Jaques Rousseau*, and I was followed and looked at by legions of admirers ; aye, my love, and some of these gay youths were of the *Legion of Honour* too ! what say you to that ? *Entre nous*, how a little bit of red ribbon does give a finish to a gentleman's dress, just peeping out of his button-hole, like a *grandee* in cog : the black stock, bushy hair, rakishly worn hat, and a thousand sweet *et cæteras*, not forgetting what I call game-spurs, and high-heeled boots. And now, my dear Prudentia, I am so bewildered with delight at every thing in this dear, dissipated metropolis, that I don't know where to begin. First, the *Thuilleries* are splendid,—the entrance to Paris is magnificent,—the *Column* grand,—the *Opera* enchanting,—the *Feydean* captivating,—the attentions of the men overpowering, and their

manners *divine*! I should have been ruined if I had not learned waltzes and quadrilles before I came here: I might have been accounted a rustic amongst rustics, an uneducated amongst the vulgar; but you advised me never to waltz with a foreigner, who, between you and I, are the only people worth waltzing with. Such murmuring of vows and oaths as we whirl round together;—such humble yet warm attentions, so much mischief done with the eye, and such elegant exertions to set off a partner to the best advantage. Who would dance with a Scotch loon after these, a rough animal who handles you as he would the reins of a coach-horse, merely to give himself exercise and to get you on? French women are not driven thus, and why should we be so? They are gently led in wreaths of flowers and *vive*! The rosy wreath say I? But my poor little head is straying, and you must not chide me for it. They who have not drank of the cup of pleasure know not its bewitching effect. I dare say, notwithstanding, that a sober cup of tea would satisfy my dear Prudentia just as well: however, I must try and convert you, and bring you over here by hook or by crook. *A propos*, I have already named you to the very cream of elegance, the pearl of perfection; a gallant young lancer of twenty-two years of age, with one of those faces which you meet with in a picture gallery, with berry-black whiskers, and chintuft à la *Henri Quatrième*, an eye like an eagle, and a high forehead of polished marble, a lofty air, seducing smile, and covered with military decorations. He evinced much interest to see you. How romantic! To see my friend, he observed, would be like seeing

my second-self; a thing that always must have high interest with an admirer. He hinted too that he was devoted to me *à la vie, à la mort*, that he had a dear comrade as brave as he is engaging, and covered with wounds and glory, whom he would introduce to you, and who would be almost intuitively in love with you before he saw you. He too has two orders dangling on his breast; but I am going on too fast. I must tell you that we went first to Meurice's Hotel, where every thing was so extravagant that we were forced to leave it, at which I was not ill-pleased, for I saw nothing but our own country people, (I mean Britons) there; and they do indeed, Prudentia, lose by comparison,—don't be angry. Neither our men nor women know how to dress, and you will allow that the exterior is the first thing we judge by; and as to politeness, they know it only by name. Bless you, a French nobleman of the first rank takes his hat off respectfully to the humblest class of our sex—dear woman is his idol! From Meurice's, Ma, from economy, removed to the *Faubourg St. Germain*, the other side of the water; I at first shed a tear at being borne away from the centre of high fashion, but I was consoled by the agreeable inmates of our private hotel, or lodging house, consisting of a countess,—no less, my love,—of about thirty, as giddy and as playful as a girl of fifteen, whose husband is at his chateau three hundred miles off, and three *militaires*, one a lancer, and the other two *Gardes du Corps*, but all titled; the Marquis de Maisonneuve, the Vicompt Volage, and the Chevalier d'Orcourt. The former is my dying swain, the other two his confidants, and of the same part of France,

Auvergne. We have been every where : to the play, to church, to the *Palais Royal*, to the Chapel Royal, to the Promenade, and I know not where. The Marquis wanted to take me in his cabriolet to the *Bois de Boulogne*, but Ma ill-naturedly refused, and I would not eat any thing the whole day, nor utter any thing beyond yes and no. She cannot bear Frenchmen, a proof of her bad taste. The Countess, however, gave what she called her little *impromptu* at night, and forced Ma to come and bring me. Now this *impromptu* consisted in a concert and a ball *sans façon*, with a cold collation at one in the morning. How your poor dear friend Flirtilla, who is thought so slightly of at home, was flattered, sought for, and admired : I blush as I recite my triumph. The French ladies were all envy. One youth protested he had always had a *penchant* for English ladies ; a colonel of hussars stole my glove, and swore that he would keep it more reverentially than a saint's relick ; *J'en ai trop vu en Espagne*, said he : and two captains of the *Garde*, nay, all, assured me, that they were dying for the felicity of being my partner. There was no Miss, or Ma'am, are you engaged for the next dance ?" But " may I aspire to the honour of Mademoiselle's dancing the next quadrille with me ?" On assuring one of them that I was engaged for four dances, but that then I should be happy to accept his offer, he replied, " four dances hence ! that is an age, but" (with a sigh), "*J'attendrai toujours.*" Now where would you find such refinement in Scotland ? The truth is, that English women were quite the rage. I don't know how many marriages, elopements, and *faux pas* have not taken

place this winter. Our countrymen begin to look quite blue, and rich fathers are frightened to death about their girls. Poor Ma don't appear quite at her ease about myself: if they look to fortune, she need have no apprehension, but *furthermore this deponent sayeth not*. I am disgusted à *jamaïs* with our Sandys and Willises, and Donalds, and Alisters: how different the sounds of Victor, Adolphe, Auguste, Hippolite, Amedé, &c. I must tell you that the grand ballet at the opera is sublime: they dance like demi-gods. I do not understand the French of the drama completely: doubtless it is heavenly, and I shall know all about it in time. The conversation of the French is spirited to a degree; at first I thought it a little too free, but I am getting over that prejudice daily, as I am surmounting all the awkward obstacles to comfort which stood in the way of convenience and *bon ton*, when first I arrived; such as dragging a pair of white satin shoes for fear of showing my ankles; keeping my partner at arms length in a waltz for fear of looking bold; (it is impossible to waltz gracefully thus) holding down my head when complimented; and asking Ma's leave upon every trivial occasion. I have taken the Marquis's advice, who tells me that a pretty woman ought to be a despot, her will is absolute—I must take breath—would you believe that I am considered as quite a beauty? Such a complexion, they say: so natural! so artless! Even my golden locks find favour in their sight,* and I assure you that I spare no pains in setting

* Here Mademoiselle Flirtilla has been flattered into an error: the French particularly disliked red hair, but adulation stops at nothing: it aims at turning the brain, and the consequence may be fatal. The

off my ringlets to the best advantage : nay, I now may be mistaken for a French woman in every article of my dress, if ever I come back—but far distant be the thought: I have forgotten every thing but thee, my Prudentia: and now, whilst it is in my head, I will certainly contrive to smuggle over to you some Paris shoes and gloves, and the last mode in a bonnet. And now adieu, my dear Prudentia; *ma bonne et tendre amie*. I hear my lancer singing his favourite air: he is a charming rattle, and the words suit his character well. This song is a signal for me to go out a walking with the countess; one of the *Gardes du Corps* is her beau, and is to be one of the party—hark, I hear him again.

“*Aujourd'hui encore de la folie,
Et je serai sage demain.*”

Adieu, your's most truly,

FLIRTILLA.

LETTER II.

INDEED, my dear Prudentia, your preaching letter is too *sombre* for the light and airy sphere in which I move, and for the warm climate which I inhabit. One would think that pleasure, instead of being a charming aerial spirit with gilded wings, was some haggard demon of frightful aspect, from which a young woman must fly as from deadly temptation. Surely a little flirtation with a few butterfly beaus is no such great sin. Why should I let the French fair ones bear away

conquest of one *Anglaise* is a greater triumph to a Frenchman than a score of victims of his own country.

the palm of admiration from me ? No, no, my dear girl, youth and beauty are spring flowers, and, as my admirer says,

“ Il n’y a qu’un tems pour vivre
Amis, passons le gaiement ;”

and I am determined so to do : nay, more, it shall not be my fault if I do not make a convert of you, and if I do not prevail upon you to quit the frigid zone, where you are frozen up under a non-intercourse with the votaries of pleasure, and visit fashion’s most favourite haunts ; to wit, *la bonne ville de Paris*. But now let me treat you with an account of our last ball. I prevailed upon Mamma to give an *impromptu* two nights ago : our dear countess ordered the music, the decorations, the supper, &c. and I assure you all was *magnifique*, although Mamma grumbled at the expense, and was out of her element all the night. You would have been astounded to see the incense which was offered to what was called my charms ; to have beheld so many gay flatterers about me ; such rivalry for the advantage of dancing with me ; such high request as I was in amongst the *elegantes*. I had written a list of promises made to aspiring partners as long as my arm, and I was not able to fulfil one half of my engagements. The disappointed many claim my hand for another ball next week, at the duke de ——’s *ambigu*, a party without form or ceremony, at the duke’s hotel, which is given weekly. The voice of scandal breathes a vile report respecting that house, namely, that the lady who does the honours is the duke’s *chère amie*, that the birth of her daughter is doubtful, and that —— hotel is a scene of intrigue and a match-making place. Mademoiselle,

it is added, is to go off in wedlock to the best bidder, the heaviest purse being the object in view. *Eh bien!* What is that to me, or to any one else but the party concerned? But to return to our *soirée*: I was dressed in a robe à *la vierge* of white *taffetas*, richly trimmed with expensive lace, my hair all in simple ringlets, kept back by a costly comb, which, by the way, is not paid for yet; white satin shoes completed my artless appearance, for which I was idolized by a legion of lovers. Every one with some two or three orders dangling from their button-holes. Dear, delightful creatures! how well they do understand the art of flattery. I did not dance with one Englishman the whole of the night, for which I gained much praise from the Paris *beaux*. The fact is, that an Englishman in Paris is a mighty insipid being; he looks like a fish out of water, and a queer fish too. The French *militaires* eclipse them completely, and place them in darkness visible. I had a pretty scolding from Mamma the next morning for what she terms levity; but, on the other hand, I was *les delices* of the French for my sprightliness and amiability; and I was assured that I might be mistaken for a French *elegante du premier ton*; that is just what I aim at; and I trust that if ever I return to Scotland I shall not be recognizable. But far from me be the horrid thought of quitting dear France; I could pass my life in this admirable metropolis; and, between you and I, I should have no objection to becoming the partner for life of some young colonel, with the title of count or baron tacked to his name. How the Scotch lasses would envy me! *A propos*, I have had one offer, but of this hereafter. One thing my intended must

make up his mind to, if he takes me, namely, that he will not have a tame, tasteless, British matron for a wife, but one, whose manners and habits will be all French : one who will flirt when and where she pleases, and have her own will in every thing, *à la mode de Paris*. To be sure, women were born to reign, instead of being the complying, obeying, sermonizing, household stuff, without a will, and as gentle as a *petit mouton*, like most of the English married dames. No faith, I have learned another lesson here : I am otherwise schooled : however, this I shall keep to myself ; it will be time enough for my *care sposo* to know this when I have him in Hymen's chain—there's high spirit for you ! Do not believe a word against the French ; they are the best flirts, the most agreeable admirers in the world, and some of them very good husbands ; and as matrimony is but a lottery, why should not I get a prize as well as another ? Now I think I see you looking grave, and shaking your head, and thinking that your poor Flirtilla is on the road to ruin. Not a bit—this is all mere sportiveness, *aimable folie*, a thing not understood in the Land of Thistles. Here we know only the roses of life's *parterre*, but—true—yes, 'tis he—I see my swain, and the hour of the post's departure approaches also. How pale I look ; last night's dissipation has spoiled my complexion. I must away to my dressing room, and keep the dear man waiting for at least a quarter of an hour, that is *bon ton* ; besides, my ringlets must be adjusted, and ——— dear, how pale I look ! Shall I borrow a blush from the countess's book ? No, that won't do for a *Démâiselle* ; it will be time enough to practise that attraction when I become Madame ;

my admirer will, doubtless, find me *bien intéressante* as I am. What a pity it is that the fatigues of pleasure should disfigure the bloom of youth! But *n'importe*, I hear my admirer taking up my guitar, and playing a *romance*,—I must away; once more farewell—My dear girl, believe me, with all my *hightheadedness*, as you are pleased to call it, still

Your unalterable friend,

FLIRTILLA.

P.S. I send you the *Almanac des Modes*. We have here an almanack for every thing: one for the Muses, one for gluttons, &c. &c. &c. so that one runs after a new fashion, and another after a new dish or a new sauce. You will, perhaps, say that I am saucy enough without.

“ Comme vous le voulez, ma bonne amie.”

Encore, adieu.

*Impossibility of forming an obscure Conception of a
primary Cause until it be perfectly discovered.*

Obscure Ideas have no existence.

WHEN I first reflected on the difficulty of explaining how the same sensation should be at once pleasant and painful, I consulted several works on the subject before I discovered that Hume devoted one of his Essays to the resolution of this curious phenomenon. Du Bos, Lord Kaimies, Dr. Johnson, Dr. Blair, Knight, Lessing, Schlegel, Fontenelle, and almost all the writers who have attempted to explain it, may be more

properly considered critics than philosophers ; or, if this distinction should appear obscure, as criticism and philosophy sometimes glide into each other, they were better qualified to distinguish between impressions, and to point out the " rainbow hues " which connect them together, than to trace these impressions, and their voluble, impalpable connectives to their original source. The common observer perceives effects and impressions in the gross, but cannot ascertain their *momentum*, or the precise point to which they do, and beyond which they cannot, extend. This is the business of the critic : his duty is to point out where propriety ends, and where absurdity begins ; and, therefore, the true critic never outsteps the modesty of nature. But the philosopher, not satisfied with marking the proper boundaries that distinguish impressions, and their immediate causes from each other, seeks to trace each of them distinctly to its primary source.

As the resolution of the present problem belongs to philosophy, and not to criticism, I was not much surprised to find the writers whom I have now mentioned, in their attempts to trace the pleasures resulting from Tragic Representation to its original cause, not only contradicting each other, but contradicting those first truths or principles of reasoning, which are admitted by themselves, and by all mankind. He who contradicts first truths, however, will frequently be found to contradict himself, because he is continually admitting these truths where they serve to support his collateral or incidental arguments. That this has been the case with the writers who have treated on the present subject, will manifestly appear from the following pages.

In detecting their inconsistencies and self-contradictions, I observed, that they invariably arose from not sufficiently generalizing the cause of the pleasure of which they were in pursuit ; for nothing can be more easily demonstrated, than that many proximate causes co-operate in producing the pleasing emotions resulting from Tragic Representations, which no stretch or torture of reasoning can refer to any one of the causes to which these writers trace the agreeable effect. As critics, they have certainly displayed great ingenuity, penetration, and good sense ; but not one of them has viewed his object from a sufficiently elevated situation to grasp it entirely, and examine it in all its parts. From not having sufficiently generalized, therefore, the cause of Tragic Pleasure, all they have written eventually amounts to nothing. Some of them, it is true, travelled farther than others, and consequently advanced nearer to their object ; but he who is within a few paces of the place of his destination, is, with regard to his object, in the same situation with him who is a thousand miles off, if he can proceed no farther. A man of seven feet high cannot, without leaping, seize, with all his efforts, a ball placed half an inch above his reach ; whereas, if he were half an inch taller, he could lay his hand upon it with ease. However trifling, therefore, half an inch may appear, the want of it baffles all the efforts of this tall man to seize the ball : it is as safe from his attempts as from those of a dwarf. It is so in science : the philosopher, in tracing effects to causes, and consequences to premises, should pursue his chain of reasoning until he discovers the original cause of which he is in pursuit ;

and he frequently fails from not adding another link to the chain, which might have led him to its discovery. Of this cause, therefore, nearly as he approached it, he knows as little as the clown who cannot comprehend the second link in the chain. However mysterious this cause may seem, it would appear simple and obvious to the philosopher the moment he discovered it, for all truths are obvious to those who perceive them; but, not having discovered it, he does not form the remotest idea of its existence. A logical reasoner frequently arrives at conclusions, from which many incontrovertible truths might be deduced, of which he is totally ignorant, because, having his mind constantly fixed on one object, he overlooks every conclusion to which his arguments lead, except those which serve to prove the position which he seeks to demonstrate. Of these truths he is, consequently, as ignorant as he who could never discover the conclusions from which they result. Hence it follows, that however nearly we may approach the discovery of truth, we can form no conception of it, if we can approach it no nearer. We may discover, indeed, some of its appendages, but the appendages of a thing form no part of its essence. In fact, until a truth be perfectly discovered, it is not discovered at all. If it should be said, that even he who cannot perceive the object, or the truth of which he is in search, clearly and distinctly, may still have an obscure idea of it, and consequently be better acquainted with it than he who forms no idea of it at all, I reply, that it is impossible to form an obscure idea of any thing: we either see the thing clearly, or we have no perception

of it. We may, indeed, see part of an object clearly, while the rest of it is concealed in impenetrable darkness; but here there is no obscurity. Of the part which is concealed from us, we form no idea at all; for, as an idea is a mental perception of some thing, how can we perceive what is concealed from us? to say that we can, is to say that it is not concealed. We may, indeed, figure to ourselves a mental image, and call it an image of that part of the object which lies concealed; but is it not obvious, that the idea which then exists in our mind, is an idea of the image, and not of the concealed object? neither is there any thing obscure in our idea of the image, as we cannot create an image without perceiving it; for the act of creation is only known to us by the act of perception. We cannot pretend, however, that this image is an image of the object concealed, because this is to maintain, that we know what the object is; in which case, it cannot be concealed. If, then, we do not know what the object is, neither do we know whether the image present to our mind be an image of it or not. It may, for aught that we know, be as different from it as day is from night. There can be no obscurity, then, in our idea of that part of an object which is concealed from us, because we can form no idea of it at all: neither can there be any obscurity in our idea of that part of the object which we perceive, because perception removes all obscurity. All, then, that we perceive of the object we perceive clearly, and the part which we do not perceive clearly, we do not perceive at all; for, with regard to our perceptions, it has no existence. Besides, the part of the object which we perceive forms

a complete and distinct object in our mind. It stands there by itself, for we can trace no relation or point of connexion between it and the part which is supposed to be concealed. To be able to trace such a relation, necessarily implies that we know the thing concealed; for, as we can reason only from what we know, it is impossible we can perceive relations, either between things of which we are ignorant, or between things which we know, and things of which we know nothing; for, if there be any quality in the latter similar to the former, it is a quality of which we are ignorant, simply, because we know nothing of the object in which it inheres. To say that we may perceive the quality of an object without perceiving the object itself, is to say what no person can understand, as our idea of qualities are made known to us by the subjects in which they are perceived. Had we never seen an extended object, we could never form an idea of the quality of extension. As, then, the part of the object which we perceive, forms a clear and distinct object of itself in our minds, we have no right to consider it as part of the concealed object, but as a complete object in itself, of which complete object we have not an obscure, but a clear idea. In nature, indeed, it may form only part of an object; but this is more than we can tell, until we extend our perceptions farther, and see the part to which it is connected. If we can never see this part, neither can we ever pretend to say, that such a part exists; and, consequently, the part we see is the only part to which we can apply the words, clear or obscure, because it is the only part of which we can affirm any thing.

These observations on clear and obscure ideas, particularly apply to the writers who have treated on the primary cause of Tragic Pleasure. Neither of them has discovered the primary cause, and consequently neither of them has ever formed either a clear or obscure idea of it, because they have formed no idea of it at all. They have perceived, however, many of the proximate or immediate causes by which this pleasure is produced; and of these proximate causes they had consequently clear and distinct perceptions; but as these causes were mere effects resulting from the primary cause, they only saw a part of the object of which they were in pursuit, and of this part they had clear perceptions. Not being able to perceive the part which was concealed from them; it was therefore impossible for them, as I have already shewn, to form any idea of it, and, consequently, they never dreamt of its existence. The part they saw, necessarily stood in their minds for the entire of the object of which they were in pursuit, and consequently each of them substituted that secondary cause beyond which he could not travel, for the primary cause of which it was merely an effect, so that of the primary cause, they consequently knew as little as those who had never treated on the subject.

Their failure has, therefore, arisen from confining themselves to effects, instead of tracing these effects to their primary source. But, as I have already observed, the business of a critic is to watch effects with a diligent and discriminating eye, not to travel up with the philosopher to the primary causes of these effects; and the writers of whom I speak have treated this question as critics, not as philosophers.

From Hume, however, I expected a more philosophic solution of this problem, as he seldom traces any effect to a secondary, where a primary cause can be discovered. As a critic, perhaps, he is inferior to Du Bos, Dr. Johnson, and Dr. Blair; but as a philosopher, however dangerous may be the tendency of some of his writings, he is evidently above them all. I cannot help saying, however, that his philosophy has failed him in discussing the present subject, and that the source of the pleasures resulting from Tragic Representations, has hitherto eluded the acumen of criticism, and the generalizations of philosophy. Hume has added little to what had been already written on the subject; and that little is the worst part of his "Essay on Tragedy."

What he has quoted from Du Bos and Fontenelle, is worth a thousand of the theories which he has adopted himself; but he must be allowed the merit of perceiving that their theories approached nearer to the truth than any of the rest. They are, however, imperfect, as will hereafter appear, though they have made so near an approach to the truth. As Schlegel, an eminent German critic, is the latest writer on Dramatic criticism, a subject which he has treated at very considerable length; and, as he has examined and rejected the most popular theories on the source of Tragic Pleasure, and substituted one of his own, I shall first inquire into the philosophy of these theories, and of that which he has substituted in their stead. Schlegel is the ablest commentator on Shakspeare, as Mr. Hazlett very justly observes, in his criticisms on that poet; and it would seem, that we owe these criticisms more

properly to Schlegel himself, than to Mr. Hazlett; for he acknowledges, in his preface, that "some little jealousy of the national understanding was not without its share in producing the undertaking." "We were piqued" (he says) "that it should be reserved for a Foreigner to give reasons for the faith which we, English, have in Shakspeare; certainly, no writer among ourselves, has shewn such enthusiastic admiration of his genius, or the same philosophical acuteness in pointing out his characteristic excellencies." Such is the critic, with whose theory, on the source of Tragic Pleasure, I shall commence the following inquiry. After examining what he has written on the subject, and the various hypotheses which he quotes and rejects, I shall offer some observations on the theories which have been adopted by other writers. My own theory shall follow, in which I shall examine those of Du Bos, Fontenelle, and Hume.

Philosophical Inquiry into the Source of the Pleasures derived from Tragic Representations, by M. M'Dermot.

REMARKS ON POETRY

AS COMPARED WITH PAINTING AND SCULPTURE.

THE received opinion, that every well-described poem must also furnish a good subject for the artist in painting or sculpture, and that the representation of the two latter is the absolute criterion of the poet's merits, so far at least as the artist is able to follow the

poet in all the features of the poem, requires some limitation, even when the sphere of both is considered *à priori*. For poetry must be considered to possess a much wider sphere than the fine arts, in the unlimited region of the fancy, and the immateriality of her figures, which may coexist in the greatest number and variety, without one covering, or injuring the other : whereas, in the representation of the things themselves, or of their natural symbols, by the artist, it is confined within the limits of time and space. However, though the sphere of the fine arts cannot comprehend the greater one of poetry, yet it must be acknowledged that the former is always contained in the latter ; that, though it cannot be said that every subject on which the poet descants will produce the same good effect, when represented on canvas, or in marble, yet every pleasing representation from the artist must produce the same effect when described by the poet. For what we find beautiful in works of art does not prove to be so by its effect on the eye alone, but by its influence on our imagination through the medium of the senses ; if, therefore, the same image could be raised in our minds by the arbitrary symbols of language, as its representation by the painter or sculptor, it would produce a similar effect on our imagination. .

**The identity of Poetry and Painting.*

Poetry and painting alike present to our minds absent objects as present—representing appearances as realities ; both effect an illusion, and the illusions of both please. The pleasing nature of both has its origin in the same source, in the form of beauty.

That conception of beauty which is formed in our imagination through the process of the mind in abstracting the variety of forms from material objects, is subject to general rules, and may be applied to actions, thoughts, and forms. But, notwithstanding this essential identity, it could not be said with correctness, that painting is but mute poetry, or that the latter is a loud expression of the former; and it was justly observed, even by the ancient critics, that though the works of both produce a similar effect on our fancy, yet they are dissimilar both in their productions, and in their manner of imitating nature.

*The limited nature of Painting and Sculpture
compared with Poetry.*

The boundaries which the ancients have fixed to the productions of art, are :—1. Beautiful objects, so as to exclude from its efforts the mere pleasure to be produced by a true imitation only, when the object represented is not pleasing on account of the beauty of its form. To this strict rule the Greek artists particularly adhered. They, moreover, condemned every effort to represent a likeness by exaggerating the ugly parts of the original; in other words, they condemned caricature. To represent beauty in all its forms was the chief rule of the Greek artists, with but few exceptions. The general characteristic in the painting and sculpture of the Greeks is, according to Mr. Winkelman, a graceful *naïveté* and a solemn grandeur, both in the attitude and expression of the objects represented. As the depth of the sea remains continually calm amidst the rage which reigns on its surface, in the

same manner does the expression in the statues of the Greeks, under the dominion of the passions, exhibit a great and steady soul.

2. The distinguishing boundaries of art, in comparison with poetry, were, with the Greeks in particular, —never to represent the extreme expression of the various passions, but always to confine their imitations of them to some degrees lower, and to leave it to the imagination of the beholder to guess at the rest.— Those degrees of the various passions which manifest themselves by an awkward distortion of the face, and which cause the whole body to assume such a posture, that the beautiful lines, by which the human figure is circumscribed, are lost, were either not represented at all, or, at least, some fainter exhibition of the same passions were fixed upon by the Greek painter or sculptor. Rage and Despair are never represented in their masterpieces; and it may be said, that they never depicted a Fury. They lowered indignation to mere earnestness. According to their poets, it is indignant Jupiter who slings the lightning, but their artists represent him as merely grave. Lamentation was turned into sorrow by these artists, and where this softening could not be effected, as in the picture of Timanthes, representing the sacrificing of Iphigenia, in which sorrow, in all its various degrees, is depicted in the faces of the bystanders, the countenance of the father, which must have expressed the highest degree of it, is, as has been well remarked, veiled, in order to hide the distorted face of Agamemnon, which must otherwise have been so represented. In a word, this covering of the father's face, far from considering it,

as some have supposed it, a prudent step of the painter not to strive to represent the sorrow of a father on such an occasion, which must be above all representation, should be rather considered as a sacrifice on his part to the forms of beauty, in only depicting that in which beauty as well as dignity could be maintained ; but that which he could not, in compliance with the rules of beauty, represent, he left to the imagination to guess.

However, modern artists have enlarged the afore-said limits in their representations, and extended their efforts at imitation to all visible objects in nature, of which those which are beautiful, form but a small part ; and have conceived that as nature itself generally sacrifices beauty to higher purposes, in like manner must the artist allow beauty of form to yield to expression and truth : and never follow beauty farther, but rest satisfied that in realizing the latter, he has made a deformed object of nature, a handsome one of art. But even allowing these ideas to remain undisputed, still the artist must, in some measure, be restricted in representing the expressions of the mind, and never fix upon the highest degree of expression in any human action. The reason for this is as obvious as it is indisputable ; for as the artist can imitate nature, which is ever changing, in one of her single moments only, and even that single moment can be represented by the painter only from one point of view ; therefore, if both the sculptor and the painter wish their performances to be perceived not only at one time, but to be repeatedly contemplated, and to be reflected upon for a long interval of time, it must

be obvious, that the single moment, and the single point of view of that single moment, in the imitation of the catastrophe, can never be chosen too prolific for the fancy of the observer, and that that image alone can be considered as such which leaves ample scope for the imagination. The more the beholder sees, the more he must be able to add to the parts of the object represented ; the more he fancies, the more must he imagine to find in the work.

But in considering any effect whatever, in all its various degrees, we shall not find one single moment less favourable in effecting the former object, than when the utmost extreme of such an effect in nature is represented ; for beyond that is nothing more, and to shew to the eye the uttermost is to clip the wings of the observer's fancy, and to force the imagination to occupy itself with weaker images beneath the representation, as it is impossible for it to overreach the impression produced on the senses by the representation, the perceivable plenitude of which the imagination dislikes. When the sculptor represents Laocoon as sighing, our imagination is able to hear him crying out ; had he represented him as crying out, the imagination would not be able to advance a step higher, or to descend lower, without changing the whole into an uninteresting scene. Our fancy would then either hear him but sobbing, or perceive him already dead.

Further, as the single moment of the effect obtains by the representation of the artist an immutable durability, it is certain that the former ought not to express such as cannot be conceived by the mind, except as transitory. All those phenomena, to the nature of

which we think it essential that they can only for one moment be what they appear to be, all such phenomena, whether they produce an agreeable or a horrible effect, obtain by the permanency which the artist gives them, such an unnatural appearance, that with each repeated contemplation their impression becomes weaker, and we are at last either disgusted or shocked by the representation. La Metrie, who has been represented by the painter and engraver as a second Democritus, laughs at the first sight; but if we look at him often, the philosopher appears like a fool, and his laughter like a grin. It is the same with the representation of one crying out with pain, &c. The violent pain which forces a man to cry out, either subsides soon, or it destroys the suffering object. Although, therefore, the bravest man may sometimes cry out, yet he does not do so incessantly, and it was owing to the seeming continuity produced by the imitation of art, that the artist was prevented from representing Laocoon as crying out, although it might not in any way have injured the beauty of the form, and it would be the same if it had been allowed to the artist to express a state of suffering without a beautiful form.

Among the ancient painters, Timomachus seems to have best chosen the moment of the utmost effect in his representations. His raving Ajax, his infanticide Medea, were much admired paintings. He represented them so that the observer had to imagine the utmost, but not to behold it; he chose such moments as we do not necessarily connect with the idea of being of but of transitory duration. He represents the Medea,

not in that moment when she actually murders her children, but at some minutes previous to the murder—at a time when motherly love still struggles with jealousy. The artist makes us but anticipate the catastrophe that ensues, and our imagination outstretches every thing which the painter could have exhibited to us relating to that horrible moment. But so far from blaming the painter for representing Medea to us in a moment when the struggle is undecided, we rather wish it would have remained so in the real occurrence, that the combat of the passions had either remained undetermined, or at least had lasted sufficiently long for time to subdue her rage, and at length insure a victory to maternal feelings. As to his Ajax; Timomachus does not represent him when he is raging, but sitting down, exhausted after having performed his mad deeds, and forming the design to kill himself; and this is really the raging Ajax, not because we see him in a rage, but because we perceive that he has raged,—because we are forcibly struck with the magnitude of his previous rage, which we conjecture from his being now driven to despair by shame, of which he himself appears to be sensible; in like manner as we perceive the violence of a storm by the wrecks and corpses which are thrown on the shore.

As to Poetry and the extent of its efforts, without at present entering into an examination how far the poet can succeed in describing corporal beauty, this must be considered as indisputable, that the whole of the immense region of perfection is open to his imitation; that the imperceptible covering under which he makes an accomplished object to appear beautiful, is but

one of his feeblest efforts to render his subjects interesting to us.

Beauty, so far from being a principal object with the poet, is often entirely neglected by him, assured that his hero, to gain our affections, must so much occupy our attention by his more noble qualities, that we shall not even think of his bodily form, or that they will so far prepossess us in his favour, as to lead him to suppose we shall imagine him handsome. Much less will the poet have regard to the perception of our senses in the delineation of those features which do not immediately belong to the face. When Virgil describes his Laocoon as crying out with pain, who when reading it will imagine, that, in order to a person's crying out, an enlargement of the mouth is necessary, and that such a mouth disfigures the face?—it is sufficient that the poet powerfully strikes the ear with "*clamores horrendos ad sidera tollit*," however faint the effect may be on the eye.

The next advantage the poet has over the artist is, that he is not obliged to concentrate his effects at one single moment; he assumes, at his pleasure, every action of the catastrophe, commencing at the origin, and following them through all their modifications to the end, and thus unites them in one description; whereas the artist is obliged to divide them into so many different representations. Owing to this succession of moments in the event he describes, the poet is able to soften some of the less agreeable tones, either by some subsequent or antecedent effects, so that the whole will produce the best impression. When, for instance, we read in Virgil that Laocoon cries out when bitten by the ser-

pents, although it may be considered unbecoming for a man to cry out in the agony of pain; yet as this Laocoon is the very person whom the poet has previously called us to admire as a prudent patriot, and a tender father, we do not attribute his crying out to his mental weakness, but solely to his insupportable sufferings. If it has been proved to be just in the painter not to represent his Laocoon as crying out, still it should be considered justifiable in the poet so to describe him.

Another distinction between the poet and the artist is, that the artist ought not to represent his images as covered with garments; and to this rule we find that the ancients adhered. For instance, the poet describes his Laocoon as clothed with a pontifical dress, but the artist represents him as naked. The reason for this deviation in the latter is obvious: for though it may be considered as contrary to the rules of costume to represent the son of a king, who was also a priest, as undressed, yet no garment wrought by slavish hands can possess so much beauty as the work of eternal wisdom, expressed in an organized body. Necessity has given rise to dress, but what has the artist to do with that? Beauty is the highest object for the imitation of art; and although it be agreed that there is some beauty in dress, yet what is it when compared with the beauty of the human form? Should he who can accomplish the greater object satisfy himself with the less? It is not so with the poet; a garment with him is no garment, for it covers nothing: our imagination penetrates every thing. If the forehead of Laocoon, described by Virgil, is encircled with a priestly turban, so far from injuring, it strengthens the conception we

have formed of the sufferer. But should the sculptor, in placing before us the group, represent the forehead of Laocoon as bound with a turban, he would considerably weaken the effect: for the forehead would be partially covered, and the forehead is the seat of expression.

THE SOULS OF THE JUST.

Souls of the just! whose truth and love,
Like light and warmth, once lived below,
Where have ye ta'en your flight above,
Leaving life's vale in wintry woe?
God hath withdrawn you near his throne,
Centre and source of brightness all,
As o'er yon hills the evening sun
Recalls his beams when shadows fall.

But there are wistful eyes that find
A loss in every parting ray;
And there are exiled souls behind
That long with you to fly away.
Oh! happy hour, when ev'ry germ
Of captive spirit shall be free,
And shine with you, all bright and warm,
Around one glorious Deity!

T. D.

• *New Monthly Magazine.*

MATCH-MAKING.

"An amorous thing is want."—HUDIBRAS.

IN my early youth I made a voyage of enquiry to the Sister Isle : the songs of Ossian inspired me with a wish to examine this warlike people on their own territory, and the fame of green Erin gave me an idea that I should find a rich superiority in her soil and produce, when contrasted with the Highlands of Scotland. Moreover, I had met with so many students in Edinburgh, and subalterns in the regiments occasionally quartered there, each of whom had five hundred a year and a park, that I counted on a hospitable reception, choice society, and much amusement in my tour. In the growth and numerical strength of the Hibernians I was not disappointed, nor as to their warlike appearance and disposition. I found the lower orders intrepid and irascible to a high degree ; nor were they over nice about the cause or nature of the quarrel, nor the degree of provocation. I have very often seen Pat knock down his friend after spending his half-crown, and then sympathize with him for the wound which he had inflicted.—Nor was *club-law* confined to these classes alone ; the higher ones possessed very gladiatorial habits, and were prone to indulge in liquor, love, and war. The fine Hibernian soil equally satisfied me that I was right in my expectations ; but where the generous earth was most lavish, I observed poverty still fix her dire abode. The culture was out of

all proportion with the capabilities of the land ; while education and civilization fell equally short of the strength and numbers of the people ; nay, industry was paralyzed by distress, and emulation cramped for want of encouragement and pecuniary means. In my quality of examiner I have no right to talk to government on these subjects, but (Scotchman like) the less I said on this subject, the more I thought, and the more I was convinced that Caledonia was the happiest and best used Sister of the two. In vain I looked for the parks and five hundreds per annum of the O.'s and the Mac's, my studying and travelling acquaintances. The father of one of them tenanted a mud edifice upon a bog, and was ground to death by tithes, taxes, and a bad landlord. Perhaps these parks, rent-tolls, &c. were mere figures in speech, and as such let them rest. There was no lack of noble mansions and fine estates springing up amongst surrounding misery, the possessors of which were, even then, absentees ; and whose stewards and land-agents were pounding the cattle of the indigent, and driving them to despair. This prefatory matter may, perchance, be considered superfluous by my reader ; but I beg leave to assure him, or her, that it leads to the subject of Match-Making.

In the course of my tour through a great part of the country, I sojourned for a short time in the Counties of Galway and Roscommon ; from the former I was frightened away by the constant reports of pistols discharged in duels, sometimes fought in public ; for the amateurs there would turn out to see a couple of gentlemen decide an affair of honour, with as much avidity

as the *fancy* resort to Moulsey Hurst, or Wormwood Scrubs, to witness two fellow-creatures half-murdering each other for a purse of gold and their *colours*, a silk handkerchief, of vulgar pattern, for the neck of a ruffian. How much more honourable would it be to bleed for their national flag! But there is knavery as well as barbarity in these contests, and we will leave the *scrubs* of all denominations to themselves. From the latter I was driven by the almost certainty (if I remained) of breaking my neck over the stone walls, which it was quite fashionable and almost necessary to leap over, in and out of the sporting field. In each of these counties there was a prodigious deal of Match-Making; the country gentlemen who really *had* some hundreds of pounds annually, dipped and mortgaged a little, had another drawback of their unemployed stock, in the form of fine-grown, smiling-eyed, affable young ladies: now the market being overstocked, and the price being much lowered by the over-produce of these fair and flourishing plants, the owners were obliged to part with these valuables (for such as wives and mothers, they generally were) at a very low rate indeed; since this was not a dead stock on hand, but one which consumed other articles which must *come from*, instead of *going to*, market. For these mighty reasons, parents were incessantly on the alert for sons-in-law; sisters helped each other off in the best manner they could; the brothers turned husband-hunters; and if a stranger came amongst them, he was not made *game* of in the vulgar ordinary way, but he was either ensnared by bright eyes and warm complexions, brought down by the long bow of

a brother, or taken by hook or by crook, by the angling, wiling, coursing, and heart-shooting of *sisters and self*, all of whom the happy man might be fortunate enough to have for six months in the year at his table. When these gamesome practices and pairings failed, the field was very often taken in another way; incautious birds were winged, and shy ones were now and then bagged by the undertaker, in punishment for their want of taste and feeling, and for their stubborn adherence to celibacy. It has erroneously and impolitely been advanced, that you could not look at an Irish woman at table without her saying, "Port, if you please:" this I never found; on the contrary, I always met with ladies of this country, who were as mild and temperate as any in the world; and I must say, that I consider them charming creatures at table and every where else; but although I deny the assertion of "Port, if you please," I must confess that I often trembled lest, by looking at a pretty girl in Galway or Roscommon, I should draw on me the question, from a big brother, or militia cousin, of, "Pray sir, are your views honourable towards Mary-Ann, Eugenia, or Fanny? Which of them have you fixed your eye upon? I have perceived very *markea* (an observation worthy of a marksman!) attentions to the first, and she has much susceptibility, and shall not have her feelings sported with," &c. Right sporting language! thought I, to myself, so I kept much on my guard, and departed as soon as possible; for, be it observed, the questioning gentleman is always a sporting character, and a good shot; the lady is usually the sister who has been longest on hand; no time

is to be lost ; and if the lover is not off like a shot, a shot may be off at him before he can cry "*peccavi*." Under these impressions, I returned to Scotland, convinced that Match-Making belonged most to the Irish, in which idea I was confirmed by two gentlemen having each disposed of a daughter (the one to a Northern Peer, and the other to a Colonel, since a General officer) pretty much in the way just described. On my return I trumpeted the uxorious disposition, the marriage-making, nuptial-seeking propensities of my western friends all over Edinburgh ; but had to change my opinion ere long, finding, from having now directed my attention to the subject, that the Irish were not match-monopolists ; the same trade being successfully carried on in the north, and even in the capital thereof, the manner only differing, and being *far more discreet*. It was submitted to my consideration that large families were no rarities in the Land of Cakes, and that if, in the Land of Potatoes, an off-hand kind of dexterity was used in marrying the females of the families to the first or best bidders at home, a *quiet* system existed in the former, of exporting its golden-haired lasses to warmer climates ; and, that where one took growth, half a dozen sisters or cousins were sure to be planted by her side. Then again, the provident and affectionate brother of Bel, Barbara, and Janet, only requires to get a footing in a productive country, and he will speedily have a brace of sisters out on speculation, the one to keep his own, the other his neighbour's house ; whereas Pat, when he migrates, leaves all entailments behind him, and his changeful disposition operates against the young

ladies' change of condition and home. Of the truth of this remark I soon became convinced ; for, on going to a private ball in Edinburgh, and seeing the crowd of female candidates for *partners*, the thing became still more obvious. I enquired of one worthy dame where her other fair daughters were (there being three in the room) and she told me, " Marion is with her brother in India, her sister Jessie is very well married in the same country ; Bessie has just ta'en a planter in Jamaica, and she has sent for Susan as her companion ; but " (turning to the only grown up daughter of the remaining three) " there is your old acquaintance Annie." As much as to say, " she is grown up a fine lassie, and is to be had if sought for." A gentle traffic this, but doubtless a successful one ; for I observed *son James* engaging his sister to a number of his brother officers, on leave of absence, and after one engagement another, perhaps, may follow. As further instances of Scotch match-making, a lady of very high rank was such a dab at these negotiations that, when she married off all her daughters to titles and fortunes, which she almost did *vi et armis*, which let us translate by the *force* of argument and those arms which female attractions make use of on these occasions, she turned her views to pairing off her more distant relations ; and so fond was she of these matchings and marryings, that an old baronet informed me, he dared not go to — Castle, for fear she should insist upon his wedding one of her maids or other female attendants, just by way of keeping in her hand, and having something to do in this line.

The last match-making matter which came within my notice was that of a friend of my own. It must be allowed that there are *coming* ladies, and *going* ladies, engaging misses and forbidding misses; there are also pretty maidens, who, (to use a vulgar expression) *go for to come*, such as love

“ — to wander not unseen.”

Or, like the flirting Galatca of the Latin bard, when she flies to the grove to escape her suitor,

— “ se cupit ante videri.”

Of these coming, engaging misses, these fair runaways who expect to be followed, was my friend, Amanda M'Matchem. One of a dozen fine children, and second of seven daughters; she hung out for promotion at an early age, more for the good of *Ma* and family than from any self-interested motive, or from her feeling lonesome, as Widow Wadman did. The Laird or eldest male held the estate, out of which he, like a dutiful son, gave a liberal allowance to his mother, and she expended a great proportion thereof in dressing her daughters, whilst the four other children were giving a *dressing* to their country's foes wherever they met them, by land or by sea, in Europe, India, or America; for their swords were their chief inheritance, and they all served in the navy and army. The seven sisters, like the streams of the Nile, glided on together in perfect harmony with each other, until it became necessary to direct their attractions into some other charnel, and they were nothing averse to visiting a foreign shore, more rich than the rock which bore

them, and on which they sprung up like wild flowers, lovely and unperceived. Determined, therefore, no longer

“ — to blush unseen,
And waste (*their*) sweetness in the desert air,”

a council was held of Ma and the seven sisters, and it was agreed upon to make great sacrifice in dress and entertainments *this* winter, to give lively balls at home, and to go abroad (within the limits of the city) as much as possible, frequenting all public places, and figuring in all public walks. These seven stars shone in a cluster, similar to the *septempleiades* of the starry firmament, each looking forward to be the lucky star of some gazing astronomer. Their beauties were rather the gifts of *Hygeia* than of Venus; healthful, robust, active, and fair, they were mutual resemblances, like the flourishing branches of a comely plant; and it might be said of them, as of the progeny of the ocean-nymph Doris—

———— “ *facies non omnibus una,
Nec diversa tamen : qualem decet esse sororum.*”

Amanda, however, seemed to lead the van of these female champions for the matrimonial prize, whilst their emulations were so well concerted, that the good of one was deemed the good of all. There was no jealousy amongst them least a younger sister should outstrip an elder one in their exertions for the *ring*, and thus give her seniors green stockings,* no trying

* We hear in England of wearing the willow for being deserted; in Scotland the green stocking is the livery of an elder sister who remains unmarried after her younger ones are disposed of in the conjugal line.

to take a *beau* from each other, no diversions and drawings off, which are so common in the south ; but if a youthful swain *looked* preference, or admiration on one, the other sisters fanned the flame, by mentioning her perfections of mind, her good nature, her cheerful disposition, her domestic turn and companionable qualities.

Amanda possessed commanding attractions ; Isabella had much rhetoric, and a persuasive turn ; Arabella was keen and discerning, prudent and circumspect ; Corinthia was fascinating and sly ; Phoebe playful and a wit ; Phillis affected a graver tone, and Septima was the snow-drop just come out, on whom the approving glance of old age fell like a wintry sun. She was marked out for a nabob or a banker ; but, up to the eventful winter,

“ There (was) nobody coming to marry me,
Nobody coming to woo,”

sung in harmonious cadence and full chorus by the sister-seven. The winter wore on with no signs of change ; the active sisters shone in strathspeys and reels ; displayed their agility by being constantly on the boards ; they were much praised for their steps, but they hoped to have *other* steps yet to take : the Edinburgh lads were

“ — cold as wintry brooks.”

Willy M'Worldly flirted a little with Amanda, but it was at long shots ; he would choose her for one dance but he could *nae mak himsel particular* by dancing a second. Peter Parchment, the writer, was a daily walking companion ; but he took care not to offer his

arm, lest the hand should be expected to accompany it. Pat Michaelson, a gay aide-de-camp, admired them all, but he was too dissipated to be fixed; the laird of Craigclarty cast a sheep's eye at the eldest, but he went off, whistling

“ I'm *over* young to marry yet.”

At length a *man of war* hove in sight, and he loomed like one richly laden : his fingers were *bediamonded* with rings, he had a jewel of high value for a brooch, a repeating watch, the nine gems as seals, boxes, canes, trinkets, and shawl waistcoats ; every thing looked *comfortable* about him. Besides, he had arrived at high military rank, and had saved a round sum of ready money. There were a few drawbacks on this concern ; namely, that he was neither tall nor handsome, was climate-worn and lame, had lived very hard, and seemed very bilious and lusty ; from his temporary lameness he could not dance. The case required consultation ; he was an old bird, and could not be caught with chaff ; he had been a gay deceiver, and thrice slipped his neck out of a noose in which he had been half secured. He was a *general* lover, and the cousins of the seven ladies had already set their caps at him. No time was to be lost : he had been introduced to them in the morning, and he was to be at the ball at night. The sisters contrived to keep two always disengaged, in order to look out for prizes, whilst the other five were in the merry dance. The hero arrived, supported by an Irish Captain and a mercantile friend, the former brought him into line with the two *vidette* sisters, one of whom took the

Captain's arm, whilst the other engaged the *merchant-man*. Isabella was the sister on the right flank, and Septima the light infantry of the left; the friend of the family drew out Isabella so as to have it in his power to open in high terms on the good qualities of all the sisters, and in the praise of the fair sex he was no niggard. A feint, or demonstration, was now made on the right; whilst Septima made a diversion so as to keep the mercantile friend employed. The first attempt failed; the artillery of the eye was silenced by perceiving this great gun direct the elevation of his glances towards Amanda, then quitting a partner at the conclusion of a dance; the Captain, by a *forward* movement, brought her down to bear upon the rich veteran; and, separating from his wing, left an interval through which she marched up, supported by the arm of the former. Mercator was drawn off by Septima, and thrown into confusion by her youthful charms, so that the main *body* was separated from all communication with the second *corps*, and had no *reserve* at command. The able Hibernian embraced this favourable opportunity, (what would he not have embraced to serve a lady?) and, disengaging himself from Amanda, skirmished in sight; whilst the man of war was led off captive to a bench in the rear of the dancers; placed betwixt Isabella and Amanda, the wounded chief remained for some hours,

“ Looked and sighed, looked and sighed,
Looked and sighed, and sighed again.”

The protector-general (such was the Captain's nickname), now returned and poured in the *grape* and

round of his battery on the defeated spirit, who had entered the room *Bacchi plenus* (full of wine). Amanda retreated for a short time, but returned to the charge and found the eloquence of the sister star, and the impudence (boldness or valour let us call it) of the allied power had decided the fate of the day. Mercator escaped slightly wounded, and recovered in a few days ; but the man of love, wine, and war, was led off the field and placed at home on his *parole*, whilst the sisters retired with flying colours, and the able Captain made good his quarters at home or elsewhere, for he was every where at home, and with him.

“ Ubi bene, ibi patria,”

was the device of his standard.

On the ensuing morn, or rather at noon thereof, the vanquished victor sought a parley with the son of Erin, and he (the latter) was demanded at a court of enquiry, at the seven stars. He had a *rendezvous* with a German lady, and a call to make at a banker's on a subject of finance ; so various were his duties and occupations. It is believed that he first attended the lady's court, to enquire into the strength and resources of the captive chief, and to concert future plans of operation. He put off the Germanic alliance for a day, and his wife for a week. Whether he attended the banker or not regards not the present subject ; but he repaired to the prisoner's quarters in the quality of a *parlementaire*, nor was the gift of the gab denied him, love, logic, and liquor being his *forte*. The steady merchant appeared and talked of the terms of an

honourable retreat; the chief shook his head; the Irishman would admit of no appeal but to the sword; he was a *polished* and *dangerous blade himself*; a piece of *well-tempered steel*, and fit for any thing except a pulpit. In honourable love no ransom is taken, the man of war had advanced too far, for he had made proposals and terms already; he accordingly struck his flag, and shortly after filed off (*not in Indian files*) by the side of the *white serjeant*, who did her duty by him ever after. It is asserted by some that she commanded in chief, and that one of her sisters, who passed *the line* with her, was second in command; whether this was the case or not is doubtful, but all agree in stating that the husband is happy, and his happiness is increasing yearly. The captain, the zealous and faithful ally of the family, continued to *serve in the same way*, and arrived at more honours than emolument. Thus ended this match-making farce, which is of a far more easy and elegant cast than those of the counties of Galway and Roscommon to wit; the palm must therefore be given where due: and if this gentle campaigning, or *civil war*, these *ruses de la petite guerre*, or *belle-stratagems*, can prove of any use to parties concerned in such *manœuvres*, they are offered without a comment by a friend to the fair sex.

SCOTUS.

European Magazine.

TABLE TALK,

ON LONDONERS AND COUNTRY PEOPLE.

I do not agree with Mr. Blackwood in his definition of the word *Cockney*. He means by it a person who has happened at any time to live in London, and who is not a Tory—I mean by it, a person who has never lived out of London, and who has got all his ideas from it.

The true Cockney has never travelled beyond the purlieus of the Metropolis, either in the body or the spirit. Primrose-hill is the Ultima Thule of his most romantic desires; Greenwich Park stands him in stead of the Vales of Arcady. Time and space are lost to him. He is confined to one spot, and to the present moment. He sees every thing near, superficial, little, in hasty succession. The world turns round, and his head with it, like a roundabout at a fair, till he becomes stunned and giddy with the motion. Figures glide by as in a *camera obscura*. There is a glare, a perpetual hubbub, a noise, a crowd about him; he sees and hears a vast number of things, and knows nothing. He is pert, raw, ignorant, conceited, ridiculous, shallow, contemptible. His senses keep him alive; and he knows, inquires, and cares for nothing farther. He meets the Lord Mayor's coach, and without ceremony treats himself to an imaginary ride in it. He notices the people going to court or to a city-feast, and is quite satisfied with the show. He

takes the wall of a Lord, and fancies himself as good as he. He sees an infinite quantity of people pass along the street, and thinks there is no such thing as life or a knowledge of character to be found out of London. "Beyond Hyde Park all is a desert to him." He despises the country, because he is ignorant of it; and, the town, because he is familiar with it. He is as well acquainted with St. Paul's as if he had built it, and talks of Westminster Abbey and Poets' Corner with great indifference. The King, the House of Lords and Commons, are his very good friends. He knows the members for Westminster or the City by sight, and bows to the Sheriffs or the Sheriffs' men. He is hand and glove with the Chairman of some Committee. He is, in short, a great man by proxy, and comes so often in contact with fine persons and things, that he rubs off a little of the gilding, and is surcharged with a sort of second hand, vapid, tingling, troublesome self-importance. His personal vanity is thus continually flattered and perked up into ridiculous self-complacency, while his imagination is jaded and impaired by daily misuse. Every thing is vulgarised in his mind. Nothing dwells long enough on it to produce an interest; nothing is contemplated sufficiently at a distance to excite curiosity or wonder. *Your true Cockney is your only true leveller.* Let him be as low as he will, he fancies he is as good as any body else. He has no respect for himself, and still less (if possible) for you. He cares little about his own advantages, if he can only make a jest at your's. Every feeling comes to him though a medium of levity and impertinence; nor does he like to have this habit of

mind disturbed by being brought into collision with any thing serious or respectable. He despairs (in such a crowd of competitors) of distinguishing himself, but laughs heartily at the idea of being able to trip up the heels of other people's pretensions. A Cockney feels no gratitude. This is a first principle with him. He regards any obligation you confer upon him as a species of imposition, a ludicrous assumption of fancied superiority. He talks about every thing, for he has heard something about it; and understanding nothing of the matter, concludes he has as good a right as you. He is a politician; for he has seen the Parliament House: he is a critic; because he knows the principal actors by sight—has a taste for music, because he belongs to a glee-club at the West End; and is gallant, in virtue of sometimes frequenting the lobbies at half-price. A mere Londoner, in fact, from the opportunities he has of knowing something of a number of objects (and those striking ones) fancies himself a sort of privileged person; remains satisfied with the assumption of merits, so much the more unquestionable as they are not his own; and from being dazzled with noise, show, and appearances, is less capable of giving a real opinion, or entering into any subject than the meanest peasant. There are greater lawyers, orators, painters, philosophers, players in London, than in any other part of the United Kingdom: he is a Londoner, and, therefore, it would be strange if he did not know more of law, eloquence, art, philosophy, acting, than any one without his local advantages, and who is merely from the country. This is a

non sequitur ; and it constantly appears so when put to the test.

A real Cockney is the poorest creature in the world, the most literal, the most mechanical, and yet he too lives in a world of romance—a fairy-land of his own. He is a citizen of London ; and this abstraction leads his imagination the finest dance in the world. London is the first city on the habitable globe ; and, therefore, he must be superior to every one who lives out of it. There are more people in London than any where else ; and though a dwarf in stature, his person swells out and expands into *ideal* importance and borrowed magnitude. He resides in a garret or in a two pair of stairs' back room ; yet he talks of the magnificence of London, and gives himself airs of consequence upon it, as if all the houses in Portman or in Grosvenor Square were his by right or in reversion. "He is owner of all he surveys." The Monument, the Tower of London, St. James's Palace, the Mansion House, Whitehall, are part and parcel of his being. Let us suppose him to be a lawyer's clerk at half-a-guinea a week : but he knows the Inns of Court, the Temple Gardens, and Gray's-Inn Passage, sees the lawyers in their wigs walking up and down Chancery Lane, and has advanced within half-a-dozen yards of the Chancellor's chair :—who can doubt that he understands (by implication) every point of law (however intricate) better than the most expert country practitioner ? He is a shopman, and nailed all day behind the counter : but he sees hundreds and thousands of gay, well-dressed people pass—an endless phantasmagoria—and enjoys their liberty and gaudy fluttering pride.

He is a footman—but he rides behind beauty, through a crowd of carriages, and visits a thousand shops. Is he a tailor? The stigma on his profession is lost in the elegance of the patterns he provides, and of the persons he adorns: and he is something very different from a mere country botcher. Nay, the very scavenger and nightman thinks the dirt in the street has something precious in it, and his employment is solemn, silent, sacred, peculiar to London! A *barker* in Monmouth Street, a slop-seller in Ratcliffe-Highway, a tapster at a night cellar, a beggar in St. Giles's, a drab in Fleet-Ditch, live in the eyes of millions, and eke out a dreary, wretched, scanty, or loathsome existence from the gorgeous, busy, glowing scene around them. It is a common saying among such persons that "they had rather be hanged in London than die a natural death out of it any where else."—Such is the force of habit and imagination. Even the eye of childhood is dazzled and delighted with the polished splendour of the jewellers' shops, the neatness of the turnery ware, the festoons of artificial flowers, the confectionary, the chemists' shops, the lamps, the horses, the carriages, the sedan-chairs: to this was formerly added a set of traditional associations—Whittington and his Cat, Guy Fawkes and the Gunpowder Treason, the Fire and the Plague of London, and the Heads of the Scotch Rebels that were stuck on Temple Bar in 1745. These have vanished, and in their stead the curious and romantic eye must be content to pore in Pennant for the site of old London-Wall, or to peruse the sentimental mile-stone that marks the distance to the place "where Hicks's Hall formerly stood!"

The *Cockney* lives in a go-cart of local prejudices and positive illusions ; and when he is turned out of it, he hardly knows how to stand or move. He ventures through Hyde Park Corner, as a cat crosses a gutter. The trees pass by the coach very oddly. The country has a strange blank appearance. It is not lined with houses all the way, like London. He comes to places he never saw or heard of. He finds the world is bigger than he thought it. He might have dropped from the moon, for any thing he knows of the matter. He is mightily disposed to laugh, but is half afraid of making some blunder. Between sheepishness and conceit, he is in a very ludicrous situation. He finds that the people walk on two legs, and wonders to hear them talk a dialect so different from his own. He perceives London fashions have got down into the country before him, and that some of the better sort are dressed as well as he is. A drove of pigs or cattle stopping the road is a very troublesome interruption. A crow in a field, a magpie in a hedge, are to him very odd animals—he can't tell what to make of them, or how they live. He does not altogether like the accommodations at the inns—it is not what he has been used to in town. He begins to be communicative—says he was “ born within the sound of Bow-bell,” and attempts some jokes, at which nobody laughs. He asks the coachman a question, to which he receives no answer. All this is to him very unaccountable and unexpected. He arrives at his journey's end ; and instead of being the great man he anticipated among his friends and country relations, finds that they are barely civil to him, or make a butt

of him ; have topics of their own which he is as completely ignorant of as they are indifferent to what he says, so that he is glad to get back to London again, where he meets with his favourite indulgencies and associates, and fancies the whole world is occupied with what he hears and sees.

A Cockney loves a tea-garden in summer, as he loves the play or the Cider-cellar in winter—where he sweetens the air with the fumes of tobacco, and makes it echo to the sound of his own voice. This kind of suburban retreat is a most agreeable relief to the close and confined air of a city life. The imagination, long pent up behind a counter, or between brick walls, with noisome smells, and dingy objects, cannot bear at once to launch into the boundless expanse of the country, but “ shorter excursions tries,” coveting something between the two, and finding it at White-conduit House, or the Rosemary Branch, or Bagnigge Wells. The landlady is seen at a bow-window in near perspective, with punch-bowls and lemons disposed orderly around—the lime-trees or poplars wave overhead to “ catch the breezy air,” through which, typical of the huge dense cloud that hangs over the metropolis, curls up the thin, blue, odoriferous vapour of Virginia or Ononoko—the benches are ranged in rows, the fields and hedge-rows spread out their verdure ; Hampstead and Highgate are seen in the back-ground, and contain the imagination within gentle limits—here the holiday people are playing ball ; here they are playing bowls—here they are quaffing ale, there sipping tea—here the loud wager is heard, there the political debate. In a sequestered nook a slender youth with purple face and

drooping head, nodding over a glass of gin toddy, breathes in tender accents—"There's nought so sweet on earth as Love's young dream:" while "Rosy Anne" takes its turn, and "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled" is thundered forth in accents that might wake the dead. In another part sit carpers and critics, who dispute the score of the reckoning or the game, or cavil at the taste and execution of the *would-be* Brahams and Durusets. Of this latter class was Dr. Goodman, a man of other times—I mean of those of Smollet and Defoe—who was curious in opinion, obstinate in the wrong, great in little things, and inveterate in petty warfare. I vow he held me an argument once "an hour by St. Dunstan's clock," while I held an umbrella over his head (the friendly protection of which he was unwilling to quit to walk in the rain to Camberwell) to prove to me that Richard Pinch was neither a fives-player nor a pleasing singer. "Sir," said he, "I deny that Mr. Pinch plays the game. He is a cunning player, but not a good one. I grant his tricks, his little mean dirty ways, but he is not a manly antagonist. He has no hit, and no left hand. How then can he set up for a superior player? And then as to his always striking the ball against the side wings at Copenhagen-house, Cavanagh, sir, used to say, 'The wall was made to hit at!' I have no patience with such pitiful shifts and advantages. They are an insult upon so fine and athletic a game! And as to his setting up for a singer, its quite ridiculous. You know, Mr. H——, that to be a really excellent singer, a man must lay claim to one of two things; in the first place, sir, he must have a naturally fine ear for music, or secondly, an early educa-

tion, exclusively devoted to that study. But no one ever suspected Mr. Pinch of refined sensibility; and his education, as we all know, has been a little at large. Then again, why should he of all other things be always singing 'Rosy Ann,' and 'Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled,' till one is sick of hearing them? It's preposterous, and I mean to tell him so. You know, I'm sure, without my hinting it, that in the first of these admired songs, the sentiment is voluptuous and tender, and in the last patriotic. Now Pinch's romance never wandered from behind his counter, and his patriotism lies in his breeches' pocket. Sir, the utmost he should aspire to would be to play upon the Jews' harp!" This story of the Jews' harp tickled some of Pinch's friends, who gave him various hints of it, which nearly drove him mad, till he discovered what it was; for though no jest or sarcasm ever had the least effect upon him, yet he cannot bear to think that there should be any joke of this kind about him, and he not in the secret: it makes against that *knowing* character which he so much affects. Pinch is in one respect a complete specimen of a *Cockney*. He never has any thing to say, and yet is never at a loss for an answer. That is, his pertness keeps exact pace with his dulness. His friend, the Doctor, used to complain of this in good set terms.—"You can never make any thing of Mr. Pinch," he would say. "Apply the most cutting remark to him, and his only answer is, '*The same to you, sir.*' If Shakspeare were to rise from the dead to confute him, I firmly believe it would be to no purpose. I assure you, I have found it so. I once thought indeed I had him at a disadvantage, but I was mistaken. You

shall hear, sir. I had been reading the following sentiment in a modern play—‘The Road to Ruin,’ by the late Mr. Holcroft—‘For how should the soul of Socrates inhabit the body of a stocking-weaver?’ This was pat to the point (you know our friend is a hosier and haberdasher) I came full with it to keep an appointment I had with Pinch, began a game, quarrelled with him in the middle of it on purpose, went up stairs to dress, and as I was washing my hands in the slop-basin (watching my opportunity) turned coolly round and said, ‘It’s impossible there should be any sympathy between you and me, Mr. Pinch: for as the poet says, how should the soul of Socrates inhabit the body of a stocking-weaver?’ ‘Ay,’ says he, ‘does the poet say so? *then the same to you, sir!*’ I was confounded, I gave up the attempt to conquer him in wit or argument. He would pose the Devil, sir, by his ‘*The same to you, sir.*’” We had another joke against Richard Pinch, to which the Doctor was not a party, which was, that being asked after the respectability of the *Hole in the Wall*, at the time that Randall took it, he answered quite unconsciously, “Oh! it’s a very genteel place, I go there myself sometimes!” Dr. Goodman was descended by the mother’s side from the poet Jago, was a private gentleman in town, and a medical dilettanti in the country, dividing his time equally between business and pleasure; had an inexhaustible flow of words, and an imperturbable vanity, and held “stout notions on the metaphysical score.” He maintained the free agency of man, with the spirit of a martyr and the gaiety of a man of wit and pleasure about town—told me he had a curious

tract on that subject by A. C. (Anthony Collins) which he carefully locked up in his box, lest any one should see it but himself, to the detriment of their character and morals, and put it to me whether it was not hard, on the principles of *philosophical necessity*, for a man to come to be hanged? To which I replied, "I thought it hard on any terms!" A knavish *marker*, who had listened to the dispute, laughed at this retort, and seemed to assent to the truth of it, supposing it might one day be his own case.

Mr. Smith and the Brangtons, in "Evelina," are the finest possible examples of the spirit of *Cockneyism*. I once knew a linen-draper in the City, who owned to me he did not quite like this part of Miss Burney's novel. He said, "I myself lodge in a first floor, where there are young ladies in the house: they sometimes have company, and if I am out, they ask me to lend them the use of my apartment, which I readily do out of politeness, or if it is an agreeable party, I perhaps join them. All this is so like what passes in the novel, that I fancy myself a sort of second Mr. Smith, and am not quite easy at it!" This was mentioned to the fair Authoress, and she was delighted to find that her characters were so true, that an actual person fancied himself to be one of them. The resemblance, however, was only in the externals; and the real modesty of the individual stumbled on the likeness to a city coxcomb!

It is curious to what a degree persons, brought up in certain occupations in a great city, are shut up from a knowledge of the world, and carry their simplicity to a pitch of unheard-of extravagance. London is the

only place in which the child grows completely up into the man. I have known characters of this kind, which, in the way of childish ignorance and self-pleasing delusion, exceeded any thing to be met with in Shakspeare or Ben Jonson, or the old comedy. For instance, the following may be taken as a true sketch. Imagine a person with a florid, shining complexion like a plough-boy, large staring teeth, a merry eye, his hair stuck into the fashion with curling-irons and pomatum, a slender figure, and a decent suit of black—add to which the thoughtlessness of the school-boy, the forwardness of the thriving tradesman, and the plenary consciousness of the citizen of London—and you have Mr. Dunster before you, the fishmonger in the Poultry. You shall hear how he chirps over his cups, and exults in his private opinions. “I’ll play no more with you,” I said, “Mr. Dunster—you are five points in the game better than I am.” I had just lost three half-crown rubbers at cribbage to him, which loss of mine he presently thrust into a canvas pouch (not a silk purse) out of which he had produced just before, first a few halfpence, then half a dozen pieces of silver, then a handful of guineas, and lastly, lying *perdu* at the bottom, a fifty pound bank-note. “I’ll tell you what,” I said, “I should like to play you a game at marbles”—this was at a sort of Christmas party or Twelfth Night merry-making. “Marbles!” said Dunster, catching up the sound, and his eye brightening with childish glee, “What! you mean *ring-taw*?” “Yes.” “I should beat you*at it to a certainty. I was one of the best in our school (it was at Clapham, Sir, the Rev. Mr. Denman’s, at Clapham

was the place where I was brought up)—though there were two others there better than me. They were the best that ever were. I'll tell you, Sir, I'll give you an idea. There was a water-butt or cistern, Sir, at our school, that turned with a cock. Now suppose that brass ring that the window-curtain is fastened to, to be the cock, and that these boys were standing where we are, about twenty feet off—well, Sir, I'll tell you what I have seen them do. One of them had a favourite taw (or *alley* we used to call them)—he'd take aim at the cock of the cistern with this marble, as I may do now. Well, Sir, will you believe it? such was his strength of knuckle and certainty of aim, he'd hit it, turn it, let the water out, and then, Sir, when the water had run out as much as it was wanted, the other boy (he'd just the same strength of knuckle, and the same certainty of eye) he'd aim at it too, be sure to hit it, turn it round, and stop the water from running out. Yes, what I tell you is very remarkable, but it's true. One of these boys was named Cock, and t'other Butler." "They might have been named Spigot and Faucet, my dear Sir, from your account of them." "I should not mind playing you at fives neither, though I'm out of practice. I think I should beat you in a week: I was a real good one at that. A pretty game, Sir! I had the finest ball, that I suppose ever was seen. Made it myself,—I'll tell you how, Sir. You see, I put a piece of cork at the bottom, then I wound some fine worsted yarn round it, then I had to bind it round with some packthread, and then sew the case on. You'd hardly believe it, but I was the envy of the whole school for that ball. They all

wanted to get it from me, but lord, Sir, I would let none of them come near it. I kept it in my waistcoat pocket all day, and at night I used to take it to bed with me and put it under my pillow. I couldn't sleep easy without it."

The same idle vein might be found in the country, but I doubt whether it would find a tongue to give it utterance. Cockneyism is a ground of native shallowness mounted with pertness and conceit. Yet with all this simplicity and extravagance in dilating on his favourite topics, Dunster is a man of spirit, of attention to business, knows how to make out and get in his bills, and is far from being henpecked. One thing is certain, that such a man must be a true Englishman and a loyal subject. He has a slight tinge of letters, with shame I confess it—has in his possession a volume of the *European Magazine* for the year 1761, and is an humble admirer of *Tristram Shandy* (particularly the story of the King of Bohemia and his Seven Castles, which is something in his own endless manner) and of *Gil Blas of Santillane*. Over these (the last thing he goes to bed at night) he smokes a pipe, and meditates for an hour. After all, what is there in these harmless half-lies, these fantastic exaggerations, but a literal, prosaic, *Cockney* translation of the admired lines in *Gray's Ode to Eton College* :—

"What idle progeny succeed
To chase the rolling circle's speed
Or urge the flying ball?"

A man shut up all his life in his shop, without any thing to interest him from one year's end to another but the cares and details of business, with scarcely

any intercourse with books or opportunities for society, distracted with the buzz, and glare, and noise about him, turns for relief to the retrospect of his childish years; and there, through the long vista, at one bright loop-hole, leading out of the thorny mazes of the world into the clear morning light, he sees the idle fancies and gay amusements of his boyhood dancing like motes in the sunshine. Shall we blame, or should we laugh at him, if his eye glistens, and his tongue grows wanton in their praise?

None but a Scotchman would—that pragmatical sort of personage, who thinks it a folly ever to have been young, and who, instead of dallying with the frail past, bends his brows upon the future, and looks only to the *main chance*. Forgive me, dear Dunster, if I have drawn a sketch of some of thy venial foibles, and delivered thee into the hands of these Cockneys of the North, who will fall upon thee and devour thee, like so many cannibals without a grain of salt!

If familiarity in cities breeds contempt, ignorance in the country breeds aversion and dislike. People come too much in contact in town; in other places they live too much apart, to unite cordially and easily. Our feelings, in the former case, are dissipated and exhausted by being called into constant and vain activity; in the latter, they rust and grow dead for want of use. If there is an air of levity and indifference in London manners, there is a harshness, a moroseness, and disagreeable restraint, in those of the country. We have little disposition to sympathy, when we have few persons to sympathize with: we lose the relish and capacity for social enjoyment, the seldomer

we meet. A habit of sullenness, coldness, and misanthropy, grows upon us. If we look for hospitality and a cheerful welcome in country places, it must be in those where the arrival of a stranger is an event, the recurrence of which need not be greatly apprehended, or it must be on rare occasions, on "some high festival of once a year." Then indeed the stream of hospitality, so long dammed up, may flow without stint for a short season; or a stranger may be expected with the same sort of eager impatience as a caravan of wild beasts, or any other natural curiosity, that excites our wonder and fills up the craving of the mind after novelty. By degrees, however, even this last principle loses its effect: books, newspapers, whatever carries us out of ourselves into a world of which we see and know nothing, becomes distasteful, repulsive; and we turn away with indifference or disgust from every thing that disturbs our lethargic animal existence, or takes off our attention from our petty local interests and pursuits. Man, left long to himself, is no better than a mere clod; or his activity, for want of some other vent, preys upon himself, or is directed to splenetic, peevish dislikes, or vexatious, harassing persecution of others. I once drew a picture of a country life: it was a portrait of a particular place, a caricature if you will, but, with certain allowances, I fear it was too like in the individual instance, and that it would hold too generally true. *See ROUND TABLE*, vol. ii. p. 116.

If these, then, are the faults and vices of the inhabitants of town or of the country, where should a man go to live, so as to escape from them? I answer, that in the

country we have the society of the groves, the fields, the brooks, and in London a man may keep to himself, or choose his company as he pleases.

It appears to me that there is an amiable mixture of these two opposite characters in a person who chances to have passed his youth in London, and who has retired into the country for the rest of his life. We may find in such a one a social polish, a pastoral simplicity. He rusticates agreeably, and vegetates with a degree of sentiment. He comes to the next post-town to see for letters, watches the coaches as they pass, and eyes the passengers with a look of familiar curiosity, thinking that he too was a gay fellow in his time. He turns his horse's head down the narrow lane that leads homewards, puts on an old coat to save his wardrobe, and fills his glass nearer to the brim. As he lifts the purple juice to his lips and to his eye, and in the dim solitude that hems him round, thinks of the glowing line—

“This bottle's the sun of our table”—

another sun rises upon his imagination; the sun of his youth, the blaze of vanity, the glitter of the metropolis, “glares round his soul, and mocks his closing eye-lids.” The distant roar of coaches is in his ears—the pit stare upon him with a thousand eyes—Mrs. Siddons, Bannister, King, are before him—he starts as from a dream, and swears he will to London; but the expense, the length of way, deters him, and he rises the next morning to trace the footsteps of the hare that has brushed the dew drops from the lawn, or to attend a meeting of Magistrates! Mr. Justice Shallow answered in some sort to this description of a retired

Cockney and indigenous country-gentleman. He "knew the Inns of Court, where they would talk of mad Shallow yet, and where the bona robas were, and had them at commandment: ay, and had heard the chimes at midnight!"

It is a strange state of society (such as that in London) where a man does not know his next-door neighbour, and where the feelings (one would think) must recoil upon themselves, and either fester or become obtuse. Mr. Wordsworth, in the preface to his poem of the "Excursion," represents men in cities as so many wild beasts or evil spirits, shut up in cells of ignorance, without natural affections, and barricaded down in sensuality and selfishness. The nerve of humanity is bound up, according to him: the circulation of the blood stagnates. And it would be so, if men were merely cut off from intercourse with their immediate neighbours, and did not meet together generally and more at large. But man in London becomes, as Mr. Burke has it, a sort of "public creature." He lives in the eye of the world, and the world in his. If he witnesses less of the details of private life, he has better opportunities of observing its larger masses and varied movements. He sees the stream of human life pouring along the streets—its comforts and embellishments piled up in the shops, the houses are proofs of the industry, the public buildings of the art and magnificence of man; while the public amusements and places of resort are a centre and support for social feeling. A playhouse alone is a school of humanity, where all eyes are fixed on the same gay or solemn scene, where smiles or tears are spread from face to face, and where a thousand hearts beat in unison!

Look at the company in a country theatre (in comparison), and see the coldness, the sullenness, the want of sympathy, and the way in which they turn round to scan and scrutinize one another. In London there is a *public*; and each man is part of it. We are gregarious, and affect the kind. We have a sort of abstract existence; and a community of ideas and knowledge (rather than local proximity) is the bond of society and good-fellowship. This is one great cause of the tone of political feeling in large and populous cities. There is here a visible body-politic, a type and image of that huge Leviathan the State. We comprehend that vast denomination, the *People*, of which we see a tenth part daily moving before us; and by having our imaginations emancipated from petty interests and personal dependence, we learn to venerate ourselves as men, and to respect the rights of human nature. Therefore it is that the citizens and freemen of London and Westminster are patriots by prescription, philosophers and politicians by the right of their birth-place. In the country, men are no better than a herd of cattle or scattered deer. They have no idea but of individuals, none of rights or principles—and a king, as the greatest individual, is the highest idea they can form. He is “a species alone,” and as superior to any single peasant, as the latter is to the peasant’s dog, or to a crow flying over his head. In London the king is but as one to a million (numerically speaking), is seldom seen, and then distinguished only from others by the superior graces of his person. A country squire, or a lord of the manor, is a greater man in his village or hundred!

New Monthly Magazine.

EXAMINATION

OF

MR. BURKE AND MR. KNIGHT'S THEORIES ON THE
SOURCE OF THE PLEASURES DERIVED FROM
TRAGIC REPRESENTATIONS.

BURKE, in his "Sublime and Beautiful," has many just and profound observations on the source of tragic pleasure; but, like all other theories on the subject, the one which he has adopted applies not to the remote, or original, but to the immediate, or proximate cause, or rather causes, of this pleasure. When I say they apply to the immediate or proximate causes, I do not mean that they unfold even these; but that he seems to have confined himself to what he considered the immediate agency which produced the effect. In the first place, he very justly rejects the supposition which makes this pleasure arise from "the comfort which we receive in considering, that so melancholy a story is no more than a fiction;" and he equally rejects that which makes it arise from "the contemplation of our own freedom from the evils which we see represented." The reasons which he assigns for rejecting these theories are worth quoting. "I am afraid," he says, it is a practice much too common, in inquiries of this nature, to attribute the cause of feelings which merely arise from the mechanical construction of our bodies, or from the natural frame and constitution of our minds, to certain conclusions of the reasoning faculty on the objects presented to us, for I should imagine, that the influence of reason, in

producing our passions, is nothing near so extensive as it is commonly believed.

It is curious to perceive so profound and metaphysical a writer venturing to acknowledge his suspicions, that "the influence of reason, in producing our passions, is nothing near so extensive as it is commonly believed." Had Burke ventured a step further, and said decidedly, that reason had no influence whatever in producing our passions, he would have asserted a fact which no weight of authority could disprove, however bold and sceptical it might appear to those who have not learned to distinguish between reason and feeling. In fact, the only influence which reason possesses over our feelings, is that of moderating, or suppressing them altogether. Accordingly, a man who, while he witnesses a scene of distress, begins to reflect on his own happiness in being free from it, is infinitely less moved, and less interested in the fate of the suffering victim, than he who, while he indulges in all those feelings which the scene before him is calculated to excite, makes no reflection whatever, but what unconsciously arises from his sympathy with the distressed.

Burke does not confine the pleasure derived from tragic sources to the stage. Real distress, he thinks, is a source of still greater pleasure than the mere imitation of it, and hence he infers, that the nearer the imitation approaches the reality, the more powerful is its effect. In no case, however, does he admit imitative distress to produce equal pleasure with that which it represents. "Choose," he says, "a day to represent the most sublime and affecting tragedy we have ;

and appoint the most favourite actors, spare no cost upon the scenes and decorations ; unite the greatest efforts of poetry, painting, and music ; and when you have collected your audience, just at the moment when their minds are erect with expectation, let it be reported that a state criminal of high rank is to be executed in the adjoining square ; in a moment the emptiness of the theatre would demonstrate the comparative weakness of the imitative arts, and proclaim the triumph of real sympathy." Here, then, the sole pleasure we receive is attributed to sympathy ; but, as I have already shewn, so far as our pleasure is of a sympathetic character, this pleasure does not arise from sympathetic emotion, but is the sympathetic emotion itself. But are we certain that this abandonment of the theatre is the effect of sympathy ? Indeed, there seems to be very strong reasons for thinking otherwise ; the strongest of which perhaps is, that people of the most tender and sympathetic nature are not those who go most frequently to witness executions. I believe there are few people of exquisite feelings who can endure such spectacles, and yet, where are we to look for sympathy if not among them ? Besides, why is our propensity to behold executions so generally looked upon as a reproach to us, if it arise from sympathy ? Why are even those who delight in such spectacles unwilling to avow their propensity ? Why should we confide more in a person to whom such scenes are insupportable, than in him who goes to an execution with as keen an appetite as he does to his dinner ? These, certainly, seem to be intuitive proofs, that we look upon such men as persons of no sympa-

thy whatever. It is possible, however, as will hereafter appear, to possess sympathy, and yet feel inclined to witness executions; but it is not possible to possess it in any very high degree. Mr. Knight ascribes the abandonment of the theatre, in the case supposed by Burke, to curiosity, not to sympathy. "Would not the sudden appearance," he says, "of any very renowned foreign chief or potentate in the adjoining square, equally empty the benches of the theatre? I apprehend that it would, and cannot but suspect, that even a bottle conjuror, a flying witch, or any other miraculous phenomenon of the kind, being announced with sufficient confidence to obtain belief, would have the same effect." It is extremely difficult to meet with a writer who can avoid contradicting himself, the moment he enters into the arena of polemics, simply, because in all our controversies, we are, in general, more desirous of victory than of the elucidation of what is obscure, or the discovery of what is unknown. Mr. Knight takes every opportunity of opposing his own opinions to those of Burke, though it is difficult to conceive why he should have singled him out from all other writers on the subject of taste. He tells us himself, that his reason for exposing Burke's "philosophical absurdities" is, that they have "been since adopted by others, and made to contribute so largely to the propagation of bad taste." It would be difficult to point out any writer, whose philosophical principles are less calculated to promote "bad taste," than Burke's; for, as Mr. Knight himself acknowledges, "his *feelings* were generally *right*, even where his judgment was most

wrong." A man's judgment, however, can never be wrong, where his feelings are right, unless he depart from them, and suffer his judgment to be directed by that of others. This was not the case with Burke : he always thought for himself, and never submitted to the bondage of authority, except where authority and reason seemed to confirm each other. Burke, however, is frequently in error ; but if I may now venture an opinion, which I shall prove in another place, Mr. Knight is more frequently so ; and, what is worse, his errors are of a much more dangerous character, and more calculated " to contribute to the propagation of bad taste." This truth I hope to make evident in my work on the " Sublime and Beautiful ;" not that I intend to advocate Burke's principles, nor yet, that I feel a desire to expose Mr. Knight's ; but that truth requires of me to point out the different influences which the adoption of their systems would have on the cultivation of taste. I admire Mr. Knight's intellectual powers and energy ; but he is always too rapid to be correct, and his feelings seem to be of too energetic a character to discriminate the lighter shades and more delicate affections of human nature, qualities which Burke possessed in a very eminent degree. In ascribing the abandonment of the theatre, in the present instance, to curiosity, Mr. Knight abandons the very first principle on which he founds Tragic Pleasure. The fact is, that he sets out, like Burke, with ascribing the pleasure to sympathy ; but the moment he came in contact with the latter, he forgot that he had ever made sympathy the cause of the pleasure. He seems to have been under an impression, that Burke

and he could never happen to think alike, or, rather, that whatever theory the former adopted, it must necessarily be erroneous, and that he, of necessity, was bound to adopt a different one. Accordingly, when he found Burke ascribing Tragic Pleasure to sympathy, he contradicts him, and ascribes it to *curiosity*, forgetting that he had, in the very preceding page, ascribed it to sympathy himself. I shall quote his own words. "When we see others suffer we naturally suffer with them, though not in the same degree, nor even in the same modes: for those sufferings which we should most dread personally to endure, we delight to see exhibited, or represented, though not actually endured by others; and, nevertheless, this delight certainly arises from sympathy." Who could think that, in the very next page, he should attribute as much of the effect to curiosity as to sympathy, simply because he wished to break a lance with Burke? Indeed, from the instances he has given of the "bottle conjuror," and "flying witch," he appears to refer the entire of the effect to curiosity alone.

But what is this curiosity, to which Mr. Knight and so many other writers, ascribe such wonderful effects? In my opinion those who ascribe effects to curiosity ascribe them to nothing at all; and if so, they must necessarily be wrong, for *ex nihilo nihil fit*. Curiosity is either a feeling, an idea, or an act of volition within us, or it is something without us, which creates feelings, ideas, or volitions within us. It must be one or other of these, because these embrace every thing in nature, of which we have any knowledge. Let us see, then, which of these it is, and we shall be better

able to perceive whether it be as prolific in its effects as it is generally supposed.

Curiosity cannot be volition, because we may will to do a good or an evil act, which we have done frequently before. This cannot be the effect of curiosity, because it has novelty always for its object. And even when we will to do something, or to see something, which we have never done or seen before, the propensity which impels us to it, is different from that act of mind which indulges the propensity, as this act may be exercised in opposition to, as well as in accordance with, the propensity. A man may will on the side of reason, as well as on the side of his propensities, when they happen to be at variance; so that he may will to do what he has no propensity or inclination to do; and he may will not to do what he has a strong propensity for doing. If curiosity, then, be any thing within us, it must be a feeling, or an idea. Now, all our feelings and ideas are produced by something without us, for we cannot perceive, unless there be something to be perceived; and it is this something, consequently, that creates the perception, or idea, in us. Neither can we feel, unless there be something to make an impression upon us, so that, whether curiosity be a feeling or an idea, it must, in either case, be an effect produced by something without us. The effects, therefore, that are said to result from curiosity, should be attributed, not to any principle or faculty of our nature, which we designate by that name, but to the external influence by which it is produced. All our feelings, like that of curiosity, are simple effects, or impressions made upon us; and,

consequently, the causes by which they are produced, are the real causes of the influences which they possess over us. According to the degrees of energy with which these causes act upon us, we are, more or less, powerfully prompted to action, so that the feeling which we call curiosity, is strong or weak, according to the strength or weakness of the influence by which it is excited. This would not be the case, if curiosity were a principle or faculty in our nature which could act upon us, independent of any external influence. The fact is, that curiosity is the mere creature of chance: it is alive to-day and dead to-morrow. Its existence depends on circumstances, and when these circumstances do not occur, curiosity is totally extinct. Why, then, do we attribute to curiosity, what we ought to attribute to the circumstance by which it is immediately excited? for, if this circumstance did not exist, neither would the curiosity be felt. The truth of these observations will appear obvious from the case before us. Mr. Knight says, that the report of "any very renowned foreign chief, or potentate, appearing in the neighbouringsquare, would equally empty the benches." Now, if it be mere curiosity that empties the benches, the report of any foreigner having just come over, and appearing in the square, would produce the same effect, because the one would be as novel an object as the other. Yet, no person would quit the theatre to go see a person of whom he never heard any thing before, though it is obvious, that such a person would be a more novel object than he of whom we had some knowledge by public report. The sight of a novel object has, therefore, little influence over us, so far as

regards its mere novelty: it is some circumstance connected with the object, and of which we have already some knowledge, that creates the interest, and it is to this circumstance, not to the mere curiosity which it excites, that we must attribute the effect, or, in other words, the impression made upon us. The fact is, as will hereafter appear, that whatever produces a strong sensation in us, gives us pleasure, and therefore we feel no desire whatever of seeing a strange object, unless we antecedently know, that this object is calculated to produce a strong sensation.

The pleasure which we derive from Tragic representations cannot, therefore, be attributed to curiosity or sympathy, both of which are modifications of feeling, produced by external influences, but to a certain law in our nature, that strongly attaches us to all powerful sensations, where the pleasure is not impeded by three circumstances, which shall be hereafter mentioned.

One of the instances produced by Burke himself, clearly shews, that this pleasure does not arise from sympathy. "This noble capital," he says, "the pride of England and of Europe, I believe no man is so strangely wicked as to desire to see destroyed by a conflagration, or an earthquake, though he should be removed himself to the greatest distance from the danger. But suppose such a fatal accident happened, what numbers from all parts would crowd to see the ruins, and amongst them many who would have been content never to have seen London in its glory." Surely, we cannot suppose, that those who would not wish to see London in its glory, would feel any sym-

pathy on the occasion ; but supposing they did, an alteration in the circumstance will prove, that they would run equally to see the ruins of London, where no sympathy could possibly excite them to it. Let us suppose then, that the legislature deemed it necessary to remove the seat of government to some other part of England ; that they built another city, equal to it in extent and accommodation, that they removed all the inhabitants of London to this new city, and gave them the same rights, privileges, and advantages which they enjoyed before ; that after having thus completed their views, they found it conducive to the national prosperity of the country to destroy London, and, accordingly, committed it to the flames, having first removed from it every thing of value, either to the nation at large, or to the citizens in particular : I would ask, whether, after every thing having been thus arranged for the general good, the ruins of London would not still be a spectacle capable of attracting thousands of spectators,—whether those who came to see it, in the case supposed by Burke, would not now come to see it also, though there could be no motive for sympathy whatever, as in this case, there is not an individual with whom we could sympathize. Every citizen is as happy as before, and, therefore, we have nothing to sympathize with but mute walls, demolished houses, and public buildings in ruins, which, as they can neither feel pain, nor respond to our sympathies, cannot, consequently, excite them. The pleasure, then, resulting from the view of these ruins could not be the effect of sympathy, nor, as I have already shewn, could it be the effect of curiosity, for those who spend their

life in London, and were perfectly acquainted with every street in it, would be more powerfully impelled to contemplate its ruins, than the ruins of some insignificant village which they never saw, or heard of before, though the latter must necessarily be a matter of greater curiosity to them than the former.

Neither curiosity nor sympathy, then, can be the cause or original source of Tragic pleasure. As Mr. Knight, however, forgetting that he had ever traced any part of this pleasure, either to sympathy or curiosity, adopts a new theory on the subject, it is but proper to enquire, whether, in ascending to a higher source, he has discovered that mysterious fountain, of which we are in pursuit.

After getting rid of sympathy and curiosity altogether, having, no doubt, forgot that he had attributed to them any portion of the pleasure arising from Tragic scenes, Mr. Knight adopts a theory totally different from all his predecessors. His ideas on the subject seem to be perfectly original, at least, I could discover no trace of them in any former writer. Originality has frequently some merit, even when it is unsupported by truth, for it requires not only considerable ingenuity, but a considerable exercise of mind to arrive at certain ideas, though they are ultimately found to be mere chimeras of the understanding. The ravings of a man of genius are but little allied to mental imbecility. Mr. Knight's theory is ingenious, but this is its highest merit; for the feelings of which Tragic pleasure is composed, emanate from a much more general cause than that to which he traces them. The cause he assigns will certainly account for some

portion of this pleasure, and so will each particular cause assigned by each particular writer on the subject ; but, until we discover a cause that embraces all the causes by which it is produced, we can never discover the primary source of which we are in pursuit, and which alone will account for the aggregate of pleasures derived from Tragic representations, in the same manner as the general law of attraction, accounts for all the particular laws of motion. Before this general law was discovered, the theories of all the ancient philosophers, however ingenious, were unavoidably erroneous, and so must all theories be, whose bases are not as extensive as the superstructures which they uphold.

Mr. Knight derives the pleasure of which we are in search from "the energies and violent efforts displayed in feats of strength, courage, and dexterity, or the calm energies of virtue, called forth by the exertions of passive fortitude." He tells us, this is the delight which the Romans took in the fights of gladiators, that it is still the source of our delight in cock-fighting, bull-baiting, bull-feasts, and boxing-matches ; and even traces to it our propensity to witness the execution of criminals. If particular instances of this kind could tend to confirm Mr. Knight's theory, he might adduce some hundreds more ; but thousands of instances would be quoted to no purpose, if it can be shewn, that a part, at least, of the pleasure which we enjoy, cannot, by any torture of argument or of expression, be traced either to the active or passive energies of the mind. The fact, however, is, that if even this could not be shewn, than which nothing is

easier, it will still be found, that we never sympathize, in any one instance, with energy alone, abstracted from the motives by which these energies are called into action ; and that our sympathies are influenced by these motives a hundred-fold more than by the energies themselves.

If a daring, active, and intrepid villain attack three men, and succeed by mere personal strength and dexterity to rob them, after a short scuffle, do all our sympathies and feelings arise from, or owe their existence to, the superior energies exerted by this desperado, and do we feel more pleasure in seeing him successful, than we should in seeing him defeated ? I doubt whether any one could enjoy such a triumph, except a chip of the same block. We sympathize, then, not with energies alone, but with motives also ; and the interest excited by the latter, is, beyond all comparison, greater than the former. This will appear still stronger, if we reverse the former case, and suppose three robbers to attack one honest man. If such an individual should prove successful against his adversaries, how strongly are our sympathies excited in his favour : we seem, by the force of sympathetic affection, to assist him in every exertion of strength which he puts forth : our very bodies are unconsciously put in motion ; we recede at every blow that is made at him, as if aimed at ourselves ; we incline forward when his adversaries bend beneath his strokes, and seem to invigorate his arm by exerting all the energies of our own. Every motion in his body produces a similar one in ours, without being in the least conscious of the offensive and defensive attitudes which

we involuntarily assume by the force of sympathetic affection. The apparent causes of these strong sympathies, are the energies which he displays, but the least change in the circumstance convinces us, that they are not the real cause; for all our sympathy for him would immediately vanish, if we knew him to be a murderer or highwayman. Every change, consequently, in the motives, produces a corresponding change in our feelings, so that our sympathies are but little influenced by energies or exertions, considered abstractedly by themselves.

If we imagine, however, that we have now a clue to the cause of our pleasure, and that all arises from the motives that call our energies into action, we shall find ourselves mistaken, and that, as Lord Kaimes expresses it, on a different occasion, "the variety of nature is not so easily reached." The motives that engage men in action have not greater influence over us, than the circumstances in which they are placed; a fact which will immediately appear, if we only change the latter, without making any change in the former. If all our pleasure arise from the motives, it is obvious, that while they remain unchanged, no alteration of circumstances can disturb it; but, as every change of circumstance increases or diminishes the impressions which we feel, though the motives remain unchanged, our sympathies cannot be solely referred either to the motives or to the circumstances, but to the combined influence of both. If a robber attack three boys, how much stronger is the interest we take in their fate, than in that of three men, who should happen to be placed in their situation, though the motive by which

the robber was actuated in attacking both, was identically the same, namely, to strip them of whatever they possessed, and though the motives by which the boys would be actuated to defend themselves would be the same with the men, namely, the preservation of their lives and property. If, instead of boys, three aged men, or three helpless females, were attacked, the impressions would assume a new character in each; and, in all these cases, the impressions made by the energies exerted, considered without regard to the circumstances or motives, would be scarcely worth taking into consideration.

I am also inclined to think, that Mr. Knight is mistaken in some of the instances which he has quoted in support of his theory, though, if they had been all correct, they would have proved nothing, for the reasons I have just now assigned. He says, we delight in executions, only because we "all delight in beholding exertions of energy, and all feel curiosity to know in what modes or degrees those exertions can be displayed under the awful circumstances of impending death." The only energy that can be displayed by him who is entering upon eternity, is mental energy, or, what Mr. Knight calls "passive fortitude;" for physical energies are only exerted by him who hopes to derive some advantage from the exertion. But mere resignation has not the attraction of bringing thousands together; and it might be impossible to distinguish, in the human countenance, the fortitude or resignation of a man condemned to death, from that of a man who lost his entire property at law. If the resignation of both proceed from religious impressions,

it would present the same calm and tranquil aspect in each ; yet no one would go a hundred paces to witness the passive fortitude of the one, while thousands would go miles to witness the final exit of the other. It is not, then, a display of mental fortitude that induces us to visit an execution, but the awful and powerful sensations produced by the circumstances in which the criminal is placed, and the terrific associations with which it is eternally connected. If the fortitude to which Mr. Knight alludes be a hardened contempt of death, I trust there are few who would sympathize with such blasphemous heroism.

The energies of active and passive fortitude are so far from being sufficiently general to support Mr. Knight's theory, that he is obliged to extend the application of the term to quite an opposite meaning, so that energy becomes, in his hands, something with which we are quite unacquainted. " It matters not, indeed," he says, " whether these energies be displayed in suffering or acting : " accordingly, he makes tender love as energetic as the atrocious ambition of Lady Macbeth. I suspect Mr. Knight is mistaken in considering love to be an energy ; or energy and suffering to be at all allied with each other. There can be no energy in yielding to an impression made upon us ; for the impression is made, and the emotion which it produces felt, without our act or consent. The passion of love is excited in us, not by energies of our own, but by the presence of the object which produces the impression ; and, so far is the passion from requiring any energy or effort on our part, that we are frequently unable to resist it. The only energy

we can exert in a love affair, is that of resisting the passion; for, in yielding to it, there can be none required: on the contrary, it frequently baffles all our energies to resist it; and if that be called an energy which we cannot avoid, and which forces itself upon us, whether we will or will not, it is certainly an energy not in us, but in that invisible power which not only triumphs over us, but enchains all the energies which we are capable of exerting against it. I agree, indeed, with Mr. Knight in calling fortitude, in suffering, an energy; but I cannot agree with him in calling it "passive fortitude," for to call any thing passive an energy, is a contradiction in terms. He has been led into this mistake from not distinguishing between misfortune, and its influence on the mind. The man of fortitude yields to misfortune as well as the coward, when he can no longer resist it; but then he does not yield to its influence. The coward yields to both, and is, therefore, perfectly passive. But he who supports the same equanimity of mind in adversity as in prosperity, cannot be passive, because it requires the greatest energies of which human nature is capable, to resist the influence of adversity so completely as to preserve the soul calm and unruffled amidst the severe trials to which it is exposed.

The adoption of an erroneous theory generally leads a writer into inconsistencies and arguments that destroy each other: while he has his eye attentively fixed on the theory which he seeks to establish, all his arguments quadrate with each other, and though they are erroneous, they are systematically so; but in a treatise of any length, the mind cannot be so vigilant

as to attend always to the main proposition or propositions, on which the whole theory rests ; and when this happens, it is apt to glide insensibly into truth and nature, not aware that this adoption of truth is either subversive of the doctrine which it seeks to establish, or at least, that it leads to conclusions which must necessarily expose the fallacy on which it rests. Mr. Knight, for whose correct taste and critical discrimination I profess the highest respect, overturns the entire of his theory on the Source of Tragic Pleasures, by an admission which he unwarily made in commenting on a passage in Aristotle. "In tragedy," he says, "it is not the actual distress, but the motives for which it is endured, the exertions which it calls forth, and the sentiments of heroism, fortitude, constancy, or tenderness, which it, in consequence, displays, that produce the interest, and awaken all the exquisite and delightful thrills of sympathy." Here, then, we find many other sources of Tragic Pleasure, besides the exertion or energy which distress calls forth ; and, what is completely subversive of all that he has written on the subject, these sources lead us to innumerable others, in which no trace of energy can be discovered. If, according to himself, sentiments of heroism, fortitude, constancy, and tenderness, be sources of Tragic Pleasure, so must also sentiments of generosity, pity, resignation, mildness, sensibility, sympathy, sublimity, fear, hope, joy, sorrow, and all the passions that ever agitated the human breast. Instead, then, of confining Tragic Pleasures to the display of strong energies, innumerable other sources are disclosed to us, from which this pleasure may proceed, in many of which,

the characteristic feature is absence of energy, as fear, mildness, sorrow, resignation, and all the passive affections of the human breast. Besides, if it be not the actual distress that moves us, but the motives for which it is endured, what energy can there be in motives? All motives have their existence independent of us. If I go and fight the enemies of my country, my motive for doing so is to defend its rights and liberties against foreign usurpation; but this motive has its existence independent of me, and would continue to exist whether I fought or staid at home. I was not accessory to the attempt made on the liberties of my country: it was not brought about by my contrivance; and therefore I had no concern in it; but still it is the motive that leads me to action, and it would be a motive, even though I neglected to perform the duty which it required at my hands. There can be no energy, then, in motives, because there is nothing in them in which we can claim a share, and, consequently, the interest which they excite cannot be ascribed to energy. Mr. Knight himself admits this truth afterwards, not reflecting, that it was in direct opposition to what he here asserts. His theory, as we have already seen, consists in deriving all our Tragic Pleasures from the display of strong energies or exertions; and to do this more effectually, he tells us, that the interest excited in many of the scenes in Shylock, does not arise from his hatred or malignity, but the energies which resulted from them. The pleasure, then, does not arise from the cause, but from the effect; though we are told above, that it is not the effect, but the cause or motives that awaken our sympathies. A similar contradiction oc-

curs where Mr. Knight traces the pleasure we derive from witnessing executions, not to the sufferings endured, in which, he says, "we take no delight, but to the heroism and gallantry of the person executed." How can we reconcile this to the assertion, that "it is not the actual distress, but the motives for which it is endured, that produce the interest." At one time we are told it is the motive that affects us ; at another, that it is the heroism and energy elicited by the motive.

Such are the inconsistencies that necessarily cling to all erroneous theories.

I know of no theory that can account for the interest excited by Lear's madness. It is not, surely, the energy which it displays that produces this interest, for it was the result of weakness, not of energy. Had Lear more fortitude of mind to endure his misfortunes, he would not have yielded to lunacy, and, therefore the most strained reasoning cannot associate it with energy or heroism of mind. Yet, it is infinitely more interesting than the heroism of Macbeth, and even in the latter, it is not his courage or heroism that affects us at all, but the strong agitation of mind to which he was constantly a victim. Is there any thing in all Macbeth that excites a deeper interest than the following celebrated passage ?

Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle towards my hand? Come let me clutch thee :
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling as to sight? Or art thou but
A dagger of the mind ; a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain ?
I see thee yet in form as palpable

As this which now I draw.
 Thou marshallst me the way that I was going;
 And such an instrument I was to use.
 I see thee still,
 And on thy blade and dudgeon, gouts of blood,
 Which was not so before.

Here the whole interest is excited by the fears and terrors of Macbeth; for how attribute energy to a man whose fears create images or instruments of destruction, that existed only in his own mind. Yet these fears are more interesting to us than the boldest display of personal courage and mental energy, or the noblest descriptions of the "dignity of human nature."

*Philosophical Inquiry into the Source of Tragic
 Pleasure, by M. M'Dermott.*

THE PHYSICIAN.

ON CORPULENCE.

I HAVE somewhere met with the observation, that there are persons in imaginary health who are not so deserving of ridicule as the *Malades imaginaires*, at whose expense that satirist of physicians, Molière, made himself so merry; but for which the vengeance of Hygæa overtook him, since he was seized, during the representation of this celebrated comedy, with an illness which afterwards carried him off. These healthy persons in their own imagination are the plethoric and corpulent, who take weight for the standard of health,

and look with pity on the spare and meagre. It is to such *great* folks that I address this paper, and I claim no thanks from them if I should be so fortunate as to convince them of their error. I am well aware how gratifying it is to retain errors which persuade us that we are happy ; for this very notion confers happiness. I know what pleasure is felt by one who is congratulated on the portliness of his corporation, and the goodly rubicundity of his visage. It is this pleasure of the corpulent that I intend to spoil. I shall prove to them that they are diseased ; and, instead of confirming them in the idea that they are pictures of health, I will strike a terror into them that shall penetrate to the very centre of their sub-pectoral protuberances. I can easily foresee how they will reward me for my pains, and I shall, therefore, reply to them in the words of the culprit, who, when the judge had commented on the heinousness of his crime, and concluded with asking him, what he thought he had deserved by it—coolly answered, “ Oh ! ’tis not worth mentioning—I desire nothing for it ! ”

When the blood contains too many nutritious and oily particles, these transpire by innumerable, almost invisible pores, through the arteries and veins, and collect in the cellular substance, which covers nearly the whole body. Here they form vesicles, or small bags of fat, which become fuller and larger the more of this superabundant nutritious matter is conducted to them. In this manner the otherwise empty interstices of the body are filled up, and it acquires rotundity and corpulence. The fat deposited in these interstices has all the properties of an oil, when it appears in a

fluid form. In this state fat exists in some fishes ; and Pocock relates of the ostrich, that when it is dead, the Arabs shake it till its fat dissolves and is changed into an oil, which they apply externally in contractions and pains of the limbs, and also administer internally.

A person may grow fat from various causes, the principal of which consists in the use of soft, fluid, and nutritious food ; such as gravy-broth, juicy flesh, a milk and farinaceous diet, and strong beer. Upon the whole, all alimentary substances which convey many fatty particles into the blood, should be avoided by people in good health.

Another cause of corpulence is want of exercise. "A man who lives well," says Hippocrates, "cannot be healthy unless he takes exercise, and attention should always be paid to keep the exercise and food in equilibrium." It is the violation of this rule that produces corpulence, and hence corpulence has justly been described as a mark affixed by Nature upon those who transgress her precepts. In fact, we know from experience, that nothing fattens so rapidly as good eating and drinking, combined with bodily inactivity and love of ease. We see how soon horses grow fat when they are well fed and not worked. The oxen which have been used for draught, when turned into a rich pasture, are soon covered with wholesome fat. By means of abundant food and confinement, geese, turkeys, and other poultry, may be rendered prodigiously fat ; and the same effect is produced by them upon man. When Demetrius Poliorcetes was kept in confinement, and yet provided for in a royal style, he

acquired such corpulence that he died of it in a few months.

Tranquillity of mind also tends to promote corpulence when super-added to the circumstances already mentioned. Hence we rarely find that persons subject to violent passions grow fat ; but in general that such as are disposed to corpulence are either volatile or not overburdened with sensibility. For the same reason much sleep encourages the increase of fat. If it be true, as some naturalists assert, that the bears, which sleep all the winter, are fat when they come forth again from their retreats, this is to be ascribed to no other cause but the torpid state in which they have passed their time. Why do carp grow so fat when enveloped in moss, unless because they are kept in a state of inactivity and stupor out of their natural element ?

The absence of such passions as reduce the strength and consume the vital spirits contributes not a little to corpulence. Compare only a patient ox and a quiet gelding with an ungovernable bull and a fiery stallion, and you will find that a more weakly body and cooler blood render the former infinitely more disposed to feed than the latter. This calmer circulation of the blood is favourable to the secretion of fat in general ; and this is the reason why most persons increase very much in bulk between the ages of forty and fifty years. At that period the pulsations of the heart and the circulation are not so strong and so rapid as in the heyday of youth, and to this the cessation of the growth of the body must certainly contribute its share. A man after he has ceased to grow continues to live, as far as re-

gards food and exercise, just as he did before ; the consequence is, that the juices which used to be applied to the enlargement and completion of the members, are from this time produced in a superabundance, which turns to fat. The same is the case with people who have lost their arms or legs. As they eat and drink no less, though they have no longer those limbs to nourish, they become in general exceedingly plethoric and fat, since they daily retain a quantity of nutritious juices that is not distributed as formerly in the deficient members.

From these observations any one who wishes for rotundity of form will know how to proceed in order to obtain that desirable quality. I am not so biassed, however, as to assert that no advantage whatever is attached to corpulence. A fat man may tumble into the water with less apprehension than a raw-boned figure ; because the fat being a substance of a lighter nature is better calculated to keep him afloat than the muscle of the latter, who needs the aid of a couple of blown bladders or of cork to give him the buoyancy which the former derives from his portly paunch. As fat saves from drowning, so also it may preserve for a time from the effects of intense frost, because it protects the flesh from the inclemency of the weather. On other accounts it would not be well to have no fat : for it renders the joints supple and fitter for motion ; it prevents the friction of contiguous parts, keeping them always moist and slippery ; it communicates a greasiness to the skin which renders it soft and smooth, and defends it from the sharpness of the air ; it unites the fibres of the muscles into compact masses, and

secures them from becoming entangled with each other, and with the minute vessels and nerves which are every where distributed among them ; it serves the purpose of a soft and compressible cushion on which we sit and lie more comfortably ; it prevents wrinkles, by imparting a pleasing plumpness to the contours of the body ; and it adds to the whiteness of the complexion, owing to the transparency of the skin, wherefore the sick and meagre people usually have a sallow look. All these are real benefits, but they are attached to a moderate degree of corpulence alone.

Qucesnay calculated that a grown person, when in his natural state, ought to have about eight pounds of fat. The average weight of a man is about one hundred and sixty pounds : but as there have been very fat people who have weighed four, five, nay even six hundred pounds, it may easily be imagined, that in these cases there must have been a prodigious deviation from the state of nature. There have been seen persons with fat six inches deep under the skin ; and similar instances have been known among brutes. Hogs have been made so fat that their skin was fifteen inches above the bone. An ox, which otherwise would weigh five or six hundred weight, may be fatted to nearly a ton and a half, which is half the weight of an elephant. These astonishing deviations from nature cannot possibly be attended with beneficial results ; and of this physicians in all ages have been fully aware. It is an observation as ancient as Hippocrates, that health, when at the highest, as in the fat *athletes*, was precarious, because it

could not then experience any change, unless for the worse. Celsus considered a square-built figure, neither too fat nor too lean, as the best. Sanctorius observed, that after the process of digestion is finished daily, a man ought to be as heavy as he was before it, if he is in perfect health. But how can this hold good respecting people, who, after every meal, add to their weight a considerable quantity of superfluous juices ?

In enumerating the dangers to which very corpulent persons are exposed, I shall quote the words of other physicians, without taking any personal share in these sinister predictions. Apoplexies hold a prominent place in the list. Hippocrates knew from experience, that fat persons more commonly die a sudden death than lean ones ; and so he says in several places. Boerhaave ascribes the disposition of corpulent persons to apoplexies, to the obstructed circulation of the blood through the vessels compressed by the fat. The blood gives way to this pressure, and accumulates in those places where there is no fat to prevent the expansion of the vessels. As then the brain never becomes fat, the blood accumulates in its vessels and expands them to such a degree that they burst, which is frequently the immediate cause of apoplexy. Haller mentions it as a fact universally known, that corpulent persons are disposed to apoplexy. The annals of medicine relate, that a man who, though weighing upwards of six hundred pounds, nevertheless possessed extraordinary agility, and whose waistcoat would button, without straining, round seven men of ordinary dimensions, died in his twenty-ninth or thirtieth year, leaving a pregnant wife and five children. Louis Coute,

who measured eight feet round the body, and whose fat, after the removal of the skin, was, from the outer surface to the abdominal muscles, between thirteen and fourteen inches thick,—in short, a man weighing eight hundred pounds, died in his forty-sixth year of apoplexy. The intestines were neither larger nor fatter than in an ordinary subject. His liver, on the other hand, was triangular and indurated; and it was attached for the space of five inches to the omentum. No person can hesitate to believe such evidence, which is moreover confirmed by the experience of all ages.

Somnolency is another complaint to which corpulent persons are liable. Boerhaave once had an interview with a doctor, who had grown fat with frequent unnecessary bleeding, and who was so lethargic that he fell asleep at least ten times during their conversation. Athenæus relates of Dionysius, tyrant of Heraclea, that he was so sleepy, owing to his excessive corpulence, that it was impossible to keep him awake without thrusting pins through the fat into his flesh.

The insensibility and stupidity of corpulent persons go hand-in-hand with this disease; for the fat covers and buries the nerves, which must be touched by sensible objects, in order to our having any perception of them. It moreover compresses and paralyses the muscles, the nerves of which also it incapacitates for moving them. Nichomachus, of Smyrna, was by corpulence rendered incapable of locomotion; and we have had instances in England of persons, who, from the same cause, could scarcely stir from the spot. The meagre animals, on the contrary, which might be supposed to be weak, such as greyhounds, racers, and

hunters among horses, stags, &c. are remarkable for their agility, and appear to fly through the air.

As the exuberant fat compresses the lungs, it is obvious why corpulent persons experience a difficulty of respiration, and are sometimes suddenly suffocated. The same thing frequently happens to ortolans and other birds, which are apt to grow very fat. Similar instances are related of men. Aristotle makes mention of a man who was suffocated by his fat, which was six inches thick ; and Dionis observes, that infants at the breast are sometimes carried off in the same way, because the milk contains many butyraceous particles, which are easily transformed into fat. Hippocrates also was acquainted with this species of death. Corpulent persons, says he, are frequently suffocated by inflammatory fevers and shortness of breath, and in general die suddenly.

The corpulent have also reason to apprehend a deficiency of blood. Their alimentary juices are deposited in too great quantity, and as it were in a crude state in the cellular substance, because their impaired powers are incapable of digesting them. The blood-vessels, moreover, are too much compressed by fat to be able to contain much blood. On this account, Boerhaave makes a fundamental distinction between fat and plethoric persons. "The corpulent," says he, "are considered as plethoric, because they are out of breath at the slightest motion ; because the most trifling circumstance impels the blood to the head ; and because they are so liable to apoplexy." But all this merely proves that the blood does not flow freely through the straitened vessels, and by no means that

those vessels contain too much of that fluid. This observation is of practical utility. Bleeding is serviceable to the plethoric, and must of course be pernicious to the fat, unless in cases like that related by Boerhaave, who, by bleeding, saved the life of a very corpulent person. The patient had overheated himself by too violent exercise in summer. The melted fat had discharged itself into the vessels, and distended them to such a degree as to produce apoplexy, which was removed by the bleeding.

"Lastly," says Haller, "excessive corpulence induces dropsy, and this is the most common end of such persons, in whom those blood-vessels, which ought to receive the returning gaseous fluids, are probably obstructed. Finally, there are observations proving that stones are liable to be formed in the kidneys when overloaded with fat."

What a terrific catalogue of ailments for you, miserable gorbellies! But what is still worse, every word of this is true, and not a single point can be denied, or even doubted. I feel for you much too sincerely not to lay before you all the means that should be employed by those who would either prevent or reduce corpulence. Here you will find lessons which will make your air stand on end.

Abstinence is a really golden mean against the exuberance of nutritive juices. By long continued abstinence serpents become quite lean. In autumn the cellular substance of theameleon, the lizard, and the frog, is full of fat; and after the winter's fast, they are found in spring quite empty. But though it is certain that fasting cannot make a person fat, still it is not

a little of it that will make him lean. A young man who drank nothing but water, abstained from drinking at one time sixty days and at another forty-six. During the first of these periods he took animal food, but in the second nothing but such aliments as the Catholic church authorizes in fasts. Being weighed both before and after, he was found each time a few pounds lighter; but after the second abstinence, this reduction was greater than after the first. By drinking afterwards twice a day, he recovered his former weight in six days, and gained a few pounds in addition. Hence we very speedily recover, by means of the most temperate meals, what we have lost by rigid and long-continued abstinence, even though we were to confine ourselves to a fast-diet, which furnishes a smaller quantity of juices than animal food, but yet more than is requisite for the support of life. We must therefore seek more efficacious means.

Galen commended the effect of mental cares and anxieties as a remedy for corpulence, and Ovid was well acquainted with their operation :—

*Attenuant vigiles corpus miserabile curæ ;
Adducitque cutim macies et in æra succus
Corporis omnis abit : vox tantum atque ossa supersunt.*

Haller mentions two cases in point, which I must introduce. “Cares and exertion of the mental powers render the body very lean; and those persons are invariably fatter in whom the passions are more moderate. Hence, Cæsar was accustomed to say that he was not afraid of ‘fat, sleek-headed men,’ because such men are not in general very solicitous about the common weal or the preservation of liberty. The cele-

brated Dean Swift, while involved in cares and hostilities, was extremely meagre ; but became excessively corpulent after his mental faculties failed, and he had fallen into a state of idiocy."

In this list may be classed all the violent passions. Strong exercise also reduces fat ; but this method should not be resorted to, till great part of the exuberant fat has been absorbed in some other manner. This follows of course, for the shortness of breath and indolence of corpulent people, forbids much bodily exertion. Hence, other means must previously be tried for reducing the " huge hill of flesh," and to this end friction, which is a passive motion, may probably conduce. Zacutus Lusitanus, Muys, and Quesnay, relate, that by oft-repeated friction unwieldy corpulence has been completely removed. Fever diminishes fat in a wonderful manner. One person lost from this cause thirty pounds, another after salivation fifty pounds, and a third in the small-pox eighty pounds of his weight. But it should be observed, that after illness and a course of medicine, the fat usually accumulates again as fast as it before diminished. This increase and decrease are generally very rapid. A hog that is fastened up may be made fat in three days, and a lark fatted in one night becomes much poorer in the course of the ensuing day.

I wish corpulent people no diseases for their cure ; still less can I recommend medicines to them. Dr. Fothergill observes, that a strict adherence to vegetable diet reduces exuberant fat more certainly than any other means that he knows, and Dr. Cheyne furnished, in his own person, an extraordinary instance

of its efficacy. This physician, when between thirty and forty years of age, had, by indulgence in the pleasures of the table, swelled to such a size as to exceed thirty-stone weight. He was obliged to have the whole side of his chariot made open to admit him ; and he grew short-breathed, lethargic, nervous, and scorbutic, so that his life became an intolerable burden. In this deplorable condition, after trying in vain all the power of medicine, he resolved to confine himself to a milk and vegetable diet, the good effect of which quickly appeared. His size was reduced almost to a third, and he recovered his strength, activity, and cheerfulness, with the perfect use of all his faculties.

White Castile soap has been proposed as a remedy to melt down and facilitate the absorption of fat. A very corpulent man took every evening half an ounce dissolved in half a pint of water, and in two years became half a hundred weight lighter. He continued the use of it, and in six years was perfectly cured. The soap operated as a diuretic without any inconvenience. Boerhaave employed acids, crystals of tartar, cream of tartar, and such like purgatives ; but Haller relates that vinegar taken for this purpose by a master-builder, occasioned incessant vomiting and death, after which the inner coat of the stomach was found indurated to the depth of an inch or more.

Lieutaud recommends *acetum scilliticum* taken in small doses, with frequent purging and brisk exercise : but it will seldom happen that the patients will be found sufficiently steady to persist in any of these courses ; the disorder, from its nature, rendering them irresolute and inattentive to their condition. The

principle use of rules, therefore, must be with a view to prevention; and persons disposed to corpulence should be careful in time to prevent it from becoming an absolute disease, by taking a great deal of exercise, not indulging in sleep, and abridging their meals, especially supper.

Instead, however, of the tedious and partly dangerous means enumerated above, I would recommend to my corpulent readers, nocturnal vigils and meditation. There is no remedy for reducing obesity with more honour than *algebra*, if the patient only studies it fundamentally at night and cuts wood by day. This remedy is sympathetic: it operates through the spirits, and removes fat by $a + b$.

New Monthly Magazine.

LEFT OFF BUSINESS.

“ — In spite of nature’s stubborn plan,
He treads (life’s) stage by way of gentleman.”

The Rosciad.

SIR CALEB CAXON was an opulent ironmonger. He succeeded his honest father in the business, and carried it on for half a century. His stock in trade was valuable, and his customers numerous and substantial; yet the large capital of which he found himself possessed arose more from his father’s perseverance and temperate habits than from any enormous profits, ex-

tensive commerce, or lucky hits in the way of business. He never speculated, not even in the funds, but saved and put by, and put by and saved again. He rejected many offers of putting out his money at high interest, and was contented with the receipts from the shop, and the legal interest of his country. He held monopolists and usurers in abhorrence ; and often observed, that it was a toss up with such men, whether they were to make a fortune or a bankruptcy. The same principles he taught his son, and the same success attended his exertions.

Old Roger Caxon was florid and corpulent, good-natured and plain dealing, sober and industrious ; so that his neighbour, Mr. Cheshire, a rich cheesemonger and vendor of pork, thought him worthy of his only daughter, to whom he gave fifteen hundred pounds in marriage, which the ironmonger then considered a handsome portion. At Mr. Cheshire's demise Mr. Caxon found a new increase to his capital, arising from the stock sold off, money for the good will from the successor in the cheese, butter, and bacon line, houses in Newgate-street, and cellars and counting-houses, advantageously let, in Elbow-lane, Bride-lane, Petticoat-lane, yea, and in Amen-corner, the whole forming a valuable property. Instead of living up to his income, leaving off trade, or changing his habits, he never changed a guinea idly, and kept to his stingo as his only treat, or a bowl of punch on high days and holidays. When he paid the debt of nature he left no other debt unpaid, but was " removed from over the way" amidst the regrets and good words of all his neighbours.

Caleb, his only child, was no chicken when the honest citizen took his leave of the shop and of the world together ; he had drudged for twenty-four years with the old man, and felt inclined to go on twenty more, being at this time turned of forty. He was single, but not without his sympathies. Dolly Do-allthings, who was housekeeper, cook, butler, and slut, had cast a wicked hazle eye upon him, and he felt that he was under the wand of the enchantress. At the same time she despised the shop—and there was only one little dirty boy, called boots, *a scrutitures des scrutitures* of male appearance in the dark premises: Caleb, now the head of the house, soon found that it was a pity to work Dolly so hard, and two assistants were forth-with procured. Dolly began to look more and more captivating, but was so highly puffed that Master Caxon's widow could not help thinking that the girl was getting above herself. The old lady, however, not long surviving, Dolly became governess of domestic concerns, and was on a friendly and familiar footing with Master, from which a little accident arose, natural enough in such cases ; but the bells of *St. Bride's* silenced all slanderous reports, and the neighbours could not *misdoubt* (the lady's own words) that *all's right*. Master Caxon now first kept an open *shay*, and had a lodging at Hackney, where his spouse presented him (at a very early period) with Miss *Mariar* Caxon. The next year she wished to have fresh *hair*, so she removed to Islington, where a house was taken ; and upon her producing a male *heir* she prevailed upon " my spouse " to set up a snuff-coloured coach, with red wheels, and to have an iron-grey livery,

turned up with orange of a rusty appearance, but not sparingly laced with gold, and with an iron-bound hat, which put the beadle of St. Martin's-le-Strand to the blush.

Notwithstanding all this greatness, Master Caxon laboured on in his counting-house, and kept a *severe eye* upon the ledger ; so that, as money makes money, the age of iron became the age of gold. Ten years of fagging, quill-driving, and attending to the shop, now raised Caleb Caxon, Esq., citizen and ironmonger, to all the civic honours in succession. The Mayoralty was a heavy burden (honours were so thrust upon his plain and homely habits) ; and but for the senior Sheriff, who was an intelligent man, and used to good company, the worthy high magistrate would never have got through his operate duties, which, however, were very flattering to the Lady *Maress* (so she used to subscribe her name). At this lucky juncture an address was to be presented ; and our late venerable Monarch, who was nothing slack at knight-making, put the sword on the brawny shoulders of the ironmonger, and he with difficulty arose, Sir Caleb, as large as life. He now felt his weighty duties more than ever ; and but for his colleague, the Sheriff, an *active* magistrate and a gentlemanly man, Sir Caleb might have been upon his marrow bones until now. His was, indeed, a friendly *lift*. On his return home he found Lady Caxon intoxicated with greatness and arrack punch ; and, in the delirium of her felicity, she persuaded the Mirror of Knighthood to pack up his wardrobe (the robe or gown not the least essential), and to occupy a house in Bloomsbury ; but that being,

as she said, "*too nigh Oburn*," she moved him again to Harley-street, and, lastly, to St. James's-square. The fatigues of office brought ill health on the Lord Mayor; and, as soon as a new one was elected, he, for the first time, visited a watering place, Ramsgate, where *Mariar Dorothea*, (who added Ma's name without an act of Parliament) first made her *début*. Master Caxon was sent to Eton, and thence to college; and they both of them now began to be ashamed of Pa' and of the iron-trade. Lady Caxon was determined to strike a stroke; and priming the Ex-Lord Mayor with wine, to which he was not much accustomed, she carried her point, and made him promise to give up business. Never did Phœbus more heartily repent the promise, extorted from him by his thoughtless son Phaeton, than Sir Caleb did the *moment de tendresse*, which wrung from him his iron treasure. She might be compared to *Le Chanteur*, who *tira de Lucifer des soupirs des sanglots et des larmes de fer*. But the reproach of, "You, a Gentleman and a Knight, and not keep your word!" carried the day. A valuable consideration was given for the business by his foreman, with an annuity for my Lady's life; and she triumphantly exclaimed, "Sink the shop."

Sir Caleb now hoped to enjoy retirement and quiet, but my Lady prevented his projects. A *vis a vis* was first set up; the livery changed to crimson; four huge wasteful footmen hired; two of whom, with long canes, like *Cane* and *Able*, always followed my Lady. Cares increased with Sir Caleb's notoriety, and peace fled from Englantine Villa, the Knight's country seat. Every thing perplexed the worthy citizen,—dislocated

from the neighbourhood of the Old Bailey, and transplanted into the region of fashion. To furnish his Villa, Madam stopped at no expense; yet neither herself nor her partner could compass the matter. In order to keep up the ball she first named a billiard table; it was got;—and young Caleb's collegian acquaintances eat up the Alderman, picked the son's pockets, and disturbed the repose of the whole family by gambling at it all night. But my Lady insisted on their games going on, because there was an honourable Edmund of the party, and it was right that her son should form high connexions, and she had *Mis Mariar* to get off her hands. The *libary*, or library, was the next object: Sir Caleb bought books as he would have purchased iron, by the hundred weight; and he had them highly gilt on the back, and bound in morocco (calf would have been more of a piece with the man); but then there were *niches* for eight busts, and he was sadly put to it to fill them up with great men, ancient and modern. He got as far as Shakspeare, Milton, Rousseau, and Voltaire. My Lady named William Tel. “*Tell!*—the devil!” answered Sir Caleb; “why, I tell you, he was a republican.”—“He was no republican at all,” sharply retorted Lady C—. “He was,” replied the Ex-Lord Mayor; “a republican, a publican, and a sinner.” The idea of malt suggested another *idear* to her Ladyship: “Mr. Whitbread!”—“He's not high enough,” quoth the Knight, “you might as well have *Muster* Whitbread, the baker.”—“Cæsar!” exclaimed my Lady. Sir Caleb shook his head. “Cicero!”—“That will do (he wiped his face). Well, there's five of them. “Locke!” said Miss *Ma-*

riar. "No, no, my dear; that smells of the shop."—"Lord Bacon!" said my Lady. "No—that would be a personal reflection on your grandmother," replied the Knight, with a sigh. "Some king," guessingly articulated *Mariar*; "for instance, *Charles Magne*, or *Henri Quatre*."—"No," observed Pa, "we must not put kings among the commons; we'll have William Pitt, Earl of Chatham; there's six of 'em, and I will write to the Ex-Sheriff, who is a man of letters, for the other two names." Lady Caxon submitted to his consideration that this would be betraying his ignorance, so she thought a little, and then proposed Admiral Lord Hawke and Sir Christopher Wren, who were approved of *nem. con.* Touching this same *nem. con.*, Miss *Mariar* asked Ma one day the difference between *nem. con.* and *crim. con.* Her Ladyship, who knew neither, told her that it was time enough for her to learn that, and that they did not suit the like of her. The next *embarras de richesses* was the pictures. *Mariar Dorothea* was for the Italian and Flemish schools, but her Lady-mother broke out with, E feckin, a pretty taste indeed! We should soon have a *Flemish* account of Pa's money if it went that way. How many bars, and bolts, and hoops, and"—"Hinges," introduced the Knight with a groan, for he saw upon what the argument hinged. "No," recommenced my Lady; "we will buy bargains. I'll have nothing but full-lengths. 'Generals, Admirals, Bishops, and Nobles with stars on. My stars and garters! Lord, our *visitors* will be *dumfounded* when I introduces them as our old *hancestors*—the heads of the family—and they will be *ourn*, for we shall have bought and paid for them;

a nice distinction at the *vest end o' the town!*" The idea delighted the whole family; and this would have been the first tranquil night that Sir Caleb had enjoyed since he left off business, if his son had not arrived unexpectedly from Trinity College, in a tandem, with a drunken companion, and had not broken the parlour windows by way of raising the family. My Lady, however, was soon put out of pain by seeing a dasher of fashion, as she called him, with young Caleb; and she said, "Never mind the *vinder*, that can be mended: but let us put up the *pieters* as soon as possible."

Brokers' shops were searched by Sir Caleb for old moth-eaten portraits, and he bought them a great and rare bargain: amongst which were Sir Cloudsley Shovel, Admiral O'Hara, the Duke of Cumberland of the year 45, and the Duc de Biron taken in execution, Cardinal Mazarine and an obliterated Mareshall, Duc de Nivomois, a mildewed Louis XIV., and a Duke of Richmond without a head. A vamer and varuisher was sent for, who soon turned the Duke of Cumberland, who had formerly hung up on a sign-post, into Sir Caleb's great-grandfather in a black wig and a suit of rich brocade. Sir Cloudsley was made an Alderman of. The Admiral's nose was rubbed over, and an exact resemblance to Sir Caleb was effected, so as to pass him off for a grand uncle. The Duke of Biron was introduced as a noble friend of the family, and the Cardinal was transformed into a Common Councilman, and presented to strangers as my Lady's relation. The Mareshall, Duc de Nivomois, was passed over as a foreign connexion. Louis XIV. was now dressed in the uniform of the Royal Artillery Company,

and shewn as a city cousin ; whilst the Duke of Richmond was converted into a Lady, and painted to as the Lady of Sir Walter de Caxon, Knight, who came over with William the Conqueror ; but at last the vamping and varnishing, and the genealogical touches cost so much, that the great bargains became heavy concerns ; and, ere they were finished, Paddy O'Brush, the performer, a handsome County Cork private gentleman, brushed off with Miss *Mariar*, and extorted five thousand pounds from Sir Caleb to restore her, with the addition of himself, Larry O'Brush, and the pictures. A cottage was now to be taken for my son-in-law.

The want of occupation soon brought on a variety of complaints upon Sir Caleb Caxon, as he was neither an agriculturist nor sportsman ; and he got so corpulent that the *vis a vis* could no longer admit of his being thrust in opposite his dear spouse. He bought a low pony, which threw him upon a dunghill. Young Caleb got deeply in debt, and resolved upon travelling : his creditors were paid, and he started for the Continent : arrived at Venice, and falling out of a gondola, when *half seas over*, was drowned. Sir Caleb had no shop to amuse him : the game was up at his billiard-table : his books only set him a sleep, for he could not read any thing with attention, save only a waste book or a newspaper. Lady Caxon proved unfaithful for want of something better to do, and the Knight died of a broken heart——

“ Qui sit Mæcenas ut nemo quam sibi sortem ?
 Seu ratio dederit, seu sors objecerit, illa
 Contentus vivat.”

Let the reader make out the rest. Let the moralist give what lesson he please, and the philosopher descant on the source of that vanity and vexation of spirit to which worthy Caxon was a victim. I, for my part, shall merely advise the tradesman to beware of ambition;—the end of which must be,—misery and disgrace.

European Magazine.

SALVATOR ROSA.

SALVATOR, (according to Passeri,) though not above the middle stature, exhibited in his movements much grace and activity. His complexion, though dark, was of that true African colouring, which was far from displeasing; his eyes were of a deep blue and full of fire; his hair, black and luxuriant, fell in undulating rings over his shoulders. He dressed elegantly, but not in the court fashion; for he wore no gold lace or superfluous finery. Bold and prompt in discourse, he intimidated all who conversed with him, and none ventured openly to oppose him, because he was a tenacious and stern upholder of the opinions he advanced. In the discussion of precepts, erudition, and science, he kept clear, in the first instance, from the minutiae of particulars, but, adhering to generals, he watched and seized his moment to rush into his subject, and make his point good. It was then he shewed himself well furnished for the discussion, and this little artifice

he practised with infinite skill. He had won over many friends and many partisans to his own way of thinking; and had also raised against him many enemies, who attacked his opinions. Between these parties disputes frequently arose in his assemblies, which sometimes led to scandalous ruptures.

His imitators have been countless; and it is supposed, that more than a fourth of the small landscapes ascribed to him, have been executed by those who rather exaggerated his faults, than copied his merits. Of those who closely followed him, both in his defects and his excellencies, the most justly celebrated is the Cavaliere Fidenza of Rome; but in all, the master-genius,—the power of invention was wanting; and the best were but tame and servile imitators of the great and unrivalled original.

While the public character, the person, manner, and exterior modes of Salvator Rosa, such as he appeared in what is called the world, have been treated with amplitude by Passeri, others of his biographers have entered more deeply into the domestic qualities, the temperament, and daily habits of the private individual: and the *home* character of genius is always interesting. A thousand individual traits in the various biographical details, and, above all, in the private letters of Salvator Rosa, speak a man full of those warm and zealous affections which convert predilection into passion, and tinge even the most moderate sentiments with the ardour of enthusiasm. Headlong in his enmities, as in his friendships, his bitterness to those he hated was finely contrasted by his tenderness to those he loved. In his private and domesticated manners, he is said to have

been full of amenity, pleasant humours, and confidential : "For the rest," says Pascoli, (who came to Rome while the impressions Salvator had made in its circles were still fresh,)—"For the rest, though Salvator was by temperament both sensual and sarcastic, those faults were compensated by virtues, which made them the more to be lamented, if not to be excused. For he was charitable, alms-giving, and generous; gracious and courteous; a decided enemy to falsehood and fiction, greedy of glory, eminent in all the professions to which he addicted himself, yet still prizing his talent more in that department of the arts, in which he did not excel, than in that line in which he had no competitor."

To the patent of Salvator's merit as a painter, the successive generations of nearly two centuries have set their seals, and time and posterity have long consecrated the judgment passed on his works by such contemporary critics as were not influenced by envy, nor warped by prejudice and party-spirit. The opinions of Passeri (and the disciple and worshipper of Domenichino, was no incompetent judge), of Baldinucci, of Pascoli, and of many other *virtuosi* of his own times, or of those which immediately followed them, are on record. The qualified eulogium of Sir Joshua Reynolds, (who, in refusing Salvator that grace which none but himself ever denied, accords him "all the sublimity and grandeur of the Sacred Volume from which he drew his subject of Jacob's Dream,") has long been before the British public; and to such testimonies may be added, the hitherto unpublished opinion of one, from whose refined taste

and superior judgment, few in the present day will be inclined to appeal—I mean the Baron Denon. In a letter to the author, this venerable Corypheus of the arts observes of Salvator, that he was “*grand compositeur, dessinateur spirituel, penseur poetique, grand paysagiste, et tout-à-fait original dans ce genre; vaste et grandiose en tout. Les arbres sur le devant ont une audace pour ainsi dire impertinente, qui leur donne de la noblesse,*” &c.

As an engraver, he had all the originality of manner which characterized his paintings; and notwithstanding the praises which have been lavished on the execution of his etchings, the designs or conceptions they embodied were still superior to the manual dexterity displayed: his touch was light, bold, and spirited though he is accused of wanting the force and energy that characterised his pencil. He never engraved any pictures but his own.*

As a musical composer, his merits must be estimated by the progress which the most charming of all the arts had made in his own times. The music of Milton's modern Orpheus,

“Harvey, whose tuneful and well-measured song,
First taught our English music how to span
Words with just note and accent,” &c.

would, in the present day, be as little palatable to an English public, as the strains of Dante's favourite

* The original plates, nearly worn out, were sold by the present family to the government, for 1000 dollars, and are now in the Papal Chalcographic office. Copies were, however, piratically executed by a living artist, Rainaldi. Volpato, Strange, and Boydell, have engraved his principal pictures.

minstrel, Casseli, would be endurable to the *cognoscenti* audience of "the *San Carlos*." It is enough to establish the musical genius of Salvator Rosa,* that his compositions were pronounced by the most learned and elegant musical professor of the last century, to be "in point of melody, superior to most of the masters of his time. Of his skill in architecture, (which, however, he never practised professionally) we have only a passing observation of Pascoli, who asserts, that "he understood it perfectly."

As a comic actor, an *improvvisatore*, a performer on many musical instruments, and (to use a French term for a talent, which, for very obvious reasons has no fit English one) as a 'delightful *causeur*, the merits of Salvator Rosa must be taken upon trust! These brilliant qualifications, which render life so much more easy and delectable, than higher talents and sublimer powers, have nothing to do with time—they belong to the moment, and are equally evanescent; but the testimony which all who witnessed these personal accomplishments of the great poet-painter, bear to their excellence, endows him with a sort of individual and characteristic fascination, which, perhaps, in the "hey-

* While the air of "*Vado ben spesso*," and others of Salvator Rosa's compositions are to be found in the elegant little musical albums of half the fashionables of London, with quadrilles by Queens, and waltzes by Duchesses, in Rome, all to whom I applied, (either personally, or through her Grace the Duchess of Devonshire, and my friend General Cockburn,) denied that Salvator ever had composed a bar: "they had never even heard he was a musician." They had probably never heard of the works of Baldinucci, Passeri, Pascoli, and other pictorial biographers, which are known and read every where, but at Rome. Two of Salvator's airs will be found at the end of this volume.

day of his life," he would not have exchanged for the immortality which awaited him, when such light and dazzling acquirements should be inevitably forgotten.

As a prose writer, (if his familiar letters, written à *trait de plume*, to intimate friends on intimate subjects, and never intended for publication, can entitle him to that epithet,) there is a something English and natural in his manner of expressing himself, which can only be estimated by those who are acquainted with the wretched prose style of that day in Italy, or by comparing his epistolary correspondence with the letters extant of Nicholas Poussin, Lanfranco, Domenichino, &c. In this, as in every other respect, Salvator Rosa had "*devancé son siècle*."

The more difficult and delicate task remains, to speak of Salvator as a poet. The Italian language had been early applied to satire, as many of the passages in the "*Commedia*" of Dante prove. But the vein of bitter invective of this poet, which spared neither Princes nor Popes, was succeeded by a light and jocose satire, which the talents and works of Lorenzo de' Medici, Franco, Pulci, Berni, and Bentivoglio, long continued to preserve fresh and unrivalled in popular admiration. The satires of Ariosto, with all their interest and merit, were merely personal: they recorded his own story, the blighting influence of patronage, the misery of literary dependence, the captious tyranny of pretending superiors, and the unwilling submission of proud but indigent genius! Great applause had been won by Baldovini for his "*Lamento di Cecco da Verhenga*," written in "*La lingua Contadinesca*," or rustic dialect; and Della Cruscan cri-

tica had crowned Menzini as the prince of Italian satirists, of the seventeenth century.

But these writers, though named satirists, scarcely ventured beyond jesting lightly with the lighter follies of mankind. They brought nothing of that deep feeling and philosophic spirit to bear upon their task, which distinguished the works of the painter-poet of Naples; and that poet was the first to attack the institutions of the corrupt society in which he lived, and to stigmatize the false conclusions and vicious modes they originated in all the relations of life. Indignant at the obstacles which mediocrity threw in the way of his own consciously-merited success, he scorned to palter with the littleness of the age in which he lived; but fell as recklessly on the crimes of the great, as on the pretension and servility of the tribe of painters and poets, who wrote or daubed down to the level of their ignorant and vain-glorious patrons. Of a burning and energetic temperament, a true child of liberty, he was impracticable to all restraint. Writing rather from his passions than his head, he poured forth his verses in the abundance of his teeming ideas, not only regardless of the pedantic rules and academic refinements of his own particular age, but too frequently even negligent of that indispensable correctness of style and selection of phrase, which the best ages of literature, in all countries, have rigidly and properly exacted from the master-geniuses they have produced. The satires of Salvator, resembling the poetry of Machiavelli more than that of any other Italian writer, are more remarkable for their depth of thought and vigour of expression, than for their grace or harmony;

but their author had one singular advantage over the political statesmen of Florence:—he did not coldly laugh at the human race, while he endeavoured to correct its follies by exposing them. He was too much in earnest to be playful, too vehement and atrabilarious not to wound sharply when he chose to strike. With more of Juvenal than Horace, (though he imitated both) in the character of his genius, he occasionally displays, with the strength of the former, too much of his coarseness. But the prevailing manners of his day and country account for, without excusing, this unpardonable fault; which, though the least in the eyes of contemporary critics, must always lessen his merit in the estimation of a more refined and fastidious posterity. It is, however, notable, that if, like his great Latin prototype, he is sometimes offensive in terms, still he never falls into the immoral indelicacies of his influential countryman, Marini, and is rarely guilty of those disgustingly coarse allusions to human depravity, with which the great censor-critic of England charges the “melancholy Cowley,” the “courtly Denham,” the “witty Donne,” and other contemporary British poets, who were deemed the “*grace and ornament*” of an English court, and are still ranked among the brightest luminaries in the galaxy of British classics. Salvator, indeed, never for a moment relaxes from the highest tone of Christian and philosophical morality. His works, whether of the pen or the pencil, were all in alliance with Virtue and her cause; and he neither spares Ariosto nor Giulio Romano, (whom he so much admired) when expressing his abhorrence of that perversion of genius, which

lends its mighty powers to the corruptions of society, by pandering to its passions. The immediate precursor of Filicaja, he was the first who dared to write in the cause of liberty, and to expose the abuses in morals and manners which result from despotism in government; and this too, after a century of timid silence upon such perilous subjects, which, even now to treat, would be to incur the horrors of an Italian dungeon, or an Hungarian fortress.

In despite of literary and party feuds, of the opposition of the great and the attacks of the little, the poetical works of Salvator Rosa were read with avidity, and circulated universally, during his life-time, and long before they were printed or published. The brilliant success they met with from the impartial public, served but to embitter the spirit of party against their author. When it was found no longer possible to decry the merits of his poems, his enemies denied they were his; and reports were industriously circulated, that they were in part the compositions of Salvator Rosa's old and deceased friend, Fra Reginaldo Sgambati, and in part the works of Ricciardi. It was this calumny that produced his concluding satire *L'Invidia*, (one of his best and bitterest,) and induced his friends to come forward and prove the authenticity of those satires, which it was a perilous honour to father.

While the professed *Trecentisti* and Della Cruscan of the present day place Salvator Rosa in the second class of poets,—while his works are anathematized by the “*Parnasso Italiano*,” and “damned with faint praise” by those cold, dry, literary annalists, Tiraboschi and Crescembeni, there are even among those of the modern Italians, whose own principles are

in full coincidence with the political opinions and philosophical views of Salvator Rosa, many who shrink from opposing their own private judgment in favour of the poet of liberty, to the decision of those authorized and "time-honoured" tribunals which condemned Torquato Tasso. But Italy is daily becoming more worthy of appreciating the genius of one, whom England has always cherished; nor can it be supposed, that they who now dare to admire the nervous strength and free breathings of an Alfieri—who dwell with enthusiasm on the bold, imaginative, and philosophical poetry of a Byron, (of all modern English poets the one most read in Italy)—could remain insensible to the same quality of genius in a native poet, though marked by less polished forms, and draped in less modern modes. The fact is so much the contrary, that the Satires of Salvator Rosa are daily becoming more read and admired throughout Italy. His political opinions, his philosophy, his taste, all belong to the present times, as they were splendid exceptions to the tameness, ignorance, and literary degradation of those in which he flourished: and did he now live to illustrate Italy and her troubled dawn of regeneration, with his powerful and brilliant talents, it may be presumed, that the cause which led him to abandon the painted galleries of Rome for the murky tower of Masaniello, would still have directed his pencil and guided his pen in favour of that liberty which, like a pure and persecuted religion, has been miraculously preserved by some few warm and zealous worshippers, even in a region where every institute has long been, and still is, armed against its existence.

Lady Morgan's Life and Times of Salvator Rosa.

THE CHARACTERISTIC OF THE PRESENT AGE OF POETRY.

WERE I called upon to state what the Characteristic of the present age of Poetry, in my opinion, was, I should without any hesitation reply—*Sensuality*.

The language of philosophy is almost always the same, but the different ages of polite literature have their corresponding characteristics ; in fact, it is from the existence of such distinct characteristics, that the whole period of a nation's literature is divided into ages. Thus the golden age of English poetry (otherwise called the Elizabethian) is differenced from all those which succeeded it, by the characteristic of *energetic simplicity*,—a characteristic which unites the two best qualities of language, strength and artlessness. The tinsel age (that of Charles II.) is characterized by *meretricious superficiality*. It is not easy to conjecture by what stretch of metaphor the epithet of golden age could be applied to the reign of our "good Queen Anne ;" its characteristic—*elaborate elegance*,—certainly entitles it to no higher name than the silver, or, rather, the plated age. Whether its impudence, in calling itself the "Augustan," should not mark it as the age of brass, may be a question. Finally ; Lord Byron has denominated the present the age of bronze—but this is said in a general *moral* respect, not in a purely literary. If the characteristic of sensuality be rightly assigned, the age of copper would be a more

appropriate name,—that being the metal which denotes, astronomically, the queen of physical pleasure.

Let me first explain the term I have used, and then adduce the proofs that it is rightly applied. Modern poetry is addressed almost exclusively to the *senses*: its subject-matter consists almost wholly of voluptuous pictures, on which the eye of the imagination may gloat till it grows dim with the vicious exercise; of descriptions,—of forms, whose touch, even in thought, sets the libertine blood on fire, of odours and relishes which debauch the mental taste by their intensity, of sounds too grossly delicious for the ear of fancy to admit without becoming depraved. The feelings, the earthly desires, the animal passions, are alone and always the object of appeal; a modern author seldom deals in imagery which can be held as intellectual; we do not often meet, in a work of the present age, such lines as these,—where there is nothing of “sensuous” pleasure annexed to the images presented: (Macbeth reflecting upon the innocence of his intended victim)—

And pity, like a naked new-born babe
Striding the blast, or heav’n’s cherubim horsed
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind:

Or these: (the Lady in *Comus* speaking of her brothers)—

They left me then, when the gray-hooded Even
(Like a sad votarist in Palmer’s weeds,)
Rose from the hindmost wheels of Phœbus’ wain:

and still more infrequently with such as these, where ideas of sense are altogether excluded : (Macbeth regretting the effects of his crime)—

I have lived long enough : my way of life
Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf :
And that which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have ; but in their stead,
Curses, not loud, but deep, mouth-honour, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.

In a word, modern poetry, as to its matter, is little more than a huge pile of luxurious descriptions ; as to its language, little else than an immense and somewhat confused heap of glittering periods and richly-worded phrases, slippery without being very sweet, oppressing the ear without ever taking it prisoner. We seldom find the memory dwelling on the fall of a modern cadence, or the chambers of the brain re-echoing with the sound of a modern line. Reading a poem of the present day, is like floating upon a river of tepid wine, where the fumes and vapours dull both the senses and the current scenery : in like manner, we glide over a stream of modern eloquence, without almost thinking of what we are doing, or where we are going ; the mind is in such a state of poetical inebriation, that the imagery appears all confused to the eye, and the language altogether mystified to the ear, —the one is dazzling and the other is lubricous, but neither is impressive : they fleet with the movement.

If we examine the works of the most celebrated poets of the modern school, Byron, Moore, Cornwall,

&c.* we shall find ample proof that, generally speaking, the character of the thoughts and language to be found there, is such as I have assigned. The modern muse is certainly endowed with an uncommonly flexible tongue: Hippocrene overflows with a perennial discharge of waters, more luxurious than the bee of Athens ever sucked through the stem of the fountain-flowers. I award to the writers of the present day this praise of splendid fluency, without any qualification: if Pactolus had one of them for his river-god, his sands would turn sooner to gold-dust, than if all the long-eared kings that the world ever worshipped, had been drowned in his channel. Our poets are not bees laden with sweets, but jars cheek-full of liquid bullion; their lips drop not honey, but gold, and of all these yellow-mouthed ewers, Byron is the richest:—a most prodigal stream of eloquence rolls perpetually off his tongue, but its lustre blinds the eye, its plenty chokes the ear, without enlightening or filling the mind, as considered distinctly from the senses. One of the very finest specimens of modern poetry, is the following from the Doge of Venice; and it is written in a glorious vein of eloquence,—but the *animal* shows its cloven foot all through, the five organs of sensible pleasure alone are titillated, it is sensual, “morbidly” sensual, like all the poetry of the same magnificent and loquacious voluptuary, and, indeed, of the age:

The music, and the banquet, and the wine—
The garlands, the rose-odours, and the flowers—

* I do not mean to include such authors as Campbell, Rogers, Crabbe, &c.; they belong rather to the silver age of poetry.

The sparkling eyes, and flashing ornaments—
The white arms and the raven hair—the braids
And bracelets ; swan-like bosoms, and the necklace,
An India in itself, yet dazzling not
The eye like what it circled ; the thin robes
Floating like light clouds 'twixt our gaze and heaven ;
The many twinkling feet so small and sylph-like,
Suggesting the more secret symmetry
Of the fair forms which terminate so well—
All the delusion of the dizzy scene,
Its false and true enchantments—art and nature,
Which swam before my giddy eyes, that drank
The sight of beauty as the parched pilgrim's
On Arab sands the false mirage, which offers
A lucid lake to his eluded thirst,
Are gone :—Around me are the stars and waters—
Worlds mirror'd in the ocean, goodlier sight,
Than torches glared back by a gaudy glass,
And the great element, which is to space
What ocean is to earth, spreads its blue depths,
Softened with the first breathings of the spring ;
The high moon sails upon her beauteous way,
Serenely smoothing o'er the lofty walls
Of those tall piles and sea-girt palaces,
Whose porphyry pillars, and whose costly fronts,
Fraught with the orient spoil of many marbles,
Like altars ranged along the broad canal,
Seem each a trophy of some mighty deed,
Rear'd up from out the waters, scarce less strangely
Than those more massy and mysterious giants
Of architecture, those Titanian fabrics,
Which point on Egypt's plains to times that have
No other record, &c.

Such language as the above, may be taken as the characteristic livery which modern poetry delights to wear; the spare form of its real substance is perpetually clothed in the same rich and redundant, warm and *southerly* phrase. Whilst reading it, we almost think we are gasping in the sultry beams of the lower latitudes, where the scenery is all bloom and blaze where every wind is laden, till the back of the sightless courier bends with the weight of odours and perfume; where the lazy, soft-footed waters, creep along their channels, as if they feared to wake the reed that nods till it almost tumbles into the stream; and where the air itself is but a kind of invisible tunic of fur, which we can never put off to breathe freshly and freely, like a roe on the top of our own barren mountains. I do not mean to say, either that our ancient writers never fell into this southern method, or that our present writers never deviate from it. Some of the wealthiest pictures, in point of imagery and expression, are to be met with in Milton and Shakspeare, (especially the former, whose breath was somewhat less rude and wholesome than that of his predecessor); whilst our living poets, and chiefly Byron, sometimes expatiate beyond the mere bounds of *sense*, and become speculative poets. Moore also, whose eloquence is a kind of poetical shower-bath, falling diamonds, and spars, and spangles, upon occasion, refreshes us with a simple flow of national, or even moral sentiment.

The passionate soul of Cornwall, where woman is concerned, not unfrequently turns the drops which gush unbidden from the sensual eye, into pure and genuine tears. But, upon the whole, the taste and manner, not only of these nobler birds of song, but of all our "small poets," all the finches of the modern

grove, whether cock or hen, fledged or featherless,—are decidedly effeminate and sensual. The bleak and rocky crowns of Parnassus never kiss the sole of a modern slipper : where the moss is velvet, and the plats of herbage silky and spongy ; where nature patches her green floor-cloth with a Turkey grass-carpet,—*there* do our modern poets amble, with their eyes boring the zenith, till they sink over the shoes in the oozy turf, or are drowned (to make bold with the metaphor) in a flood of waving flowers. They never scale the cliff, or are to be seen balancing on the ridge of a precipice ; they are seldom immersed in the shadowy forests of the hill, or buried in the dusky and perilous vales which intersect it ;—never pull their wreaths off the pinnacle, but cull posies in swarms off the sunniest and gentlest declivities, where they can pluck as they lie, between sleep and awake, on their lush beds of roses and litters of rank grass, as soft and luxurious as pallets of swans'-down or flimsy cocoon. Byron is almost the only vagrant, and that only by starts, from the modern walk. One spirit seems to pervade the whole class of living poets,—the spirit of effeminacy : the same grovelling (I must call it) pro-pension to the soft and beautiful in preference to the strenuous and sublime, the same proneness to wallow in the imaginary luxuries of *sense*, the same gluttonous love of every thing that can excite the sensual palate of the mind,—constitute the moving principle of the school of modern poetry. Hence, taking itself as its own evidence, its characteristic has been rightly, not violently, truly, not satirically, assigned ; that is to say—*Sensuality*. *London Magazine*.

FINIS.

